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SKETCHES OF THE IRISH PULPIT, NO. I.

THE REV. M. B. KEOGH.

IF the English be a thinking and the Scotch an intellectual people, it must be conceded that the Irish are an eloquent people. Perhaps the political storms which have so boisterously prevailed during the last sixty years, have contributed in no small degree to aid physical causes; for a celebrated writer, if we remember rightly, remarked, that the eloquence of Greece and Rome attained its highest perfection during those periods of popular commotion which threw the moral elements into collision. Be the inference true or otherwise, the fact is unquestionable, and so abundant has been the material in the home market with us, that Irish eloquence, possessing, it would appear, the quality ascribed by economists to gold—overflows upon our neighbours. Blotted as we have been from the list of nations—treated as we have been with contumely and insult—held up as subjects of ridicule on and off the stage—it is a bitter satisfaction, and sometimes a melancholy one, to be able to detect haughty England in the act of appropriating to herself that genius which Ireland produced. In the front of her array of orators whose services have ceased, but whose memory is eternal, stand the names of Irishmen, whose places in the imperial senate are now adequately filled from the levy among their countrymen.

But let it not be supposed, because we export orators, that, like our poor peasantry, we send our choicest commodities to market, reserving the less showy for ourselves; for, though our Parliament has vanished, almost like Shakspeare's baseless fabric of a vision, and though our Grattan, Curran, and Flood, are no more, we are still in possession of eloquence, peculiarly and really our own. In the Catholic Association will be found some who are full of promise, and more than one who has attained that perfection in the art—if we may so denominate it—which entitles them, without any disparagement on the dead, to claim kindred with their predecessors “and have their claims allowed.” We question much, if all the essentials of eloquence are not to be found more abundantly in and about Shiel, than could be attributed even to Curran. At the bar still flows that rich flood of eloquence, which so favourably distinguishes the profession from the dry details permitted their brethren in England.

Irish eloquence, though confined neither to place nor professions—though it shoots up spontaneously on the banks of the Liffey and the Shannon—though it blossoms in the wilds of Kerry, as well as on the extensive plains of Kildare, still there are circumstances which warm

it more abundantly into life—which imparts to it a character and a fixedness peculiar and distinguishing; forming it, as it were, into separate schools under very different kinds of professors. The senate, the bar, and the Catholic Association, seem to require different modes of address; but it is to the pulpit we must look, not only for a proof of the superabundance of that genius which is necessary to constitute a public speaker, but for the effects of those causes which operate upon the Irish mind when brought into frequent collision, and influenced by opposite doctrines. In this respect, the Irish pulpit becomes a curious and by no means an uninteresting subject for observation and inquiry.

The English preacher is remarkable for nothing but tameness and want of eloquence. He seems to read his sermon as a school-boy reads his lesson—as a task; and seldom is induced to make any very strong appeal to the feelings of his congregation. All is done soberly and becomingly, but, in the estimation of an Irishman, very coldly and tastelessly. The Methodist, or the Jumper, to be sure discourses much—

—“And of various points,  
All unconnected, void of limbs and joints,  
He rails, persuades, explains, and moves the will,  
By fierce bold words and strong mechanic skill.”

But still he wants that polished eloquence and graceful action, which so well become the pulpit; and which is so remarkable in Irish preachers, whether of the church or the chapel. Yet it must be admitted, that though more eloquent and animated than his brethren in England, the Protestant clergyman, in Ireland, is neither so attractive nor so eloquent as the Catholic priest. This arises, perhaps, not less from the peculiarities of their education, than from the nature of the doctrines they respectively expound. The preparation of a Catholic priest, for his sacred ministry, is admirably fitted for the purpose of producing an efficient pastor. His studies are protracted and directed almost solely to the one point, while particular care is bestowed on those branches of instruction calculated to give him a polished and forcible delivery. The Protestant clergy, on the contrary, have no such studies imposed upon them. They enter Trinity College, like other students, live there, like other students, hear a lecture or two on theology, and then come forth the teachers of religion. Protestantism affords no mighty field for the exercise of the eloquence of its advocates—it is a thing of comparatively recent date—its rule of faith is founded on printed scriptures alone, and consequently the preacher must either deal in dry facts, repeat the same words for the hundredth time, or arrest attention by a bold attack on the religion of his neighbours and fellow Christians. This will account in some measure, for the frequency of the angry philippics against Popery, denounced from Protestant and sectarian pulpits.

The Catholic preacher, on the contrary, has no need of such subterfuges; he is the teacher of a religion eighteen hundred years old, and once the only religion of the Christian world, adorned and hallowed by examples of holiness and fortitude. History and scripture offer him his choice of illustrations; while the glory and consistency of his church furnish the most appropriate themes for sacred oratory: he has all the advantages of the Protestant preacher, with full liberty to



range in far wider and more fruitful limits. Whatever may be the value of this criticism, most certainly the Catholic clergy of Ireland form, at this moment, the most eloquent body of men in the world. The lawyers find in them, at public meetings, successful rivals, and needful supporters; while the pulpits throughout the country are perhaps more usefully employed in enforcing the great truths of Christianity and moral rectitude, in language that commands respect, and secures obedience to what the preacher inculcates. Considering the Catholic pulpit entitled to precedence, we shall select, for our first notice, the Rev. M. B. Keogh.

This gentleman is decidedly the most popular, and probably the most eloquent, preacher of the day: the frequency of his solicited appeals establishes the first position; while the unprecedented amount of the different collections, whenever he pleads the cause of the destitute, may serve as a strong confirmation of the second. He is not what the world generally styles a finished orator—a measurer of sentences—an elaborate constructor of periods—a struggler after the imaginary graces of pronunciation—a sedulous observer of all the school-worn laws of gesticulation. He is not an orator of this cast:—he appears rather to rely upon the innate dignity of his profession, the soundness of the doctrine which he promulgates, and the natural resources of his own mind. He seeks not to propitiate you by any borrowed embellishments; he scorns to attract your attention by the specious charlatanism of ordinary rhetoricians. He comes before you in the simple but lofty character of a Christian minister; as one empowered and deputed to address you in the name of Heaven. He teaches you, even at the first glance, to feel that it is not his part to flatter your prejudices, to study the peculiarity of your taste, or to accommodate his opinions or expressions to your previously indulged habits. He wrings from you, by his air and manner, a tacit acknowledgment of his supremacy; and you stand before him in submissive silence, as one bound to listen, with unbroken attention, to whatever he may choose to utter.

We have said, Mr. Keogh is not what the world generally calls a finished orator. Let it not be inferred from hence, that he is coarse or inelegant in his style, vulgar in his delivery, or careless in the arrangement of his arguments. What we would imply by the expression alluded to, is the entire absence of every thing that can be called artificial: in fact, as to style, arrangement, and delivery, we hardly know one living orator who is more happy or effective. In point of manner, he has many advantages: but they are advantages that appear purely natural—they are graces that come spontaneously: he apparently commands them without an effort. Others may acquire something like them, by unwearied study or intense application: but with him, they seem not an attainment, but literally, and originally, “part and parcel of the individual.”

The practice of extemporary preaching, so judiciously encouraged or enforced by the Church of Rome, is admirably calculated to call forth the powers and the resources of such a mind as Mr. Keogh's. He is evidently of a quick and ardent temperament—swayed by sudden impulse—and often, in the hurrying moment of excitement, carried beyond himself by a species of inspiration. To tie down such a man to his notes, would be to extinguish half his enthusiasm: it would be a sort of intellectual sacrilege—an insult to the majesty of genius. It

would be levelling him to the standard of those toiling theological drudges, who compile their hebdomadal piece of task-work by the sheet; prosing, but not preaching—talking, but forgetting to reason—confounding by explanation, and, by way of simplification, dividing their orations under so many heads, that the heads of their auditory become at last totally bewildered. Mr. Keogh's is evidently not the mind formed for drowsy operations of this cast: we rather think that he is not the man for very laborious research, or patient application: he attains his object generally by a less circuitous route; through the medium of the passions he reaches the heart and subdues the understanding. When he reasons, he never fatigues you by far-fetched authorities or laboured deductions; his arguments are brief, obvious, and forcible; his subject once chosen, he surveys it with the eye of the man of genius. Quick in perception, he beholds at once the more prominent features; he marks the points upon which he has to dwell; he throws carelessly aside every thing that may appear extraneous; and if, pursuing the practice of others, he sometimes divides his discourse under different heads, there is still in the entire a clearness of arrangement, a unity that becomes palpable even to the most unintellectual of his hearers. His sermons have not that hydra-kind of character that in other cases might almost tempt a tormented Christian to invoke the aid of the club-wielding demi-god of the ancients.

We have already observed that in the eloquence of Mr. Keogh there is nothing artificial; indeed there is little about him as a preacher that would appear acquired. You behold with him nothing of the time-regulated slap—the curl of the white handkerchief—or the studied display of the tapering fingers upon the left breast when the “heart” is appealed to; nothing of this: yet he cannot speak without being impressive, and the ordinary motion of his raised right arm, strikes you as an indication of silent eloquence: nay, in the very turn of his hand while engaged in conveying to its destination Foot's far-famed exciter of titillation, there is something that would distinguish him from ordinary men.

In speaking of an orator, we must admit, that much depends upon qualifications merely external. The celebrated Curran was accustomed to observe, that it took him half an hour longer to reach the hearts of a jury, than it would have taken a less repulsive-featured man, with the same arguments. This may hold good as far as the bar, and probably the senate, are concerned; but we are disposed to believe that it does not apply so forcibly to the oratory of the pulpit. A preacher with handsome features, fine figure, and highly polished manners, is unquestionably possessed of splendid advantages. Indeed, when united to great talent, such qualifications would seem to render the sacred orator irresistible. But the influence of almost every individual who gives the subject the least consideration, will readily convince him, that what we would, in ordinary life, call personal defects, are not at all likely to prove prejudicial to the preacher, or to the cause that he happens to advocate. An ordinary figure,—a severe or gloomy expression of countenance, or extreme plainness of manners, are not in reality a drawback on the popularity of a preacher; of course, we mean, as in the other instance, a talented preacher. In fact, we rather think that the advantage leans to the side of such a person as we have just described. There is decidedly, in the appearance of such a character, something quite consonant to the mortifying

self-denying spirit of the gospel. His opinions are likely to be more seriously attended to, and his words will sink deeper, and ultimately produce more effect. Of the first character, ordinary listeners will say, that he is "a nice man," but they will style the other "an extraordinary one." Irving probably owes more of his popularity to his long, black, and matted locks, and to the holy ferocity of his appearance, than to his doctrine or style. We have heard of pious persons who could never pray with due fervour, in any place of worship where the beams of the sun penetrated: this, it will be said, is all the work of the imagination; but the imagination, perhaps, has more to do with our religious feelings, than we are willing to admit.

We believe, the warmest admirers of Mr. Keogh will hardly insist on placing him in the class we have first alluded to, neither will we say that he belongs exactly to the rugged or gloomy school; however, the entire character of his exterior decidedly leans to the latter. He is of the middle size, with a plain, but intelligent countenance; and of simple unaffected manners. To him, however, or to those who hear him, the mere exterior is a matter of trifling import: he has within "that which surpasseth show." See him, during the season of Lent, for probably the fortieth time, standing unrobed before the unornamented altar, without text, form, or genuflexion, starting solemnly but abruptly upon his subject: mark the extending of his arm—the penetrating glance of his kindled eye—hear his deep, mellow, and impressive tones—listen to his rich, impassioned, spirit-stirring diction, and then say, if you can, that you feel the absence of fine features, courtly manners, or commanding stature.

As a preacher, it has been objected to Mr. Keogh, that there is an occasional sameness in his discourses; this objection is not entirely unfounded; and we the more readily admit it, because we feel that this fault of Mr. Keogh's is one that can be easily corrected. From indolence, probably, or from a well-grounded, though sometimes a mistaken reliance, on his immediate resources, he frequently comes before the public without having given sufficient attention to his subject. Under such circumstances, complete success might be considered almost miraculous—a partial failure is inevitable. Perhaps it is difficult, extremely difficult, to produce an original sermon; but great genius, aided by ordinary industry, can effect wonders. Sheridan, to draw an illustration from profane life, was a man of the most varied—the most extraordinary natural powers,—yet his biographer has shown us with what unremitting care he prepared for a public display; and Kirwan, who was so singularly affecting, elaborated his sermons with painful industry.

During the late county of Dublin election, Mr. Keogh was a powerful supporter of the popular candidates; his exertions were not confined to his own parishes of Howth and Baldoyle, but were extended to the entire county; yet, ardent as his feelings were in the cause, we have been told, that he was moderate in what he required of the freeholders—we speak of the Hamilton tenantry:—he did not ask them to go against their landlord, but, while they gave him one vote, he insisted on the other being given for their country and their religion. It is said that, in private life, Mr. Keogh is greatly esteemed: warm and constant in his friendship, and of a disposition extremely cheerful.



LINES ON VISITING A FIELD OF BATTLE THE MORNING  
AFTER AN ENGAGEMENT.

IN eastern glory, from the sparkling main,  
The god of day had rais'd his fiery car,  
Ne'er on the sleeping brave to rise again.  
For, on the wings of slaughter, purple war  
Had rode in gory grandeur; from afar,  
The cannon's crash had peal'd the knell of death;  
With fearful gleam, the crimson'd cimeter  
Had strewed the field with marks of woe and scathe,  
And every breeze was thick with warriors' gasping breath!

I stood upon the spot, where, just before,  
The arms of millions met the evening sun,  
Untarnish'd with the horrid stain of gore,  
Ere the dread work of slaughter had begun;  
Ere yet the fearful deed of death was done;  
Ere steel met helmet-crest in desperate strife;  
Ere yet the field of death was lost or won,  
While yet the scales of fate, with carnage rife,  
Were hanging in the dreadful crisis,—death or life!

Oh! 'twas a scene of deadliest slaughter. Here  
The wounded soldier rais'd his dying head,  
Then sunk, exhausted, on his bloody bier,  
And breath'd his warrior spirit to the dead!  
I gaz'd around upon the gory bed—  
The couch of death, where many a thousand lay;  
Where thousands conquer'd, and where thousands bled,  
Ere yon bright orb had sunk his vesper ray:  
These were the wrecks, the horrid wrecks of yesterday!

There lay the charger, on the bleeding sod,  
Struggling with death! The native fire and pride,  
That "cloth'd his neck in thunder" when he trod  
O'er vanquish'd foes, now sinks unquell'd—untried.  
He moan'd not—sigh'd not, though the purple tide  
Of life was ebbing fast; the foam of death  
Was curling on his barb, but ting'd and dyed  
In his own reeking gore. With fretful teeth  
He champ'd the galling bit that stopp'd his dying breath!

And there, contending for the bloody tomb,  
In deadly grasp, were link'd two mortal foes  
With hate untried, unmindful of the tomb  
That, ere an hour had run its course, might close  
In woe—in death! From quiv'ring nostrils rose  
The bloody froth most horribly! 'Tis past!  
Years have roll'd on since death, enthron'd on woes,  
With which man dares the universe to blast,  
Upon my shudd'ring gaze his purple trophies cast.

Years have roll'd on, and many a year may roll,  
Ere death from earth and grief shall shrive me free ;  
Ere yet my spirit reach its final goal,  
Full many a year the eye of time may see.  
But, oh! how many, or how few they be,  
The feelings of the breast they cannot sear ;  
Nor sweep, like dust, that hour from memory,  
When mourning, sadly o'er a nation's bier,  
I shed the burning drop of recollection's tear !

G. H. M.

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THE SOLDIER IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

*From the German of Zschokke.*

WHEN I awoke on the 6th of October, 1806, which is the anniversary of my birth, I was seized with a cold shivering. "In another year," I said to myself "you will be forty."

At nineteen a man wishes impatiently that he had reached twenty; at twenty-nine he is less anxious about the return of his birth-day; but at forty! what man can think of it without dismay, and particularly if he is not yet married. This was precisely my position; I was nearly forty, unmarried, and without present means or future views, excepting such as were presented to me by my being a candidate in theology. What availed me the years I had spent in study, or the education by which I had laboured to profit? I had neither parents, friends, nor patrons. I gained a scanty subsistence by giving lessons, and in my leisure moments I was an author; that is to say, I wrote for the newspapers and magazines—and every body knows how badly they pay.

I confess that I was generally esteemed: people said that I was an honest man; but here their good offices stopped, and nobody asked me to dinner. The sweet illusions of my youth had disappeared. Other persons, who were inferior to me in acquirements, had outstripped me in the world, and by the interest and help of their friends were established. Folks pitied me, and I would rather they should have hated me. And my good kind Charlotte! whose constancy to me seemed to have doomed her charms to fade away in single blessedness—this thought brought the tears into my eyes: I sobbed and wept like a child, as I exclaimed, "Oh that my father had made me a cobbler."

Charlotte had been my betrothed for nine years. Gentle and beautiful as she was, she was alone in the world and as poor as I: she had no hope but in me. Her father was an aulic counsellor, who died suddenly on receiving the news of a bankruptcy, by which he lost all his fortune. Her mother lived in a little town on the frontiers of Bohemia, and was too poor to keep her daughter. Charlotte was reduced to become companion, or, to speak more plainly, lady's maid, in a rich family at Berlin; and all that she could spare from her earnings was devoted to the support of her mother. Notwithstanding the

cheerfulness of my disposition I should have given way to despair, but for the consolations of Charlotte.

These reflections, which I made while I was dressing, were interrupted by the postman, who brought me a letter, which cost me ninepence, a large sum to a man whose purse is nearly empty. "Shall I open it now or to-morrow," I said: "if it is bad news, arriving on my birth-day, it will be a presage of the year which is to come." When one is poor, one is always superstitious; I tossed up, and fate decided that I was not to open my letter. But curiosity whispered me to defy augury. I took courage, broke the seal, I read it—re-read it, to be sure—and tears of joy and gratitude rushed into my eyes. It was from my only protector, a merchant of Francfort on the Maine, to whom I had been tutor. He had procured me a small living in the estates of a Count, which would yield me 100 florins a year, a house and garden; and, if I should have the good fortune to please the Count, the prospect of becoming his son's tutor with a reasonable salary. I finished dressing, and ran with my letter to my only friend, whom happily, I found alone.

She saw that some extraordinary event must have happened, to have changed the sobriety which usually characterized my deportment. With hesitating and faltering accents, I explained to her the good fortune which had befallen me, and, reminding her of the fidelity with which we had kept to our vows in poverty, asked her if she was prepared to share with me my altered fortunes. Never before had she appeared so beautiful as when the expressions of joy, which my news excited, mantled in her features. She read the letter again and again, thanked Heaven devoutly for the prospect of happiness which opened before us, and in a few minutes we had arranged that she should tender her resignation, that I should give up my pupils, and that the bans of marriage should forthwith be published.

The interim was to be employed in my visit to Magdeburg, which admitted of no delay, and a friend having offered to lend me a small carriage, I prepared to set out. The circumstances of the times were somewhat critical; for the alarm of war was spread everywhere. Our monarch, at the head of his army, was in Thuringia, opposing the invincible Napoleon. The inhabitants of Berlin were, however, not much disturbed, because they had no doubt that in fifteen days the French would be driven back beyond the Rhine. I shared the common opinion, and had, by way of precaution, composed twenty-five military songs, celebrating the triumphs and the exploits of the Prussians. I had described very accurately the battles that were to be fought, and had left blanks for the names of the places. There could be no doubt that any bookseller in Berlin would be glad to buy them of me, but I took them with me to Magdeburg, in case I should find it expedient to publish them in that city.

On the 14th of October, the day on which the ancient glory of Prussia departed on the fields of Jena and Auerstadt, I bade adieu to Charlotte, and, like a philosopher and a man of courage, smiled at the ominous forebodings which oppressed her mind. With my appointment and my military songs in my pocket, I proceeded gayly on my route, until I reached Brandebourg, where every body was talking of a sanguinary battle, in which the Frenchmen had been wholly de-



feated and cut to pieces. "Where is the emperor?" I asked. "No one knows," was the reply. "And Marshal Bessieres?" "He is dead." "And Marshal Davoust?" "He is dead." "And Marshal Ney?" "He is dead too; they are all dead."

I could not contain myself, and was about to produce my triumphant songs, but an old man, who was near me, took his pipe from his mouth, and whispered, "Would to God all this was true; but the fact is, that some great misfortune must have happened." I was terrified. I let my songs remain where they were. I was at Magdebourg, and the emperor might possibly place himself and his army between me and Charlotte. And yet, as every body, but the old man, believed that the Prussians had been victorious, I consoled myself by joining the opinion of the majority, and went quietly to sleep. On the following day, I met several couriers on the road, and their silence renewed my fears, that they were not the bearers of joyful tidings.

When I arrived at a small village, between Zieser and Burg, I found almost the whole of the population in the street, standing before a great house, at the door of which stood some horses saddled, and at the windows I saw several Prussian hussars. I asked what was the news, and was told, that all was lost; that the French were marching rapidly onwards, and in an hour might be there. To ascertain the truth of this statement, to which I did not give implicit credit, I alighted, and, entering the house, found the same story in every one's mouth. They were talking, besides, of a major, who had been so badly wounded, that he could not continue his route on horseback, and whose hussars had come to fetch a post-chaise, which was sent for somewhere in the neighbourhood. I called for some beer, for the purpose of learning more from the conversation of the people who were about me, when the hussars immediately quitted the room. It was said they were going off. I went to the window to see; they set off at a gallop, and my chaise was in the middle of the troop. It was in vain that I cried "stop," or that I hurried down; before I could reach the street, all traces of them had disappeared, and nobody knew who the major was. Folks were too busy to attend to my complaints; they were thinking of the French army's advance. But what was I to do? The count, my new patron, was awaiting me at Magdebourg, and I had no means of getting thither. Luckily, I had all my money in my pockets; but my clothes and linen were in the chaise. It was a great trial of the temper of a pastor: but I endured it as well as I could, and, having provided myself with a stick, I set off, manfully, on foot, for Magdebourg, wondering how I should be able to make amends to my friend for his horses and chaise.

As I was making my way, not quite so gayly as I had set out, I was accosted by a young man, whom I had known at Berlin, and to whom I had given the nickname of Charlemagne, because he pretended that his family pedigree might be traced to that hero. He was a lieutenant of infantry, and was now accompanied by a detachment of his troop. "Whither are you bound, doctor?" he asked. "To Magdebourg," I replied. "You will never reach it," he said; "the French are besieging it with 50,000 men. Come back with us to Berlin. The enemy are at our heels. All is lost. The Duke of

Brunswick is dead; General Möllendorf is a prisoner; and nobody knows where the king is. The army of reserve, under Prince Eugene, of Wurtemberg, has been defeated at Halle —." "But I must go to Magdebourg," interrupted I. "Then," he rejoined, "you must fall into the hands of the French." At this moment, two dragoons came along at full gallop, and cried, as they passed, "The enemy has crossed the Elbe at Wittemberg." "Good bye, doctor," said the lieutenant, and his men marched in double quick time. I could not raise the siege of Magdebourg alone, so I turned my back on the count, my patron, and bade adieu to my living, my house in the country, and my marriage.

I did not think that fate could have dealt so harshly with me. The battle of Jena had destroyed all my hopes at the moment when they seemed to be brightest. Once more I was a teacher, an old bachelor, and poor even to beggary. "Which of us," I said to myself, "has lost the most by this victory of the French—the king or I?"

Still I did not commit the folly of despairing. I put myself under the protection of Charlemagne, who made me the chaplain of his troop, and was so good as to show me how the battle of Jena would not have been lost, if he had had the command, instead of the Duke of Brunswick.

We continued our march for several days, during which, our company was constantly increased by the accession of some stragglers, until, at last, we amounted to 200 men, a body quite sufficient to inspire respect among the peasantry, and to insure from them the supply of provisions, through fear of our resorting to force. It was, I think, on the fourth day of our march, that Charlemagne drew me aside, and told me that he had resolved to strike an important blow. "I have been," he said, "a lieutenant for more than eight years, and I mean to become a general. I have already 200 men, and, by the time I reach the banks of the Oder, I shall have 2,000; with this force, my design is to make an irruption into Saxony, and attack the enemy's rear."

"And you are not going to Berlin, then?" I asked, thinking of nothing but my dear Charlotte.

"No," he replied, "to Mittenwald; and, as I think the office of chaplain is far below your merit, you shall be my adjutant-general. I know you understand the mathematics, and that you can draw; two qualifications which will suit your new post admirably, and be very useful to us." It was in vain to object. I abandoned my black coat for a regimental one, and mounted the horse to which my rank entitled me. Charlemagne reviewed his army, and made a speech to them about the glory of fighting and dying for one's country, which was received with enthusiasm by the troops, who declared, unanimously, their readiness to follow their general.

But, if there had been any difference of opinion on this point, it would soon have been removed by the news which we received that the French had entered Berlin. There was now no choice, but to pursue the plan which Charlemagne had laid down, and we marched for the Oder. A crowd of painful and perplexing thoughts occupied my mind;—the sudden revolution, by which, in a few days, our powerful country had fallen into the power of the enemy; the Prussian army, once the terror of the world, wholly destroyed; a flourishing

kingdom overturned by a single battle; my intended wife in the power of a people so renowned for gallantry as the French; my patron, the count, shut up in the city which Tilly formerly sacked; my parsonage-house—Heaven only knew what had become of that; and I, a peaceful teacher of philosophy and the belles lettres, master of arts, and priest that was to have been, become, by the same revolution of Fortune's wheel, the adjutant-general of the renowned Charlemagne. It was, however, no time for reflection, and we made our way, as well as we could, by the cross roads, towards Silicia.

We had taken up our quarters for the night in a very miserable little village, and the general and I were discussing the next day's route, when, on a sudden, we heard a discharge of fire-arms. We started up, and I was taken with a shivering, which formed no very flattering prognostic of my future military exploits. The general was too busy to observe it; he hastened out to learn the cause of this alarm, and I following him, we soon found that it was occasioned by an attack on our out-post. Charlemagne ordered me to march, at the head of twenty men, to the churchyard where the firing had been heard; and I, half stupid with terror, obeyed him, complaining, nevertheless, internally, that he, who knew I understood nothing of warfare, should put me on such an expedition. On we marched, in the dark, and I had just given my troop orders to fire on what I took for the enemy's front rank, and which turned out to be only a wall, when a loud cry for "quarter" suspended our operations. Five French soldiers, of a light infantry regiment, made their appearance from behind the wall, and surrendered their arms to the master of arts, who would never have seen them if they had remained silent. I returned victorious from this my first enterprise, and was highly praised for my coolness and courage by Charlemagne, who promised to represent my behaviour to the king in an advantageous manner.

We learnt from the prisoners that the advanced guard of a detachment of the French army under Marshal Davoust, to which they belonged, had begun the attack; but that, fancying, from the number of our sentinels, that we were much stronger than we really were, they retired after a slight skirmish, leaving our captives, whose impetuosity had carried them somewhat too far. When I translated this into German to Charlemagne, he was delighted; for he saw the opportunity for which he had so long panted had arrived, and he should now really have the happiness of attacking the rear of the French army. For my own part, I treated my prisoners with the greatest care and consideration; and what pleased me the most was, that my victory had not cost one drop of blood to any human being.

The morning soon arrived, and I knew that it must soon bring upon us the French force, who, in the light of day, would repair the mistake which the darkness of the night had occasioned. Charlemagne, however, nothing dismayed at the sound of the French drums, which continued to become more distinct, took up a position on a plain just beyond the village, and arranged his front with great coolness. He then harangued his men: "Gentlemen," he said, "do not forget this day that you are Prussians. We have no colours; but, in the charge, keep your eyes on the feather in my cap; that shall direct you in the path of glory. If," he continued, when



the huzzas which this touch of eloquence excited had somewhat subsided, "the numbers of our enemies preclude the hope of conquering them, at least let us prevent them from conquering us. The worst that can befall us, will be to sup to-night with Frederick the Great and his immortal warriors, instead of supping, as we did last night, in a miserable village." This parody on Leonidas's address to his devoted band at Thermopylæ was received with real enthusiasm, and, before the shouts had ended, the French force came in sight. I was frightened out of my wits, and must confess, that my conception of what passed after this was not clear enough to enable me to relate it accurately. I remember that Charlemagne exhorted me, just before the battle began, to curb the impetuosity of my courage. Immediately afterwards, the enemy's fire began. "Bang! bang!" resounded on all sides. I pulled my hat over my ears, to deaden the sound as much as possible. My own troop began to fire; and my horse, who was as much frightened as myself, set off with me at full gallop. Three French chasseurs fired on me; but, having missed, and seeing that I approached them still furiously and sword in hand, they turned about. I, or rather my horse, over whom I had lost all control, continued to pursue them, to their astonishment, and my own terror, until at length I lost my stirrup; a bullet struck my horse, and I fell to the earth. "Farewell, my Charlotte! farewell, vain and deceitful world!" I exclaimed, in the firm belief that the bullet had passed through my body, and that my days were ended. The chasseurs came to pick me up; and, finding that I was still alive, demanded my sword. I was in no condition to refuse; and, surrendering it, I received many compliments from my generous enemies on the courage I had displayed. I was carried before the commanding officer of the troop; and, on the way thither, the foot soldiers, to whose care I was committed, obligingly eased me of my purse, my watch, and a ring which Charlotte had given me. The colonel asked me what rank I held. I could not reply a teacher of philosophy, so I boldly announced myself as adjutant-general. Out of respect to that rank, my conquerors made me sit down to breakfast with them, and kindly consoled me for my disgrace, by reminding me that war had its chances, against which courage could do nothing. I was soon left alone, the officers having gone whither their duty called them; and, having nothing better to do, I began to ruminate on my strange destiny. I recollected at this moment my triumphal songs, and, thinking that, if they were found upon me, I might experience some disagreeable consequences, I looked cautiously about to see if any one was observing me, and then threw them into the fire. While I was watching the progress of their being consumed, with at least as much pleasure as their composition had caused me, and was not sorry to find that in my hurry I had also thrown away my appointment to the living, the same soldiers who had taken my watch and money, came up and asked what I was burning. I replied, but not without hesitation, that they were family papers, letters, things of no account; but it did not suit the purpose of my questioners to believe me; they stripped me of my hat, boots, and cloak, and ordered me to follow two of their troop to the head-quarters. In this condition, half naked, without hat or shoes, I was marched through horrible roads, in a damp day at the latter end of October, to

the village in which the general's quarters were. He was in a pretty little country-house just without the village; sentinels mounted and on foot guarded the door, and officers of various ranks were going quickly in and out of the house. I was marched into a sort of military office, where I was asked my name and rank. Some of the officers exclaimed against the treatment I had undergone, and one of them having promised to procure me some clothes, I was dismissed, to join the other prisoners. The first objects that my eyes fell on, when I entered the room destined for my companions in misfortune, were the gallant Charlemagne, who was eating his soup-maigre from a bowl which an old woman, who had followed our regiment as a kind of sutler, held in her lap. "Ah! general," I cried, after I had embraced him, "is this the supper you talked about eating to-night with Frederick the Great and his immortal warriors."

"I am delighted to find you still alive," he cried; "because our king has another brave officer spared to serve him. But why did you not moderate your fury? I saw your attack upon the three chasseurs, and how you put them to flight. Your example animated the drooping courage of my troop; we fought bravely for half an hour, and then, seeing that we were surrounded, were obliged to lay down our arms. But come and partake our supper. While I was discussing the soup, the officer of the guard returned, and inquiring for the adjutant-general, made me many apologies for the ill behaviour of the foot soldiers; at the same time he brought me some clothes, and several bottles of wine. I made suitable acknowledgments to my generous conqueror, and availed myself of his bounty. On the following day we were marched to Francfort-on-the-Oder, which gave me no small uneasiness; because, it occurred to me as very probable, that in that town, many of the inhabitants of which I knew, some persons might recognise me, and my captors would hear the adjutant-general called "Doctor." I pulled my hat over my eyes as I entered the town, and luckily passed without any of the inconvenience I anticipated.

We were quartered in a little inn, with a guard of honour at the door; and, although we offered our parole that we would not attempt to escape, we were refused permission to go into the town. When it became dark I went down stairs, and, finding no person to oppose me, walked through the streets to the town-gate, where the sentinel, taking me, probably, for a French officer, offered no objection to my passing through. As soon as I had cleared the gate I manfully took to my heels, and ran, as hard as I could, for about an hour. At the end of that time, being quite out of breath, and very hungry, I began to ask the adjutant-general what he intended to do. I knew not where I was, nor how I should satisfy the hunger that had begun to torment me; and hunger is never so sharp as when one has no means of satisfying it, and life never more dear than when one knows not how to sustain it. At this moment I heard the barking of dogs, and saw lights, which convinced me that I approached a village. Before the only inn in the place stood a small carriage, drawn by two horses, whose heads were turned towards the road I was pursuing. Nobody was in the coach. I felt in my pockets, but could not find the smallest piece of money. My hunger tormented me beyond bearing. As an officer, I could not beg, still less was I inclined to starve, and

entered the stable without exactly knowing what I intended to do. I saw, lying on an old corn-bin, a round hat, a smock-frock, and a whip. Blessed be the man who invented presence of mind! In the twinkling of an eye my uniform was off, and the countryman's clothes on, and I walked quietly out of the stable, intending to get behind the carriage when it should set off. While I was proceeding I was surprised by being struck two violent blows, which tumbled me into the mud; while the Frenchman, to whom I was indebted for this favour, called to me, with many imprecations, to make haste. Before I could guess the cause of this treatment, he had lifted me up again by the collar, and, pushing me towards the seat, jumped into the carriage, and bid me drive on. It was clear that he took me for the driver of his coach, and, as I had no inclination to rectify his mistake, I did his bidding, and whipped the horses to their utmost speed. This appeared to satisfy my new master extremely, who probably had his reasons, not less forcible than mine, to get away from the French army. I perceived by the light of the moon, when I could venture to turn my head round, that he was a French commissary. Our conversation was extremely laconic, as, in conformity with my character, I pretended not to understand French. He asked me if it was far to Posen, and whether there were many Prussians there;—to both of which questions, when I replied in the affirmative, he again urged me to drive as fast possible. While I was thus pursuing the road to Poland, and thinking that I was in the best possible disposition for composing a sermon on resignation, to be preached, if ever I should get my living, I saw the glittering of arms before me. The commissary saw them at the same time, and cocked his pistols. Some soldiers who were in the road called out to me to stop. My master bid me go on, and I believing that the soldiers were a part of the French army, told them he was a French general. Again they cried out to stop, and the pretended general, jumping out of the coach, fired upon them. The fire was returned, my horses became frightened and set off at full gallop which I did not try to check, while the clashing of sabres and the noise of fire arms sounded in my ears. Soon afterwards nothing was to be heard, and thanks to the sagacity and speed of my horses, I was safe; to my great surprise, I was not even wounded. It would have been madness to return, and what became of the poor commissary I could never discover. A small village was before me, where I intended to stop to rest my horses which were now almost spent. Perhaps the commissary might rejoin me, but if he did not what was I to do with the coach and horses, which I had no right to sell and which I could not keep. While I was in this perplexity I arrived at the inn, where I had my horses stabled and got some warm beer for myself. I had no money, but I intended, in case of necessity, to leave my hat and my smock frock, neither of which fitted me, in payment of my reckoning. While I was sitting near the fire, the hostess asked me if I would take a young woman to a neighbouring town. I replied that I would willingly, but that I intended to set off at day break, and having arranged with the hostess what the traveller should pay me, I went to lie down in the stable. It may be imagined that I did not sleep much, and as soon as the day began to appear, I arose and went to inspect the carriage. It was pierced through with musket balls, the



scabbard of a sword lay at the bottom, a pipe was on the seat and acoffer under it which was locked. I bade the hostess take the money for myself and my horses, from what the traveller was to pay me, and seated myself in the carriage. The passenger got in immediately afterwards, but the morning was so dark and she was so muffled up, that I could not distinguish whether she was young or old. She placed herself in the opposite corner and was soon asleep. The fatigues of the night overpowered me, and as the road was perfectly straight, I left the horses to their own guidance, and, following the example of my companion, fell into a sound sleep, and dreamt of Charlotte and my living. I do not know how long I slept, but I was awoke by the jolting of the carriage, as the horses passed over a bridge. It was now quite daylight. I looked at my companion, whose eyes I found fixed on mine. I looked again, for I believed that the sudden light had deceived me; then I thought that I was dreaming still, for Charlotte seemed to be before me. "Is it, indeed, you," she asked, looking at my mustachios, the single remnant of my ancient costume of adjutant-general—then at my ragged smock-frock, covered with mud. "Indeed it is," I replied; "but tell me, Charlotte, how came you here." The joy which we felt at this sudden meeting, after a separation which we believed would have been eternal, prevented us from replying. We shed tears of joy, and remained locked in each others arms for some minutes. As soon as I could speak, I recounted to Charlotte the adventures of my military life. Hers were much more simple :—her mother had sent for her; she had come by a coach to Frankfort; and, as at that place the French had put all the carriages and horses in requisition, she proceeded on foot to the village where I had found her. We stopped at the next town to breakfast, where the barber removed my mustachios, and Charlotte had procured for me a coat and hat; so that I could sit by her side without attracting too much notice. When we pursued our road, we began to talk over our affairs. We agreed that, as the bans had been published, our marriage must necessarily take place. I was to write to my friend, at Frankfort, to get information about the living to which I had been appointed. Charlotte had saved about 100 crowns, which would suffice for our immediate wants; and, in case of the worst, I could establish a school somewhere. While we were talking of the felicity which we should enjoy in the midst of our poverty, we heard something fall at our feet. I looked; it was a louis-d'or. I asked Charlotte if she had dropped it, but she had no gold. Immediately after a similar noise was heard, and again a louis-d'or fell. "It must be some benevolent fairy," I exclaimed, "who has heard our conversation;" and, while I was speaking, the same thing happened a third time. I was convinced there must be something extraordinary in this, and, stopping the horses, I commenced a search, when I perceived, through a small space in the lid of the coffer, which was under the seat, a fourth piece of gold. I forced open the coffer, and discovered the cause of the noise which I had heard, but which I had taken for a chain. A bag, filled with gold, had come undone; other bags, more solid, were piled one upon another. How the commissary had become possessed of this treasure I knew not, but I knew that it did not belong to me and Charlotte, and I put back the three louis into the bag, which we fastened, and continued our journey as

if nothing had happened. Charlotte's mother was delighted to see us, and to her we confided the care of our treasure. I announced in the public journals, at many different times, that I had found a coach, horses, and a considerable sum of money, and invited the owner to claim them. My attempts to discover him were vain, no one ever appeared. In this happy manner did my adventures terminate; I was richer than I ever hoped to be, and the admirable Charlotte was my wife. I sent my friend, at Berlin, a present, more than sufficient for the loss of his carriage, which the major had carried off; I renounced my clerical functions, and bought a delightful little estate in the country, where I live in perfect happiness, with Charlotte and her mother.

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MR. FRANK FEGAN'S FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU are not to be startled at the length of this communication, nor at the rambling style in which it is written; for what you may call fault the first, that is, the length of the article, I have, as you may well guess, a very substantial reason,—fifteen pounds a sheet would tempt any man to write—it might cure even a Spartan of his parsimonious brevity; as to the style and matter of my epistle, the publishers and I thoroughly understand each other. I had a hatred, a cordial hatred, for all ideas of system or regularity, and they, in the most goodnatured manner, gave me my way. “Let us,” said they, “have but an article from your pen and we are content. The name of Fegan will procure attention for any thing that is published;—let us have it then, whether it be a song or sermon.”

Well, then, be kind enough to let your English friends know, that, among the Irish, they have to look for any thing but permanent tranquillity; party bitterness is at its height. The north is, indeed, in an alarming state, principally owing to the pious exertions of the Reverend Romney Robinson, and other goodly preachers of the “Gospel of peace;” the contending factions have not actually come to blows, but there is no answering for the trifle that may bring about such an event; the Orange yeomanry are all well armed, and only want the word to fall on; but the others tell them, very coolly, that they are in no hurry, but intend to choose their own time. This is not exactly the state in which a prudent Englishman would wish Ireland to be at the opening of a war, of which few can fix the extent or duration. Mr. Canning talks of the war of opinion as the most tremendous of all struggles; he threatens the despots of the Continent, and rightly, with such a war; but I would ask him, or his colleagues, is it not a war of this character that is to be apprehended in Ireland—a struggle, on the part of seven-eighths of the nation, against unequitable exaction and unjust degradation—a struggle against invincible ignorance and unreasoning bigotry? All the Catholic millions seek is, simply, fair play, and John Bull only degrades himself by refusing it; but, “as honesty is the best policy,” so would fair dealing, in this case, be the safest and cheapest course. Of what possible use to an Englishman can our disturbed situation be? Even in the way of amusement it is a most costly sport—an extravagant and somewhat dangerous sort of pastime. What Londoner is made

better or happier by reading the pompous and drunken harangues of bloated parsons or bigotted corporators? in which common decency is outraged and common prudence forgotten—in which Protestantism is perpetually talked of, and Christianity overlooked altogether? Would not a rational Briton feel easier, bolder, and prouder, if he beheld every thing calm here, and knew that we were ready to pull firmly with him in the momentous struggle that has commenced? It ought to be his feeling. Millions are voted annually to keep Ireland in tranquillity;—no! I mistake, it is to keep her in a state of agitation. Let the plan be changed,—let the grant be refused,—let the armies be withdrawn; try what fair dealing will do,—adopt the cheap and easy system of common justice, and the result will satisfy you.

O'Connel and his supporters (by which term I mean six millions of Catholics) do not affect to conceal their delight at the prospect of a general war; the leader says boldly, that the first sword drawn by a French soldier, is the signal for the emancipation of Ireland. In this prediction, I fear, he will be disappointed. There is an incorrigible stubbornness, an ignorant infatuation, about some folk in power, that will enable them to hold out against reason, expediency, and inevitable necessity itself. Let us hope, however, for the best.

The eloquence of Shiel seems brightening in every new effort—splendid, impassioned, and forcible; the delight of his immediate auditors, the inspirer of distant admirers. Liberty, and the cause of liberty, in Ireland, may well be proud of such a champion; and what gives him grace, particularly in the eyes of a Fegan, is his extreme modesty; he walks the streets, enters the courts or the rooms of the Association, and he moves as if he sought to shun observation; this, in so young a man, is, indeed, to be admired.

John Claudius Beresford, the immaculate John Claudius, is about to correct a passage in Irish history: he is about proving, that all the stories of the riding-house were mere inventions; and that he knew no more of the floggings, and picketings, and cappings, that went on there, than did the babe unborn. This is singular! it is passing strange! But, it is still supposed, that the folks of the *Waterford Chronicle*, if they cannot revive the sooty-skinned Horrish, will be able to furnish some admitted facts, that have rather an aukward appearance.

In the north, the Bible-folk are eagerly seconding their Orange brethren in the work of irritation; indeed, of the two, they are the most active and the most teasing. The Orangeman may be likened to the wasp: you know him at once, by his colour, and his free air of open hostility; and, consequently, can prepare for him: but the saint comes on you like the gadfly, of whom you take little notice, until you find the blood flowing from the spot on which he has settled. There are a pair of similes for you!! Six of these sanctified agitators (having between them five different religions) visited Cavan a few days ago. The Catholic Primate, Dr. Curtis, was there at the time; and the holy ones thought it a fine opening for a Bible battle. They sent a message to the doctor, modestly challenging any six *prelates* (nothing less than prelates) of the Catholic Church that he might choose to name! The venerable bishop treated them with silent contempt, and wisely left them to settle religious points among themselves! I must impress it on you, my dear Editor, that the stories of con-



versions is a desperate game, got up to insure the grant for Kildare-Street. Put Hume on his guard!

In the literary way, there is nothing new in Dublin. Mortimer O'Sullivan's bigotted magazine moves sluggishly on! Bolster's, I understand, takes well; and, indeed, it deserves encouragement. If it were not that I am so deeply engaged in the great work I formerly spoke to you about, I would feel inclined to volunteer them an article; it would stamp the reputation of the periodical at once. Like all men of genius, however, I am confoundedly indolent. What, in the name of wonder, is Blackwood about? His magazine will go to the devil altogether. The December number was stupidity itself; it had only five articles, of formidable length and unquestionable dullness; *Di Visari* was the only one I could read through with any patience. The *Noctes Ambrosianæ* have been gradually sinking; they were once the cream of the work, but they are now mere Balaam!

How is it that Tom Campbell happens to be so teased by his correspondents? In every number he gives them a lesson in explanation of the way in which he is to be addressed; but the rogues still appear incorrigible. They will be worrying you in the same manner, I suppose; but take this hint,—keep your lodgings a secret, and make the publishers pay for every letter you receive on editorial business. What fool was it that furnished Whittaker's magazine with the Irish Bench article? What a sample of that bench did he commence with! He might as reasonably have begun sketches of the Irish poets, by introducing Romney Robinson; or, to go still lower, by showing off "grovelling Stott," one of Romney's first patrons.

Hunt and Clarke's London Magazine is meddling with Irish matters also. I don't think much of what they have done in that way; you, and you alone, can do Irish subjects full justice. Rouse you, then! my old buck; it is Fegan calls you; he bids you brush away these moths, that disfigure every thing they touch!

What are all the bards about? has all their poetical inspiration evaporated through the "Souvenirs," and the "Forget Me Not's?" There is not, after all, much of what is really excellent in these annuals. Lay aside the charm of great names, and you will soon find the articles heavy enough. One thing in them annoys me; it is the ostentatious showing off of would-be great names; the Rev. — this, and Miss — that, &c. I will write an entire "Annual" myself; I can and will do the thing; prose, poetry, science, metaphysics, all are alike to me! at home everywhere. You know well what Mr. Francis Fegan is capable of; try what the publishers would offer.

Our theatre is confoundedly dull; we have no "star;" but, probably, so much the better. Still, it is damned provoking to see or hear the fudgical songs and trifling melodramas that draw crowds; indeed, your regular play-going people, after all, are mostly beings of a narrow mind; I despise them all.

Sectarian bitterness here infuses itself into every concern of life, even in trade. We have two rival banks: the Popish bank, in Marlborough Street; and the Protestant bank, in College Green. I am told, that a docket of bills is disposed of in the one concern and in the other, by the way in which the indorser of them happens to say his prayers! This story, however, may be an idle one. Still,

something must be done; silly distinctions must be destroyed; and then men may learn charity and common sense. I have done much to enlighten this perverse generation; with your aid, I hope to do much more.

*Mount Street,  
Dublin.*

Believe me, my dear sir,  
With due deference, your's,  
FRANCIS FEGAN.

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THE ASCENDANCY.—BY CAPTAIN ROCK.

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"Here we go up, up, up."—NURSERY RHYMES.

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"A LOYAL SUBJECT AND A REAL ENGLISHMAN," was the eulogistic epitaph engraved on the tomb-stone of a great lover of pooldoodles, a fat Galway corporator, who died from repletion, in the fourteenth century.\* Like the children of Bramah in the east, your "real Englishman," in the west, concentrated in himself all the virtues, and all the emolument too, of the favourite *caste*. He only, like our Davy M'Cleary, was "loyal" according to the cant of that day; and he took good care that his loyalty should not be unproductive: like the John Bull of modern times, he was an adept in the mysteries of Cocker; he knew the value of confiscations, of monopolies of places, of pensions. His conscience lay in his pocket, and the ebbing and flowing of the golden tide, in the vasty depth of his purse, was the criterion which guided his embarkations on the troubled waters of the time. He was loyal, and the mere Irish were rebellious, when his coffers required replenishing. The purse! the purse! is the only genuine political barometer; kings should take out a patent.

Your "real Englishman" also knew, like his worthy descendants, the value of the kingly ear, when engaged exclusively, and that his privileges should not be invaded, that he alone might fatten on the royal domain, he took care to enhance his own value by representing others as worthless; disuse begot a habit in the prince unfavourable to the voice of complaint; he had been so long removed from its sound, that at length he could not recognise it even when it approached him, and, like the hypocrite heirs of a deaf testator, the ascendancy men, availing themselves of his infirmities, abused the confidence of him in whose mistaken bounty they revelled.

Circumstances occasion variety; nature has made all men alike. "From Indus to the Pole," the few ever have oppressed the many: ascendancy has prevailed more or less in all nations of the world; it prevails yet; opposite systems of religion are by no means necessary to generate a goodly race of intolerants; you can have Eldons and Goulburns, Colonel Blackers and Parson Robinsons, without a reformation, without two Christian turnpikes on the road to heaven;

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\* See Hardiman's excellent history of Galway, a work deserving not only of praise but of imitation.

without a turnpike at all. Rascally Turkey has her intolerants in politics; so has Greek Russia, Catholic Poland, and Catholic Hungary. There is no religious exclusion here, but still there is a vile ascendancy, almost as vile as Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. Your mere Hungarian, or mere Pole, is treated nearly as bad as Paddy has been treated, as he is yet treated; and when we complain of Protestantism, and our opponents of Catholicism, we mutually forget that the ascendancy faction, the fathers of our Magees and Chesters, took root, curse on the hand who planted them! at a time when there were neither Bible distributors nor tract distributors; when members of Parliament were not called upon to swear that their friends, neighbours, nay, the wives and children of some of them, were idolaters. There was a "favourite few" when there was but one altar, and, to do our modern ascendancy justice, they are Hyperian to a Satyr when compared with the "real Englishmen," of the four centuries which succeeded the twelfth; for though some of the Orange parsons of Armagh are, hyena-like, pleased with the prospect of human carnage, yet they can no longer kill mere Irishmen *legally*, though their satellites do it sometimes with impunity; but your "real Englishman" had no need to seek the subterfuges of the law, to pack an Orange jury, to suborn Orange witnesses; he had no occasion to blink his purpose, to pretend that injustice was impartial justice, for the law was on his side; it declared the utmost iniquity legal-murder a deed of patriotism!

"This day," almost any day in the thirteenth or fourteenth century will do,—“our *loyal* citizens of Dublin,” say the chronologists—“went out and killed one hundred of the O’Kavanaghs in the county of Wicklow;” the next day two hundred O’Tooles fell a sacrifice; and the following day the corpses of three hundred O’Mores delighted the eyes of your “real Englishman.”

“Crimson now the rivers ran,  
With human blood—the smell of death  
Came reeking from those lovely bowers,  
And man, the sacrifice of man,  
Mingled his taunt with every breath  
Upwafted from the innocent flowers.”

But, thank God! it cannot be said of Ireland that,

“Her throne had fall’n—her pride was crush’d,  
Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush’d,  
In their own land—no more their own,  
To crouch beneath a stranger’s throne.”

No; they redeemed the character of human nature; they repaid contempt with contempt; and gave blow for blow. It is the cant of the day, even among Irishmen, to boast of Irish loyalty, of Irish fidelity to an English sovereign—English laws, when the one desired their extirpation, and the other anticipated their extinction! History is quoted, acts of Parliament are quoted, public documents are quoted, but fortunately no one believes these; they are all falsified by facts, by the testimony of human nature: Irishmen were not loyal; they could not be loyal, for, as sure as that “the flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,” the subject will revolt, when he dares, against the sovereign who does at do him justice, act least that kind of



justice which establishes equality among the people of the same country. Was not this the case in Ireland? How else account for perpetual turmoil, for incessant hostilities? If these did not produce better effects, we must not forget, that want of success proves want of skill,—want of direction, but by no means a want of intention.

“In pride, in erring pride,” the evil of ascendancy lies; national vanity proceeds from many circumstances, and the vanity of public bodies arises from ignorance fostered by partial laws. The patriot’s “first best country ever is at home;” John Bull admits of no equal; Monsieur is a pattern of excellence; the Chinese has got, in his own estimation, two eyes, while Providence has limited their neighbours to one; Paddy laughs at all these, but Paddy has here his weak points as well as others, though certainly not in the same degree; this intolerant vanity is found in sects and parties as well as in nations. The peasant views himself with complacency, when compared to the “operative” who vegetates in those—

“Huge buildings, where incessant noise  
Is made by springs and spindles, girls and boys,”

while the cotton-weaver assumes a face of pity, when speaking of the country bumpkin, whom he regards with ineffable contempt.

All this is bearable; but when the “Methodists” claim a superiority over the “Jumpers,” Heraclitus himself should laugh, and perhaps Democritus might weep at the arrogant assumption of Protestants, when contrasted with their Catholic brethren.

Yet it was on this supposed superiority that modern ascendancy in Ireland was built; on this pedestal, frail as it is, it yet stands. The Protestant ascendant took the place of the “real Englishman,” inheriting all his presumption, and, heir to his advantages; like him, he considers himself, in accordance with the laws of the land, a much handsomer animal than the “mere Irishman” of modern times; and did he stop here all might be well, but he thinks right to undertake to make laws for the Catholic, to frame a religion for the Catholic, which the Catholic disapproves of, but for which he must pay; and what’s more, your Protestant ascendant forges chains for the Catholic helot, and because the helot does not wear them gracefully, because he clanks them in the ear of his oppressor, he is reproached as a disloyal subject, as an ignorant, superstitious, priest-ridden fool. I like the last charge; false accusation has often done what love of justice had declined to do; a moral wrong is felt more accutely than a political degradation.

It is, amidst Orange impudence and church arrogance, consolatory to find that, in the body politic, as in the human frame, nature has fixed certain correctives to counteract the folly of man, and revenge her own wrongs. No body of men has ever assumed to themselves a superiority, without virtually descending even below those they insulted. The Spanish ascendancy in South America, after having blasted the happiness of their country, were eventually degraded, by their own incapacity, below the Creoles, whom they affected to despise; and it is well known that the aristocratic ascendants of France, previous to the Revolution, were the most ignorant and besotted men in the world:—the favoured few in Spain and Portugal form no exception to the general rule; and, to come home to the Irish ascend-

ancy, we are forcibly struck with this great moral and political truth—that the dignity of man can only be preserved under a perfect system of equality.

There is not in the universe, so ignorant, so totally stultified a body of men as “The Ascendancy” faction in Ireland. Born presumptive heirs to all the good things of office, like other heirs, they thought it enough to inherit—qualification was unnecessary; but while they sported amidst the spoils of state, and disdained the labour which ennobles, their less fortunate brethren, thrown upon their own resources, soon surpassed them in mental accomplishments, soon became every way their superiors, with the single exception of “exclusive loyalty:” of that commodity the Orangemen boasted a superabundance; but it was not well preserved—Wellesley blew upon it, and lo! it became tainted—suspected.

If you believe themselves, however, they are the most, the only intellectual men in the country; and the Papists are an unintellectual race; but when a Turk wants to reproach a man, he cries out “a Christian dog!” A fool is always, in his own estimation, the wisest of men. But we require other proofs of superiority—of equality, than the drunken declamations of Orange gormandizers. I like the smack of the potheen; but when the wine is in, the wit is out; and a tipsy man always sees double. On this principle only can we account for the boasting of Romney, Robinson, George Beresford, and their *confreres*. It would require more than the penetration of a friend to discover any tokens of superiority in their ribald oratory, in their talentless, tasteless trash.

To prove that this boast was mere vaunting—unsubstantial show, it is only necessary to marshal the friends of liberality against the advocates of exclusion; and, for shortness, let us do it negatively. In the House of Commons, ascendancy has not one man of decided talent but Mr. Peel, and Mr. Peel is, I admit, a man of greater talent than even his friends give him credit for; all the rest is “leather and prunella:” and, perhaps, the secretary for the home department is not quite so hostile to the Catholic claims as the public has been led to believe. In the House of Lords the inferiority of the exclusionists in every thing but numbers is still more remarkable. “Ay, but these are all Protestants.” Be it so; but they are not all ascendancy men; if they were, they would be as inefficient as Lethbridge and Moore. But let us examine the question more closely. Compare the “faction” with the “Catholic Association,” and in which does mind predominate? which body gives the greater proof of intellect, of political knowledge? Who, among the ascendants, shall we compare to Shiel—himself a host—a creature all mind—all eloquence. “Full of the day-god’s living fire,” he seems to glow with intelligence—a kind of spiritualized orator. In his speeches we do not meet those dull repetitions of duller common-place; he is no retailer of other mens’ conceptions, for, at every sentence, originality flashes upon you, and you stand—involuntarily stand—lost in admiration of the genius which conceives, and the study which elaborates, these conceptions into forms so beautiful, and so perfect. Yet this Shiel is a Catholic; nay, he was the pupil of the Jesuits! Has ascendancy, amongst its ranks, one man whose intellect is to be compared to Shiel’s? Not one. Can they find a parallel for O’Connell, as a pub-



lic speaker, be his defects few or many? As a political tactician, a fearless advocate, a good lawyer, he is not surpassed; and yet this O'Connell, as all the world knows, is a Catholic, and, oh, horrible! was educated at St. Omers! Perhaps ascendancy can find an equal for Bric. Who is he? Orange ingenuity may discover him.

But Catholic superiority is still more remarkable in those intellectual pursuits which submit themselves with greater facility to examination—to impartial criticism. The children of ascendancy cannot boast a writer among them of greater celebrity than Graham, the rhymist, Sir Harcourt Lees, and Murthough O'Sullivan. Their fame is even somewhat more circumscribed than the Chinese poet, whose poems could not be procured in Amsterdam; and, unfortunately, like other celebrated authors, their works have fallen abortive from the press. Inferior to these is Dr. Miller, an unreadable philosopher upon history, and Dr. Magee, who owes all his reputation as a writer to a *closed* treatise, pillaged from a German.

What a contrast do these pygmies form to the literary giants on the Catholic side. Modestly omitting my own writings, and, for the same reason, passing over the erudite pretensions of the Editor, we come to Tommy Moore. Tommy is a Catholic, and unquestionably the first poet of the day. To point out his excellence would, indeed, be a work of supererogation. Next to him, in point of talent, at least as far as Ireland is concerned, stands Furlong, and he too is a Catholic. Changing poetry for prose, I find it difficult to make a selection without writing a catalogue. In history and theology the Catholic clergy have an admitted superiority; and in the regions of fancy Banim is unapproachable—yet Banim is a Catholic.

Whilst the Catholics have thus, with undazzled eye, soared into the highest heavens of literature, the ascendancy have been content to grovel in the filth of party pamphlets, party sermons, and fanatical tracts, displaying no higher effort than a philippic against Popery, priests, and Daniel O'Connell, whilst their eloquence is confined to corporation politics and Bible meetings. Contemptible, however, as they are, in point of intellect and moral honesty, their leaders have been too successful in deluding the Orange rabble into those treasonable excesses, which demonstrate, in spite of Leslie, Foster, and Derry Dawson, that the lower classes of Protestants, in the north, are ignorant, brutalized, and degraded; that, like the Janissaries of Turkey, they have become a kind of military pestilence—a national nuisance, and that the good of society requires, if not their annihilation, at least the dissolution of the order to which they belong. In point of morality, the people of Ulster are much inferior, favoured as they have been, to those of the south: Mr. Wakefield bears testimony to this important fact.

Sunk in the opinion even of Protestants, and rendered contemptible in the eyes of Europe and America, the ascendancy have, latterly, made a dying effort to attract public notoriety; they have dined together—parsons, proctors, and Presbyterians; and they have, recently, in one or two places, met, in conclave, to petition against Catholic emancipation. Their speeches, on these occasions, are fine samples of the illogically absurd; but in nothing more remarkable, than in the evidence they furnish of the shameful ignorance of the ascendancy leaders. The last of these Orange gatherings was held



at Omagh, and, as a proof of the wisdom and eloquence of the ascendancy orators, I shall give the speech of a Major CRAWFORD:—

“He (the major) had seen a resolution in the Strabane paper, entered into at a Popish meeting in that town, in which a vote of thanks was passed to the forty-shilling freeholders of Ireland, for their conduct at the late election;—what was their conduct? It was so notorious (quite so, indeed!) that it was useless for him to take up the time of the meeting in commenting upon it. They had, with few exceptions, fearing the vengeance of their priests, who discovered their real character by converting their monstrous spiritual authority into an engine of political tyranny, voted against the wishes of their landlords,—against those to whom THEY OWED EVERY THING, EVEN THEIR DAILY BREAD! and to whom, he might say, they *owed their very existence!*—against those who had been the fathers of the fatherless, and the widow’s protection and helper!—those ungrateful men had been marshalled by ecclesiastics, who, to subserve their ambitious views, had impiously secularized their office.”

This is a complete epitome of all that has been said by the ascendancy men since the defeat of George Beresford at Waterford, and contains more deliberate falsehoods than ever I saw pressed into the same quantity of words. As a specimen of the regard paid to truth and reason by the “faction,” it ought to be preserved in gold letters, and deposited in the British Museum!—Future generations could not fail to be instructed by such an invaluable document.

The major appears to have borrowed his sentiments respecting the Catholic clergy, from the unsuccessful candidates of Waterford and Westmeath, who heaped all kind of vituperation upon the priests, until the moment came for proving their charges, but then they shrunk from investigation—they could not substantiate their foul imputations; “yet these are honourable men—and they are all honourable men.” The best thing, however, in this speech, is that part which verges on political economy. The tenant owes every thing to his landlord, even his existence! Shame upon their mothers if this be true; but fortunately Adam Smith is a much better authority than Major Crawford; and from him we learn that the labourer is the only producer, and that all wealth flows from the sweat of human brows. Now, if it be true that the tenantry were so dependant on their landlords,—if they depended upon them for their daily bread, it inevitably follows, that Irish landlords are even greater oppressors—greater scoundrels, than their worst enemies ever described them, and that, beyond all doubt, the landlords are the greatest curse under which Ireland groans. Naturally and properly, landlords would be indebted to their tenantry for the bread which they eat—for the means not only of supporting aristocratic grandeur, but maintaining their very existence. Without them, land would produce nothing but heath and weeds, two very unsavory commodities, and upon which ascendancy landlords are not in the habit of dining. It may surprise this major—of yeomanry I suppose,—to learn, that hereditary landlords have no more right, in policy or equity, to rent from land they call theirs than I have—that, properly, it belongs to the people, that is the state, because rent arises from no virtue or merit in the landlord, nor in consequence of any act of his, but solely from the extent of population: in one word,

a well-regulated state would not tolerate landlords,—they are an excrescence on the body politic—an useless burden—which feed upon that which belongs to the whole of the society.

Popular ignorance, upon the evils of which an instructive volume might be written, has too long protracted in Ireland, as elsewhere, the reign of ascendancy; and, strange to say, the “faction” have found protectors and patrons amongst the Catholic leaders. These men, no doubt from the best intentions, but, at the same time, from great misconception—have opposed measures directly calculated to overthrow the now tottering ascendancy. Political science has encountered the most determined hostility in the Catholic Association. Economists are sneered at, charged with doctrines they disavow, and held up to the public as enemies of good order. Now, whatever may be the abstract merits of political economy, it is a decided and powerful foe to ascendancy. Its first and fundamental principle is *equality*, and all its arguments go to substantiate the necessity of personal and national freedom. Surely, then, it does not deserve the sneer or hatred of Catholics, particularly when it is derided and hated by the ascendancy. They know their weak points—they know nothing is to be dreaded so much as the light of political science, and, accordingly, they misrepresent the economists, one and all, from Smith to M'Culloch. Why the Catholic leaders should unite with them, is to me incomprehensible. Political science, if generally understood, would unquestionably prove their best ally.

Again, the Catholic leaders, and the Catholic press, have, unintentionally, lent themselves to the interests of ascendancy, by decrying the measure of the Marquis Wellesley, relative to the introduction of a stipendary magistracy. Has the old system worked well? have the Irish magistrates been the protectors of the subjects—the friends of the people? Quite the contrary. They have, on all occasions, been the tools of ascendancy; they form the very head and front of ascendancy; they have been, and are its chosen advocates—its chosen leaders—its chosen bulwark. They are the convicted libellers of their country—they are the supporters of every bad measure; in a word, they are the most corrupt body of men that ever was authorized to administer good or bad laws. The debit side is filled with a long catalogue of crimes. The credit side is a total blank. Why, then, have they found favour in the Catholic Association, in the eyes of Catholic editors? Because it is apprehended, that a stipendary magistracy would be the tools of government. This might or might not be the case; but suppose it were, could they be more subservient to the castle than the “great unpaid,” as the rustic magistrates of England and Ireland have been called in burlesque? Could they possibly be more determined enemies of liberality, and even of a right administration of justice, than the great majority of the Irish magistrates have been? Certainly not; and the misconception arises from mistaken notions of human nature. Whatever men are paid for doing, in nine cases out of ten, will be done well. Whatever is done for nothing, in nine cases out of ten, will be done ill. It is wretched economy, to refuse paying those for performing the most essential of all duties—the administration of the laws; and, in this case, as in the every day occurrences of common life, the cheap mode has proved to be the most expensive. The “great unpaid” either take care to remunerate



themselves in some sinister way, or avoid the discharge of their duties ; and as every aristocrat, by seconding the wishes of the ministers, was entitled to a diploma, for invading the personal liberty of the subject, it followed, of course, that they were administrators of the law, who were as ignorant as South American judges, one of whom boasted that he was legally wise, not having looked into a book for the thirty preceding years. Now, whatever objections may be made against a stipendiary magistracy, ignorance can hardly be one of them. In Westminster and Dublin, they are generally selected from the bar, and must be somewhat qualified for the situation ; and, accordingly, the law is administered by them in a way certainly very superior to the kind of justice dispensed in the rural districts, where it frequently occurs, that—

“ Half the pillow’d man, the palsey hides.”

But even were there no such objections against the Irish “unpaid,” and were there fewer arguments in favour of a stipendiary magistracy, the friends of equality—of civil liberty, should second the endeavours of the Marquis Wellesley, to remove from power those who have abused their trust, and who have long been the chosen people of ascendancy. The introduction of a paid magistracy would give the “faction” their death-blow—would annihilate their powers of doing mischief ; for, though the police now frequently misconduct themselves, let it be recollected, that they are the creatures, in most instances, of the “great unpaid ;” selected and protected by them. The police is, and must necessarily be, formed of very indifferent characters—of men, too often without character or independence, and always without a will of their own ; like soldiers, they are merely an animated machine, the springs and wheels of which are set in motion by their superior. Policy, therefore, would dictate, that this superior should be a person entirely amenable to law, to public opinion ; one to whom dismissal would be a personal degradation—a pecuniary loss ; whose individual interests would coincide with the proper discharge of his duties.

A casual observer cannot but see that the Marquis Wellesley’s policy towards ascendancy, from the beginning, has been an indirect one. He minces under their feet, and, when they least expect it, their footing gives way. Perhaps, under other circumstances, there would be no absolute necessity for this course ; but, clogged as the marquis is, he could hardly have adopted a more effectual system, to humble the faction ; and which faction he has humbled. We might applaud more vigorous measures, but let us not throw obstacles in the way of operations, which are gradually accomplishing the good work—the destruction of ascendancy in Ireland. Since the commencement of the marquis’s administration, the “faction” have sunk sadly in the estimation of England ; their vicious system has been exposed ; it is proved, notwithstanding all their vauntings, that they are imbecile, contemptible, talentless, and wholly worthless ; that they are without respectability, numbers, or character ; and that they are despised by the world, and loathed by

“ Rock.”



## THE POLITICIAN. NO. I.

*Proceedings in the House of Commons—Arigna Mining Association—Cavan Conversions—Anti-Catholic Petition of Emanuel Hutchinson Orpen—the King's Message—the War—the Portuguese Rebels—Ireland—the Beresfords—Mr. Eneas M'Donnell—Address to the People of England—Adjournment of the House of Commons—Defeat of the Persians.*

THE language of despotism is, "mind your own business;" that of liberty, "mind the business of other people." Now, as I am a great lover of freedom, both in theory and practice, and flattering myself that I am in possession of civil rights, I take care to obey the injunction of liberty, and, really, mind everybody's business but my own. Politics have been the business of *my* life, and, sick or well, I never let a day pass over, during the last thirty years, without going to Peel's Coffee-House, to read the newspapers. The *Chronicle* is my favourite. The editor lucubrates so soberly, and assumes so much the appearance of wisdom, that you never think of questioning the truth or philosophy of his diurnal commentaries; you swallow his political economy as you do your toast and coffee, and leave the process of digestion, in both cases, to the tacit operations of nature—they are not worth further consideration. If the day be fine, you will find me on the Exchange, or in Tom's Coffee-House, or not far from the stock-brokers' pandemonium. In the evening, if the House sits, I take my *place* in the gallery of St. Stephen's Chapel; but when the House is *up*, I walk to the west end, lounge about Bond Street, or slip into Ridgway's, where politicians "do congregate." This kind of life I find delightfully agreeable—I know everything and everybody; and, as I am by no means selfish, I cannot let my light consume in a bushel. I must communicate *all* my information to the public, once a month, in the *London and Dublin*, under the title of "The Politician"—a comprehensive heading, which just suits a desultory walker and writer, like me; for my mind partakes, in some measure, of the loco-motive propensities of my body—it is continually wandering—from kings to beggars—from Europe to America—from one kingdom to another. Expect nothing methodical from me; the wrong dish may be placed at the head of the table; but it matters little, in my mind, where the dish be placed, so that it be filled with nutritive and well-seasoned meats. You shall have *all* the news, but you must consent to receive it in the manner it suits me to present you with it.

The proceedings of Parliament during the former part of last month were not particularly interesting; every measure of importance was postponed, by general consent, until after the Christmas recess. On the 5th of December Alderman Waithman brought forward his promised motion, for a "Select Committee, to inquire into the origin, the management, and the present state of the Joint Stock Companies during the years 1824-5-6, and to report on the same, together with any special matter touching any Member of that Honourable House."

It appeared, from the hon. gentleman's statement, that no fewer than six hundred joint-stock companies had been formed during the last three years, with a nominal capital of £250,000,000!! The loss

sustained by the holders of shares of mining associations alone, was estimated at £12,000,000! When will John Bull learn prudence? The motion was subsequently modified, and a select committee was appointed to inquire into the affairs of the Arigna Mining Company. Arigna is, I believe, in some part of Connaught; the mine was sold, by the proprietor, to the company, for £15,000; but the directors charged the company £25,000, and put the difference in their pockets. 'Pon their honour they thought it quite right! *Quære*, Will the committee think so?

This is the age of cant! We are continually boasting of our knowledge, our education, our liberality, and several other fine sounding things; but alas! bigotry and fanaticism have still many a godly disciple in these countries. From a recent number of the *Dublin Evening Post*, I learn that Lady Farnham and some Biblicals are taking effectual means to bring the beggars, thieves, and prostitutes of Cavan to a sense of their unrighteousness; they have opened a public market, where the refuse of the Catholic community may obtain a good price for their conscience, and no questions asked respecting either the quality or the reality of the commodity. The blessed Neophytes are fed and clothed at Lord Farnham's and the Hibernian Society's expense; all receive, it appears, money in hand; many are promised an annual *doucier*. The Lord reward them according to their works! But alas! this *dernier resort* of the "Saints" has been blown upon; the apostates are beginning to recant—there is no fear of their refunding—and the Catholic prelates have exposed the hallowed doings of these "vital" Christians. This, to be sure, excites nothing but disgust, but it is, at the same time, a proof of that uncharitable, bigotted feeling which prevails among the Irish puritans and the Orangemen. One of these, a Mr. Emanuel Hutchinson Orpen, transmitted a petition to parliament, accusing the Catholic clergy of every vice under heaven, and, as Paddy would say, a great many more. Hardly twelve months since, the Irish priesthood received the unqualified praise of a member high in office, for their loyalty and unimpeachable conduct; yet there were found, on this occasion, an M. P., George Ogle Moore, to present this audacious petition, and an Irish lord-lieutenant's secretary to support it. Mr. Peel, however, very properly prevented the circulation of the calumnies it contained, and for this act of justice he has risen considerably higher in my estimation. He always stood pretty fairly there, notwithstanding his opposition to the Catholic claims. He has only to *cut* the "faction," and be one of the most popular ministers England ever had.

I have always thought your philosophers, who talk so much about the capabilities of society, and the reformation of man, great fools. Why men, taken generally, are such idiots, that they seldom fail to rebel against the introduction of any thing calculated to abridge their miseries. When shirts were first made of linen, there was a tremendous outcry in England; and when a law was passed in Spain, tending to abrogate the use of a very troublesome, very expensive, very uncommodious, and very useless mantle, there was a rebellion in Madrid! On the same principle of human action, a vast number of the Portuguese, though the worst used, and most oppressed people in the world, have actually flew to arms, sooner than accept a form of government which could not fail, eventually, to make them a free and



happy nation. The priests and monks, they say, are at the bottom of this black business, but I do not believe a word of it, for two reasons; first, because the report comes from the habitual libellers of the Catholic clergy; secondly, because the Portuguese government, or gazettes, have made no such charge. Ferdinand, the Spanish despot, however, has lent his aid to support the fools who refuse to have their chains struck off; and, in the hope of perpetuating ignorance and bad government, he actually committed an infraction of the right of nations, by arming the Portuguese rebels. Here, however, he reckoned without his host; England stepped forward to protect her ancient ally; and, on the 11th of December, the following message was transmitted by his Majesty to the House of Peers:—

“GEORGE R.

“His Majesty acquaints the House of Peers, that his Majesty has received an earnest application from the Princess Regent of Portugal, claiming, in virtue of an ancient obligation of alliance and amity, subsisting between his Majesty and the Crown of Portugal, his Majesty’s aid against an hostile aggression from Spain;”

“His Majesty has exerted himself, for some time past, in conjunction with his Majesty’s Ally, the King of France, to prevent such an aggression; and repeated assurances have been given by the Court of Madrid, of the determination of his Catholic Majesty neither to commit, nor to allow to be committed, from his Catholic Majesty’s territory, any aggression against Portugal,

“But his Majesty has learnt, with deep concern, that, notwithstanding these assurances, hostile inroads into the territory of Portugal have been concerted in Spain, and have been executed in the eyes of Spanish authorities, by Portuguese regiments which had deserted into Spain, and which the Spanish government have repeatedly and solemnly engaged to disarm and to disperse.

“His Majesty leaves no efforts unexhausted to awaken the Spanish government to the dangerous consequences of this apparent connivance.

“His Majesty makes this communication to the House of Peers, with the full and entire confidence that his faithful Peers will afford to his Majesty their cordial concurrence and support in maintaining the faith of treaties, and in securing against foreign hostility the safety and independence of the kingdom of Portugal, the oldest ally of Great Britain.

“G. R.”

This was subsequently taken into consideration; and Mr. Canning, in a speech worthy of the occasion, moved an answer to the message. It was carried, with three or four dissentients, amidst general cheering. Thus England boldly stood forward as the advocate of popular rights. She fearlessly threw down the gauntlet in the face of Europe; and as she is for once embarked in a just war, may Heaven defend the right! Now commenced the agitation of the *quid nuncs*. Will there be a general war? Will France assist Ferdinand? Heaven only knows. The French ministers have declared for peace; and if they be sincere, the British soldiers will make quick work with the Portuguese rebels, even though they reach Lisbon before the arrival of our troops.

His Majesty’s message produced very opposite effects on the people of England. Some desired war, and others prayed for peace; but, in Ireland, the intelligence was received with unabated gladness. It



was an event, casting its shadow before, and every Catholic saw emancipation in the result. Strange anomaly. A nation which embarks in the cause of civil liberty, keeps one-third of its population in slavery!—keeps them in a state which compels them to rejoice, when their government is embarrassed! The Catholic leaders are reproached with violence. If this be so, what renders their violence dangerous? But the Catholic Association cannot fail to effect its purpose; it arrests the attention of the empire—of Europe; and ministers must be blind indeed, if they refuse to do now, with a good grace, what they will, in the event of war, be obliged to do; and, perhaps, inspire but little gratitude on the occasion. War is not like comets; we cannot anticipate its appearance, it may burst upon us at any hour; and England ought to prepare for it, by consolidating her internal strength—by seeking an union of sentiment with the people of England.

It is amusing to read the ravings of the *Courier*, respecting the candid and very intelligible language used in the Catholic Association, on receipt of the first news of war. There is no use in blinking the question; the Catholics of Ireland are dissatisfied; and may be driven, by insult and injustice; to acts of madness. The *Courier* knows this; yet, because Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Shiel do not play the hypocrite, and speak a language they do not believe, the government scribe would resort to a very summary process of making the people loyal—he would hang up the leaders, *a la Thistlewood*. This was once the *law* in Ireland, but the *Courier* is a century too late with his counsel; his advice will not be followed—it cannot be followed; the reign of the Beresfords is at an end.

Speaking of the Beresfords, I am reminded of George, commonly called Lord George Beresford. This scion of a worthy stock, was lately a candidate for the representation of Waterford; and previous to the election, told the 40s. freeholders, that they were some of the finest fellows in the world. But they knew George, disbelieved him, and ousted him out of his seat. The mask was then thrown off.—George spouted away at Orange dinners, and not long since presented a petition against the return of the popular member, in which I find the following gentlemanly passage:—

“The peasantry of the county of Waterford, from among whom the great majority of the forty-shilling freeholders of the said county are taken, are almost exclusively Roman Catholics, and are, from *their ignorance and superstition, consequent upon a want of education, peculiarly liable to be made the tools of any of the Roman Catholic clergy who may think proper to mislead or impose upon them for sinister purposes*, insomuch that many of the peasants of the county of Waterford believe that every Roman Catholic clergyman is possessed of the power of working miracles, and all of them attach an importance to the *blessing or curse of a priest, which would scarcely be credited by those who had not lived among them*; and petitioner is informed and believes, that to be excluded by the priest from what are called the rites of the church, such as confession, absolution, &c., is considered by them to endanger, if not exclude them from salvation; that the discipline of the Romish church places the entire patronage of each diocese at the disposal of its bishop in the first instance, and therefore places the clergy of that diocese under his control, and thus invests him with a power over them, which is nearly despotic, while the bishop himself is only amenable to the See of Rome for this discharge of his spiritual authority *ajuris diction*.”

Your ascendancy noblemen are people of nice honour,—they never intentionally calumniate—they never deal in Billingsgate! Now here is a very serious charge not only against the freeholders, but against the whole Catholic priesthood, and we should suppose would not be made on slight grounds; is it true? the devil a word of it; and George Beresford knew it; for he shrunk from investigation,—he refused to attempt proving his gross and scandalous libels, yet your ascendancy noblemen are persons of nice honour! they never deal in Billingsgate! But, the foolish libeller, he has sealed his exclusion from the representation of Waterford for ever! A Beresford will never again disgrace that fine county.

On the 14th of December the House adjourned until the 8th of February next. On the 12th the corn laws are to be taken into consideration.

On Tuesday December the 19th, there was an aggregate meeting of the Catholics held in Dublin, for the purpose of confirming the appointment of Eneas M'Donnell as political and literary agent of the Irish Catholics in London. A very eloquent and argumentative address to the people of England, from the pen of Mr. Wyse, of Waterford, was at the same time adopted. The following extract deserves notice:

"We have been accused of divided allegiance, subversive of the power of a Protestant government, and of the rights of a Protestant people, of violating or equivocating on the sacred engagements of an oath, of preserving unchanged the spirit of persecution, which tainted all nations till the present enlightened era. We have disclaimed, and do disclaim, each and all of these allegations;—we disclaimed them in 1757, again in 1792;—the six leading Universities of the Catholic world in 1788 disclaimed them;—the chief of our church, Pope Pius VI., in 1791, disclaimed them;—our Bishops and Archbishops, on their solemn oaths before the Imperial Parliament, have emphatically and recently disclaimed them; and we cannot dispose of our property, or execute any public trust, without, in each instance, disclaiming them.

"We have been accused of divided allegiance. Why is not the same accusation pleaded against the Catholic of Prussia and Hanover? We have denied the calumny, and the conduct of our ancestors justifies the denial. The Catholics of Ireland stood firm to the Protestant house of Brunswick in 1745, against the Catholic Pretender and the Roman Pontiff. Our oaths are regarded, in the ordinary intercourse of life, as inviolate. Why are they not equally so by our country? Why should there be a different measure for us in and out of Parliament? If this accusation were grounded on fact, what would prevent many of our body, at this moment, from legislating with, instead of supplicating the justice of either house of Parliament?

"The spirit of persecution is not the spirit or doctrine, but the perversion of the spirit and the doctrine of the Catholic religion. In bad times, it has unfortunately tainted, more or less, every Christian denomination. If the Catholic persecuted the Protestant, the Protestant persecuted the Catholic;—it was attack and retaliation, and if the Catholic persecuted longer than the Protestant, it was only because the Catholic was much longer in possession of power. Nor do we instance this from any desire or feeling of recrimination, but from a deep conviction that it is not to any form of religion that blame is to be attached, but lust of power, rousing and wielding the bad passions of the human heart, and which, in all countries, we confidently trust, must sooner or later disappear before the progress of freedom, which is the due sense of mutual interest and the gradual advance of civilization through all parts of the globe.

"In our own land, we are a proscribed people. We are excluded from all participation of the government, constituting, as we do, virtually and essentially,



the nation:—we pay taxes which we have not imposed; we contribute to the upholding of establishments in which we can have no share; we pay double tithes, double church-rates, double cess; we are judged by tribunals in which we can have little control. Englishmen rebelled against the ship-money and the Star Chamber. Would the Englishman of the present day submit to this? Would Canada submit to it?—would Hanover? And is Ireland to be worse governed than a foreign kingdom or a distant settlement? Would it not have been better for her to have been a colony, than, as she is, a vital portion of this free empire?

“We do not desire power, but we claim eligibility. We desire that a Protestant sovereign might have the means to avail himself of the services of *all* his people. We desire to enlarge the resources of the British empire, to consolidate the liberties of the entire British nation. Is he an enemy to England, who desires this? Is he a friend to England who opposes this desire?

“If there were any danger likely to accrue by the admission of the Catholics of Ireland into the constitution, that danger already exists amongst us. By the act of 1793, we have already the natural elements of a first political influence—means of acquiring wealth—education to employ it—the elective franchise to render both available. Have we abused these powers—has the noble struggle of our freeholders in aught diminished the sum of British liberty? Have the real interests of the country suffered? At home we have shown we are capable of upholding, not of injuring, British freedom; abroad, who could distinguish in the field of battle between the Protestant or Catholic soldier? Not the Frenchman, who yielded to our arms, nor the German or Spaniard, who fought beside us.”

“Why should the Protestant be alarmed at the admission of the Catholic into the constitution? Does he apprehend, in his own religion, any principle of weakness which will yield in a fair and equal struggle? Does England dread that one-third of her empire should absorb the other two; or, that, by the introduction, into the houses of parliament, of a few additional members, the religion, crown, and legislature, of these realms, will cease to be essentially and constantly Protestant?

“The real danger is in things as they are, not in things as they may be; the Protestant suffers where the Catholic is aggrieved. England is endangered by the oppression and danger of Ireland. It has been stated, before the imperial legislature, that this country is one great mass of discontent. It is; we do not affect to conceal it; and though we will not allege, as motives for better systems, the extreme cases, feared by all good men in either country, we cannot disguise the many intermediate states of injury to which Protestant and Catholic are equally exposed. Is it nothing, that the empire should be taxed for our divisions, or that an enormous military force should not only consume the natural resources of the country, but, by a circle the most vicious, draw even for assistance upon the contributions of England? Is it nothing for England—for the English and Protestant proprietor, to find his revenues decreased, his security diminished, his tenantry impoverished? Is it nothing for the Protestant, as well as Catholic merchant, to find the avenues of industry closed—the springs of national wealth dried up—capital, which is cast to every other quarter of the globe, refused to us, and the British empire altogether paralysed in one of its most important members? Of the sufferings of our people, privation, penury, starvation, fever, plague, and death, we say nothing, but we are too close to England not to spread, in time, the contagion of our misery. Our population already overflows upon her, so also will our wretchedness. We shall lower her, unless she can raise us. Is she prepared for this visitation; is she disposed to risk it for a theological difference, or to stand up, ere it be too late, and, by a just appreciation of her interests, as well as ours, to vindicate both by a single act of justice and generosity.”

The Greeks are at length likely to be rescued from the fangs of their persecutors, and the Russian army has triumphed over the wretched Persians. This was to be expected, a disciplined barbarian is superior to an undisciplined one.

O'SULLIVAN-BEAR.



## TRADITIONARY TALES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

## NO. I.

*Stephen Sinnott's Plough.*

STRANGE that, in the superabundance of English capital, little or none has found its way to Ireland! yet, where could it be more beneficially employed? She has mines of wealth above and below ground, much more valuable than those of South America, and it were well if the speculators in the Vigo Bay scheme had undertaken to raise Stephen Sinnott's Plough, instead of fishing for plate on the coast of Spain. Now Stephen Sinnott's Plough, according to the best account, lies at the bottom of the Slaney, a certain number of perches above Ferry Carrick bridge, and can be seen with the naked eye, on any fine day during the whole of next summer. There are hundreds who will make affidavit of it—disbelieve them if you wish.

The gentle Slaney is the most beautiful river in the world. Your transatlantic "streams" are on two large a scale to please: they are mere ocean inlets—you cannot see both banks at the same time, and sometimes neither. The Liffey is a mere puddle, the Shannon is rather large, and "Old Father Thames" would be a pretty river indeed, were it not for its nasty barges, and still nastier bargemen: below London Bridge, it is filthy in the extreme,—it is disfigured by commerce, and above Vauxhall it has but little attraction: Kew Gardens and Richmond grace its banks: but that's all; it wants the charms of natural objects, for, though villas unnumbered start into view, they are not half so becoming as over-hanging rocks, sloping hills, ruined castles, and rustic cottages. Now the Slaney is quite as large as the Thames above London; it is more translucent, and its banks are a thousand times more beautiful; nature and art, hill and dale, contend to please; the remains of antiquity are surrounded by modern improvements, while the splash of an occasional oar in its waters reminds you that it flows not uselessly.

It is now just fifteen years, come Midsummer next, since I last feathered an oar upon this beautiful stream. An honest Enniscorthy Quaker, John Davis, pulled against me, while our little boat was steered by Pat Kinshellah, the factotum of one of the "friends" who lived in a very pretty place near Bellview. Pat, though a fresh-water sailor, had none of the vices almost inseparable from that class; but his occasional visits to "town" had given his rustic exterior an appearance of polish, which favourably distinguished him from the mere ploughman. His "felt" was brushed, his "basalanie" had a peculiar tie, and a yard of tape at least figured, a kind of bouquet, in the knees of his breeches. Although in some measure the servant of my friend, he assumed an air of importance, the moment we pushed from the quay of Wexford, and gave orders with the air of a man who was in his element. A few pulls brought us clear through the once beautiful wooden bridge, which connects the town with Ferry Bank, and a few more pulls placed us within view of Ferry Carrick: "Spread the sail," said Pat, and accordingly the sail was spread. An evening breeze partially filled it, and, as our little barge floated

along, we had leisure to admire the lovely scene around. The white villas above Wexford, and the crowded shipping below it, gave the southern view an air of cheerfulnees, while, in the opposite point, the woods of Artramont, and the groves about Mr. Le Hunt's domain, waved in sombre luxuriance, cooling, and absorbing as it were, the yet red-hot rays of the summer sun. Before us appeared the rocks and ruins of Carrick, with its spanning bridge, while behind us lay the commercial little village of Castlebridge, dignified by the mills and stores of Mr. Dixon. The scene inspired me with the holiest thoughts, and the gentle rippling of the waves, as the boat snatched a kiss and hurried on, disposed me to meditation, when—

“ No river, I declare,  
Of them all, can compare  
To our gently flowing Slaney,”

Sung in a loud key by my companion, aroused me from my delightful reverie. Of all rakes, commend me to a repudiated Quaker; his early habits of decency and temperance secure him from the vulgar practices of vice, and, though he assumes all the airs of a merry fellow, he never once offends by actions or expressions at variance with politeness.

By the time Mr. Davis had finished his song, we were within view of Carrickmannon, and the plantations of the patriotic Mr. Devereux, as they descended to the water's edge, seemed to have reminded my Quaker friend of poor Lysaght's verses,\* which he sang with great

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"Stephen Sinnott's Plough!" ejaculated the Quaker; "why, what brought it there?"

"What brought it there!" repeated Pat; "faith, an' that's just what I'd be glad to know myself. There it is, any how, an' devil a hundred horses in the wide world would drag it out ov it. I often hard my fadher, rest his sowl in glory! say that Square Devereux, who used to have the sports here on a Sunday, wid the pig, all shaved an' soaped, to be given to whoever would hould 'im by the tail; an' well he might, for, troth, nobody could do that. Well, as I was just sayin', this Square Devereux, who was a real gentleman an' a Catholic, hard of Stephen Sinnott's Plough, an' nothin' would sarve 'im but he must take it up. Several cotmen,\* with their cots, an' ropes, an' poles, were collected, an' to work they went sure enough, for the bare life. They dragged the river up an' down, but not a bit of the plough could they ketch. 'Och! it's not there at all,' ses they. 'Och! but it is,' ses Square Devereux; an' sure enough, when the river cleared, there was the handles stickin' out, as afore; an' so to work they went agin. This time they grappled it, but, lord! they might as well think to move the mountain of Forth, for they couldn't get a stir out ov it; an', what's more, *crosh christhe*, 'twas near costin' 'em all their lives, for their cots sunk, an' themselves were near drown'd. Some ov 'em lost the use of their hands; others of 'em their sides; an' some *crum smalh* or other waited on 'em all from that day to this. Even Square Devereux 'imself shortly after died. There was no sports about Carrigmannon at all; an' the young heir,† they say, is a *stalkin varaga* through the world. An' so," continued Pat, "'twas better for 'em to have left Stephen Sinnott's Plough alone."

"Ay, but who was Stephen Sinnott?"

"Why, then, I'll tell yees," said Pat, turning his hat a little to one side: "Stephen Sinnott—but boy's honey, axen your pardon, this is a murderin' bad win'; I believe yees had betther turn to the oars, for if it doesn't blow betther nor this we won't reach Enniscorfy to-night. But wait till I tell you the story first. Well then, long an' long ago, Stephen Sinnott was, as a body might say, a bit of a *scollege*,‡ who lived hard by, on a mortual poor farm as any widin a day's walk of you; it was harly any thing but stones, an' there didn't grow as much grass on it as would feed a snipe. An', spakjn' of snipes, Masther John—was that a fine one you shot last Sathurday week, down in the marsh." The Quaker nodded assent, and Pat continued, "Well, as I was sayin', poor Stephen had a right bad bit o' ground, an', troth,

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Sly Cupid there lays many a plan on;  
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they say he wasn't the man to mend it nether. He'd be puttin' in the grain o' oates when others woud be diggin' the pheaties, an' never begin to plough till every body else had done sowin'. His plough was generally none o' the best, an' he ever an' always yoked the milch-cow wid the garron of a horse. The traces was made of horse hide; the collars ov straw, to be sure; and the *hames*\* was tied wid gads;† and a brave lot ov 'em he always had twisted into rings on the plough-handle; for, whenever he stopt to rest, he pulled out his *spuddeen* ov a knife, and began to cut black-sallies for the purpose of mendin' the tacklin.

"One day, while ploughin' a stoney fallow, the brest-band was breakin' an' breakin' every minute; and, though poor Stephen was a quiet slob of a fellow, he used to curse like murdher. The garsoon who drew for 'im, wid the *clough* in his hand, had a hard birth ov't; for every now an' then the paddle used to flew afther his heels. 'Twas 'sting up, Bottom,' meanin' the horse, an' 'prod Cautheen,' meanin' the cow, every moment; while the traces, an' the brest-bands, an' the plough, an' every thing else, was breakin', requirin' gads upon gads. 'Oh! Meclah, murdher!' sed Stephen; 'was ever an unfortunate man to be pitied as I am, lookin' to plough an' can't.' The word wasn't well out ov is mouth, whin an ould woman, wid a brewin'-pot on her head, axed 'im to help her over the stile. 'Bother you,' sed Stephen to 'imself; but recollectin' that ould people ought to be assisted, he let go the plough, an' went an' lifted her pot over the ditch. 'Thanky, Stephen,' sed she, though Stephen didn't know her from Adam; besides, she looked a very odd thing of a woman, wid a great big wide mouth of her own, a pair of red eyes, an' a ferrety face. Stephen didn't more nor half like her, but he sed, 'O, you're heartily welcome, Granny.'

"'Ploughin' is hard work, Stephen,' sed she, sitten down on the side of the pot.

"'Troth it is,' sed Stephen, 'when a man havn't a good plough.'

"'But need a bad plough,' sed she, 'make a man curse and swear like a trooper?'

"'Troth ay, Granny,' sed he; 'cursen' an' swearen,' I know, isn't right, God forgive me; but how can I help it, seein' what a mortual bad plough I've got?'

"'If you had a good one,' she axed, 'would you curse an' swear?'

"'No, nor the devil a word achorra,' answered Stephen, 'bar-rin Nancy come across me wid her bolhour.'

"'Oh! that won't do,' ses she; 'you mustn't curse nor swear at all.'

"'Well, I won't swear higher, nor my prayers,' sed Stephen, 'if you give a body a good plough.'

"'Well, an' what wed you give for a good one, Stephen Sinnott?' sed she.

"'Troth, any thing in the wide world,' sed he.

"'Would you give a body a *shogh* o' the pipe for one?' sed she.

\* The name of that part of an Irish horse's habiliments to which the traces are fastened.

† Gads are made of twisted willows, &c., and are of first importance to an Irish ploughman, so much so that "The plough would never be set going if a man were to reckon all the *gads* he would want," has grown into an adage.



“ ‘Troth, I would,’ sed he, ‘wid a heart an’ a half, and thanky, to boot.’

“ ‘Well, then, let’s have it,’ sed she; and away Stephen went to light his pipe. When he returned, he found the old woman where he left her, an’ gave her the pipe. She took a *golph* or two, and then axed ‘im who made his ploughs? ‘Troth,’ sed Stephen, ‘a real botch, a gossip o’ my own, one Mikel Reilly.’

“ ‘Oh!’ sed she, ‘Stephen, ent you a handy man yourself.’

“ ‘Faith an’ I am,’ sed he, ‘though Nancy ses I’m not; for didn’t I make a turf creel last summer, and didn’t I put a prop by myself under the gable end o’ the barn, and didn’t I stop the hole in the kitchen dure, that the pigs had eaten; an’ didn’t I——’

“ ‘To be sure, you did,’ sed she, stoppin’ ‘im, ‘an’ may be you couldn’t make a plough too?

“ ‘*Bethershin*,’ sed Stephen, in great glee, ‘if I had but the tools.’

“ ‘An’ the tools you must have,’ sed she, puttin’ her hand into the brewin’-pot, an’ pullin’ up first a hatchet, then an adze, then a plain, then a chisel; and, to make a long story short, she pulled up more tools nor five joiners could make use ov. ‘Go to work, Stephen Sinnott,’ sed she, ‘an’ never crack-cry till you’ve made a plough. If you work day an’ night till it’s finished, it will go by itself, an’ plough more nor fifty ploughs, barrin’ you swear or curse in the same field wid it. Mind that, Stephen Sinnott. A ploughman can’t have luck if there’s an oath in his mouth every minute.’

“ Stephen was so overjoyed wid his tools, that he took harly any notice of what she sed; and, when he lifted his eyes from lookin’ at a saw, he couldn’t see the ould woman or the brewin’-pot high or low, far or near. This he thought very quare, to be sure, but a strange feelin’ cum over ‘im, an’ he gathers up the tools an’ runs to his own car-house, an’ began to work on some timber that was there. For the first two or three days, Nancy let ‘im alone, but, seein’ ‘im hammerin’ away, she got vexed, an’ began to abuse ‘im so that a dog wouldn’t eat his flesh. Stephen took no notice of all this, but worked away day an’ night for seven long years an’ a day. When ‘twas finished, people came far an’ near to see the plough that was to go of itself widout horses. One ould man was carried to the field by his gran’-sons to see it, an’, after he had viewed it a-hind an’ a-fore, on the right side an’ the left side, he declared, it was somethin’ anyhow. ‘I knew,’ said one o’ the garsoons, ‘my grand-daddy would know what it was.’

“ At length the day came for tryin’ the plough, and Stephen carried it into a ten-acre field, an’ bid Nancy bring ‘im his breakfast at nine o’clock exactly. Nancy, you may be sure, had the pheatees bild to the minute, and hurried out to see what the plough had done. Agin she reached the field, the last furrow was turned up, an’ every sod lay as straight as a line. ‘There,’ sed Stephen, ‘there’s a mornin’s work for you.’

“ ‘Och, musha,’ sed Nancy, like a fool as she was, for the women are never satisfied, ‘an’ is that all you’ve done wid all your boastin’?’

“ ‘Is that all?’ cried Stephen, stung to the quick.

" 'Yes,' ses she, 'is that all?' 'Troth, I wouldn't give a tra-neen for you, if you wouldn't do three times as much.'

"This put Stephen into a rage, an', after faughin' at her, he was goin' to say, 'Musha! sweet bad luck to your fadher's daughter; but, afore the word was half out of his mouth, whap! went a thunder-bolt, and whisk! went the plough through ditches and hedges, till it plunged into the Slaney, where it has stuck, with its two handles up, from that day to this.'

"And what did Stephen say?"

"Oh the not a much; he looked for all the world like a mootherless foal, but by an by the old woman wid the brewin-pot came hobblin' along on her bat. 'Morrow, Stephen,' sed she, 'Morrow an half to you, you ould torey,' sed he. 'Arrah why, Stephen,' ses she. 'Bekase,' ses he, 'I've lost seven years makin' a plough on your account, an' now it has run away from me.' 'To be sure,' ses she, 'since you wouldn't keep from cursin' an' swearin', 'cordin to your promise'.\* 'Oh! Nancy, Nancy!' cried Stephen, 'twas you made me swear;' an' wid that he began to wallop his wife, an, whin he had done, the ould woman nor her brewin'-pot was no where to be found."

"A singular legend," said I.

"It may be true," said the Quaker, who had emancipated himself from thee and thou, "for my cousin Sparrow of Lacken told me a story about the devil being unable to cross the Slaney."

"About forty years ago or better," continued Mr. Davis, "a strange bird frequented the Bar of Lough and the strand of Cullenstown. It was to be seen only early in the morning or late in the evening, and about the time of twilight it made a noise resembling the roaring of ten thousand bulls. The people in the immediate neighbourhood

\* "A story with a moral somewhat similar, but more apparent, is current in Ireland, though, I believe, it is not peculiarly Irish; I shall relate it here:—A gentleman, riding along the road, passed by a *kuock* (a field of furze), in which a man was stubbing, and for every stroke he gave with his hoe, he cried out, in a reproachful tone, "O! Adam!" The gentleman stopped his horse, and, calling the labourer to him, inquired the reason of his saying, "O! Adam?" "Why, please your honour," said the man, "ony for Adam, I would have no occasion to labour at all; had he and Eve been less curious, none of us need earn our bread in the sweat of our brow." "Very good," said the gentleman; "call at my house to-morrow." The man waited on him the next day, and the gentleman took him into a splendid apartment, adjoining a most beautiful garden, and asked him, "Would he wish to live there?" The son of Adam replied in the affirmative. "Very well," said the gentleman, "you shall want for nothing. Breakfast, dinner, and supper, of the choicest viands, shall be laid before you every day, and you may amuse yourself in the garden whenever you please. But mind, you are to enjoy all this only on one condition, that you look not under the pewter plate, that lies on the table." The man was overjoyed at his good fortune, and thought there was little fear of his forfeiting it, by looking under the pewter plate. In a week or two, however, he grew curious to know what could be under the plate which he was prohibited from seeing. Perhaps a jewel of inestimable value, and perhaps nothing at all. One day, when no person was present, he thought he would take a peep,—there could be no harm in it,—no one would know of it; and, accordingly, he raised the forbidden plate,—when, lo! a little mouse jumped from under it; he quickly laid it down again, but his doom was sealed. "Be-gone to your hoeing," said the gentleman, next day, "and cry, O! Adam! no more, since, like him, you have lost a paradise by disobedience."

were greatly alarmed ; they knew not what genera the bird belonged to, and tried in vain to shoot it ; at length a boy of Mr. Sparrow's, a case-hardened fellow, takes the gun and goes to the bar early one morning, where he sees the strange bird emit the awful sounds in a manner which showed its marked disrespect for the beholder. The indignant fowler levelled his piece, took a steady confident aim, and fired. Instantly the earth seemed rent asunder, clouds impregnated with brimstone arose, and the evil one—for it was none other, in the form of a bird, flew off, enveloped in smoke. He passed over Duncormick, Gregsallagh, Kilmannan, the three rocks, and would have passed on to Blackwater, were it not for an old woman, who sat smoking her pipe, on the opposite bank of the Slaney, a little above Ferry Carrick, and who made the sign of the cross as she saw him coming. Unable to proceed, he sank into the river, having carried away with him, as far as his wings extended, houses, furniture, trees, and every thing that stood opposed to his progress.\*

“ I hard that story afore,” said Pat, “ but now 'tis time to take to the oars ; the win' has died away entirely, and 'tis a hundred chances to one if we reach Enniscorfy to-night.”

“ If not,” said John Davis, “ there's a *friend's* house on the way.”

#### LULLABY.

SLEEP, my lov'd girl—thy mother's breast  
Shall be the pillow of thy rest ;  
Sleep, my lov'd girl—thy mother's knee,  
And folding arms, shall cradle thee ;  
And she will lull thee with her song,  
Thy gentle slumbers to prolong.

Thy sleep no fearful visions knows ;  
No cares disturb thy soft repose ;  
Thy guardian angel spreads his wings,  
And dreams from heavenly regions brings :  
O ! who can tell how bright they be,  
The heavenly dreams of infancy.

And, as I watch the beamy smile  
That plays upon thy face the while,  
I feel its influence to my heart  
A soft pervading peace impart ;  
Chasing dull care with magic spell,  
And whispering “ all will yet be well !”

O ! all is well ! the trusting soul  
Sees the kind hand that rules the whole,  
And, while such gifts from bounteous Heaven,  
As thou, my lovely babe, are given,  
The way, however dark and rude,  
With much of ill, has much of good.

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\* This relates to a tornado ; the only one ever witnessed in this part of the kingdom. It proceeded from the Bar of Lough to Ferry Carrick, and extended over a surface not exceeding three perches. I have, myself, seen the desolating marks of its progress, and have been credibly informed, that a trunk, which it carried up out of a house in Duncormick, was found on the mountains of Firth ;—a distance of six or seven miles.



## LIFE AND TIMES OF JEREMY DIP.\*

THIS is indeed the age of auto-biography,—Harriette Wilson, Michael Kelly, and Frederick Reynolds, have each and all undertaken to expose themselves by detailing their dull catalogue of mighty nothings; with regard to John O'Keeffe, the case is quite different. We have, however, in our bosoms, so much of the milk of human kindness, that we are not by any means disposed to be angry with those easy-tempered creatures, who think it "meet and just, right and necessary," to exhibit themselves in this way for the public amusement. Every man is of importance to himself; so think we, and so thought the worthy son of the stocksheet and the dipping-rod, whose memoirs we are now about to notice.

Mr. Dip is certainly the chronicler of some curious incidents; he has seen some service, and turned his wits to some account. Upon the event that drove him from the south to the Irish metropolis, he dwells rather slightly; probably, some of the recollections of that period were not the most agreeable. It would appear that he was, with several others, concerned in the murder of a tithe-proctor, a crime that the tortured peasantry of Ireland were too frequently driven to perpetrate. A large reward was offered for the discovery of the guilty, and Mr. Jeremy Dip had not sufficient fortitude to resist the temptation: he became an approver, he named his accomplices; and, taking a hint from a "very act-i-ive" magistrate, he included a few who were not present, but who were suspected, and were at all events considered as "marked men."—Ten unfortunate beings were executed upon his testimony, and Jeremy, now in high favour with all good and loyal men, looked with confidence to promotion. He set out for Dublin, loaded with strong recommendations; he was engaged as an under clerk in the superintendant magistrate's office, got into the good graces of his employers, became a saint, and soon after a member of the Orange Lodge, No. 1651. Fortune now began to smile upon him: so pious and so loyal a man could not be neglected. In addition to his former situation, which he held as a sort of sinecure, he was favoured by some of the Beresford family with a commission in the revenue. Here begins the more laboured part of his memoirs, and from this portion of the work we shall make a few extracts:—

"One of my first essays in the seizing way," says Mr. Dip, "was attended with circumstances too remarkable to be forgotten. Smuggling was then at its height; the distillers, quite as active as ourselves, abounded with stratagems. One of their plans was to have a retail spirit-shop near their concerns; to this shop they conveyed the liquor by various means; some by pipes, and others by a stream running through their premises; in the latter case, it was floated along in small casks. Upon one of these shops, I remember keeping a close watch; I saw a number of men pass in and out, with some bulk generally under their great coats: these were usually able-bodied, desperate-looking fellows; and while I longed to attack them, my courage gradually oozed out at my fingers' ends. Some women were at work also, and with these I felt I could deal more safely. I pursued one of these, a handsome young woman, on a gloomy evening, in December; she was light of foot, and doubled through lanes and alleys, with

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\* Memoirs of the Life and Times of Jeremy Dip, late Revenue Officer. Tomkins and Co. London.

astonishing celerity; at length I came up with her. I called on her to stop, but she seemed not to notice me; I called again, and drawing my cane-sword made a most courageous thrust at her,—she screamed, staggered, and fell; the weapon had passed through the back of her gray cloak, and the ground, in a moment, was moist with—easy! reader, not her blood, but with the spirituous contents of two large bladders, which she had carried, and which I, in my anger, unluckily pierced. Deprived in this manner of my prey, I was, like the baffled tiger, sneaking off; but retreat was not so easy; a young fellow, of rather a dashing appearance, beheld the transaction; he called me a cowardly rascal, for attacking a female; he smashed my little sword in pieces, and, with another blow, stretched me at full length in the dirty channel: this was a beginning.”

The following unfortunate affair is remarkable. We have reason to know that the story is but too true:—

“There was a distillery, some years ago, on the Rock Road. I had information from one of my spies, that from this distillery, on a certain night, five casks of whiskey were to be despatched without even the show of a permit. I promised my jackall that I would be on the spot, but chance, or some would say Providence, prevented me. On the appointed night, I was suddenly attacked by a complaint in the bowels; of course I had to give up the idea of going out; but, wishing to give an old friend a lift, I sent a line to poor Tim Jones, urging him to run to the scene of action, and stipulating with him for my share of the prize. Poor Tim! I weep when I think of him, and of his fate; he called on me, thanked me for my care of him, and, after shaking me warmly by the hand, set off. When I next beheld him, he was a stiffened, a ghastly corpse. I gathered something of his progress from what came out at the coroner’s inquest: he had proceeded to the neighbourhood of the distillery, and stationed himself among some ruined walls, from whence he commanded a view of the road, along which the contraband article was to have passed. A car came along the road, and poor Tim, too eager to be prudent, rushed out to reconnoitre,—the carman drove on, but marked Tim’s sudden approach and retreat. This carman, it is said, was occasionally employed in ‘doing’ the gaugers; whether he knew my poor friend to be a gauger, or really thought otherwise, cannot, or could not, be made out. He proceeded, however, on his way, and, when near Ballsbridge, met the patrol, who were in the habit of perambulating the outlets of the city; to them he stated, that a person, well armed, and evidently a robber, was lurking in the ruins on the road; they set forward,—the sound of horses’ feet again drew my ill-fated friend from his hiding-place. He was seen, regularly challenged, and was running off,—when a ball from the carbine of one of the night-guards passed through his heart, and he expired at the moment:—not until the next day was the melancholy mistake discovered; it was too late, however, for poor Tim Jones.”

These anecdotes are striking enough; in the following, Mr. Dip lets us, in some measure, behind the curtain:—

“I had, for some time past, been so well paid by the distillers and their agents, that I felt no great wish to venture at making any seizures. I was easy, and I wished to continue so. This feeling, however, did not influence my employers. They wished the poor devils in the minor departments of the revenue to be act-i-i-v-e; in the upper branches, things might go on more quietly. One old woman, whose husband was high in office, might have £900 a year, as house-keeper at his Majesty’s custom-house; the coals and candles of that establishment might be used in profusion for the private use of this dame, and other favoured ones; but we underlings must ‘do our duty.’ I accordingly soon received a hint respecting my inactivity; it was said, that though many opportunities had occurred, I had not recently made any seizures. This was enough: I was bent on distinguishing myself. I went to a friendly distiller, one whom I had recently favoured. I told him honestly how I stood, that my character was lost, and my situation in danger, if something was not thrown in my way. ‘Bethershin,’ said he, ‘be on the Rathmines road to-day, about four o’clock.’ I was there with my spy at half-past four: I saw two old floats drawn by two still older horses approaching; the horses and the floats (forfeited of course) were worth nothing;



but the two thumping puncheons of whiskey that they bore 'could not be sneezed at.' I stopped the drivers,—they were ignorant of my plan, and made a stiff resistance. I succeeded at last, but in the scuffle I got a black eye and a scratched forehead. I conducted my prey to the seizure-stores, and, meeting one of the commissioners on the way, he saw my wounds, and promised a recompense. Promotion soon followed. I became 'chief clerk in said office,'—that is, district, number—what you please."

This promotion opened quite a new field for the display of Mr. Dip's cash-accumulating powers:—

"In this situation I soon discovered that I had many ways of 'raising the wind.' In granting permits, I limited the stingy codger in point of time, so as to expose him often to the chance of seizure; to those who acted more liberally, I was more liberal; where they gave me a share of the profit, I pulled with them; for instance:—a person had to send five or ten casks, say fifteen or twenty miles distant, I gave his permit late, he travelled all night, an *express* messenger brought me back the permit before ten next day, I fastened it quietly to the duplicate in my book, and marked the entire as 'cancelled'; that is, as originating in mistake,—one shilling per gallon was usually my share."

Mr. Dip proceeds in a good-humoured way, unfolding a few more of the mysteries of office:—

"At this time the spirit-dealers were obliged to make a quarterly return, upon oath, of all the spirits or other exciseable articles in their possession; they were compelled to swear that, with all '*then on hand or in their possession*,' they received legal permits; there were few who could take this oath with a clear conscience. I have known some poor fellows, who, before coming to the office, regularly separated the godly and the ungodly, that is, the legal and the illicit; the latter they filled into distinct casks, and rolled them into the street; these casks were not then *in their possession*; but when the swearing was over, they returned and replaced the forbidden article safely in its old position. I saw clearly how matters stood, and I soon contrived to make something of it. I hinted to one or two at first, that I would not be too exact in swearing them, and that possibly, for a con-si-der-a-tion, I would omit the oath altogether. The hint was not thrown away,—the five-pound notes came pouring in, and we were all good friends. In the renewing of certificates I followed the same course."

Mr. Dip would have acted wisely had he omitted the following anecdote; the transaction does him no credit:—

"My old friend Joyce, the grocer, never forgave me the sly trick I played him; it was all in the way of business, however. I was accustomed to dine with him twice a week; his dinners were plain but substantial, and he was no churl about his old port; on one evening in particular, after he and I had emptied three bottles, he told me, with a knowing wink, that he would treat me to what was quite a rarity,—some of the old smoky stuff, genuine potteen. He placed upon the table a short black bottle; he filled a glass; I did the same; and the first smack convinced me that it was indeed 'a true unparliamentary article.' We mixed our tumblers and drank on, the old grocer grew drowsy, and I, wishing him good night, departed with the black bottle in my pocket. About a pint of the whiskey remained; but for this pint, I compelled him to pay £100 British; he growled, but I cared not; I pocketed £50."

Mr. Dip had at times rather a hazardous duty to perform, as the next extract evinces:—

"I was placed as surveyor over a distillery with two assistants at my command: the man of spirit was a gay off-handed person; and, in some points, he and I agreed thoroughly; but in other matters I thought him too sharp for me. I was riding in the park one Sunday morning, (I could then keep a horse.) I bent my eye over Dublin, and naturally to the big chimney of my *own* distillery. I thought I discerned a light blue smoke arising from it; this was enough,—'here,' said I, 'goes for £500;' for such was then the penalty for charging the still between



12 on Saturday night and 12 on Sunday night; on I galloped, reached the gate, passed through an open wicket, and was before the still before my approach was noticed; four rugged-looking fellows were on the spot. 'Oh, by the powers,' cried the chief of them, 'all's lost, boys.'—'No, no,' said another, quite calmly, 'we'll give him a dip into one of the empty "backs," he won't talk about it.' They seized me, I screamed, but they bore me onward, a rope was tied around my waist, and I stood beside the place of destruction; I gazed at the small opening of one of these ominous casks; it was empty; but three minutes or less passed within it ended life. A candle, if placed there, would be extinguished instantly. I fell on my knees, and called for mercy; they were about to finish me, when their employer ran up; 'Boys,' said he, 'do him no harm, run back to the still.' He freed me from the rope. 'Mr. Dip,' he said, 'you've had a narrow escape; will you allow me also to escape? I leave it to yourself; for your trouble, take this;' handing me a bank note for £100. I took it, and rode away."

Though Mr. Dip could take the £100, and hold his tongue, he was not so well disposed to keep silence, when the little omission of his brother officers came under his observation:—

"I had along with me, at the distillery already alluded to, an assistant officer, named Thompson; he was a sort of reduced gentleman, very proud, and occasionally very saucy; the poor devil had but £80 a year, and out of this, he had to support a wife and six children; in the seizing way, he did nothing, and consequently made nothing; he sometimes got, as a present, a little keg of whiskey; or an odd dozen of wine, as a kind of consideration for not being too sharp-sighted. I was aware of this, and I kept my eye on him; I once ventured to hint at his remissness; when he turned on me in the most insolent manner, telling me, with a significant look, 'that he was not like *others*, accustomed to play the part of an informer.' I knew what he meant, and it stung me to the quick. In a few days, however, I had my revenge: I was going before breakfast to the distillery; I was passing up a narrow lane that led to the place, when I met Thompson, in conversation with two persons, seemingly dairymen, who carried between them a barrel filled apparently with wash for their cows; they conveyed it by slings, such as brewers' men use. I fancied from their looks, that it was not wash they were taking with them. I drew my cane-sword, and desired them to stop; they laid down the cask, I dipped my finger in the liquid, and indeed it was wash. I had still my suspicions; it struck me that the barrel might have a false head. I gave it a slight stoop, about five gallons of the useless stuff already mentioned flowed off, and left visible the head or lid of a cask carefully bunged. I raised the lid, and found, underneath, about thirty gallons of new-made whiskey. The mock dairymen ran off, and Thompson stood gazing at me in astonishment. 'So,' said I, 'Mr. Thompson, you are not satisfied with being snugly remiss, but you must be assisting to defraud his Majesty.'—'What do you mean, sir?' cried he. 'You shall soon know that.'"

"Accordingly, I reported him to the Board the same day, and before the week was over, he was dismissed. I believe he died in great distress. As to what became of his family, I never heard."

We shall return in a future number to this very curious volume. Some say that it is to be suppressed by order of government; others state, that the distillers and the trading gaugers have purchased the copyright, and never will allow a second edition to appear.—We have one copy, however.

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## THE DAMSEL OF PERU.

WHERE olive-leaves were twinkling in every wind that blew,  
 There sat beneath the pleasant shade a damsel of Peru :  
 Betwixt the slender boughs, as they opened to the air,  
 Came glimpses of her snowy arm and of her glossy hair ;  
 And sweetly rang her silver voice amid that shady nook,  
 As from the shrubby glen is heard the sound of hidden brook.

'Tis a song of love and valour, in the noble Spanish tongue,  
 That once upon the sunny plains of Old Castile was sung,  
 When from their mountain holds, on the Moorish rout below,  
 Had rushed the Christians, like a flood, and swept away the foe ;  
 Awhile the melody is still, and then breaks forth a new,  
 A wilder rhyme, a livelier note, of freedom and Peru.

For she has bound the sword to a youthful lover's side,  
 And sent him to the war, the day she should have been his bride,  
 And bade him bear a faithful heart to battle for the right,  
 And held the fountains of her eyes till he was out of sight ;  
 Since the parting kiss was given, six weary months are fled,  
 And yet the foe is in the land, and blood must yet be shed.

A white hand parts the branches, a lovely face looks forth,  
 And bright dark eyes gaze steadfastly and sadly toward the north ;  
 Thou look'st in vain, sweet maiden ; the sharpest sight would fail  
 To spy a sign of human life abroad in all the vale ;  
 For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams fiercely beat,  
 And the silent hills and forest tops seem reeling in the heat.

That white hand is withdrawn, that fair sad face is gone,  
 But the music of that silver voice is flowing sweetly on,—  
 Not, as of late, with cheerful tones, but mournfully and low,  
 A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long ago,  
 Of him who died in battle, the youthful and the brave,  
 And her who died of sorrow upon his early grave.

But see along that rugged path, a fiery horseman ride,—  
 See the torn plume, the tarnished belt, the sabre at his side ;  
 His spurs are in his horse's side, his hand casts loose the rein,  
 There's sweat upon the streaming flank, and foam upon the mane ;  
 He speeds toward that olive bower, along the shaded hill,—  
 God shield the hapless maiden there, if he should mean her ill.

And suddenly the song has ceased, and suddenly I hear  
 A shriek sent up amid the shade—a shriek—but not of fear,  
 For tender accents follow, and tenderer pauses speak,  
 The overflow of gladness when words are all too weak ;  
 " I lay my good sword at thy feet, for now Peru is free,  
 And I am come to dwell beside the olive grove with thee."

## THE CATHOLIC IROQUOISE.

A FEW years since, a gentleman, on his way from Niagara to Montreal, arrived at Coteau du Lac. While the pilot, in conformity to the law, was obtaining a clearance for the lower province, the clouds, which had been all day threatening a storm, poured out their stores of thunder, lightning, and rain, with such violence, that it was deemed most prudent to defer the conclusion of the voyage till the following day. The Boatman's Inn was the only place of refuge, and the stranger was, at first, glad of a shelter within it; but he was an amateur traveller, and gentlemen of that fastidious class do not patiently submit to inconveniences. The inn was thronged with a motley crew of Scotch and Irish emigrants, Canadians, and boatmen, besides loiterers from the vicinity, who were just reviving from the revels of the preceding night. The windows were obscured with smoke, and the walls tapestried with cobwebs. The millenium of spiders and flies seemed to have arrived; for myriads of this defenceless tribe buzzed fearlessly around the banners of their natural enemy, as if, inspired by the kindness of my uncle Toby, he had said, "poor fly! this world is wide enough for thee and me."

The old garments and hats that had been substituted for broken panes of glass, were blown in, and the rain pattered on the floor. Some of the doors hung by one hinge, others had no latches; some of the chairs were without bottoms, and some without legs; the bed-rooms were unswept, the beds unmade; and, in short, the whole establishment, as a celebrated field-preacher said of a very incommodious part of the other world, was "altogether inconvenient."

The traveller, in hopes of winning the hostess's good will, and thereby securing a clean pair of sheets, inquired his way to the kitchen, where he found her surrounded by some half-dozen juvenile warriors, in a state of open hostility far more terrible than the war of the elements. Having succeeded, by means of a liberal distribution of sugar-plums, in procuring a temporary suspension of arms, he introduced himself to his hostess by means of some civil inquiries; in answer to which, he ascertained that she was a New England woman, though, unfortunately, she possessed none of those faculties for getting along which are supposed to be the birthright of every Yankee. She did express a regret that her children were deprived of "school and meeting privileges," and entertained something of a puritanical aversion to her Catholic neighbours; but, save these relics of local taste or prejudice, she retained none of the peculiarities of her native land. The gentleman was not long in discovering that the unusual ingress of travellers reduced them all to the level of primitive equality; and that, so far from the luxury of clean sheets, he must not hope for the exclusive possession of any.

On further inquiry, he learnt that there was a French village at a short distance from the inn; and, after waiting till the fury of the storm had abated, he sallied forth in quest of accommodation and adventure. He had not walked far, when his exploring eye fell on a creaking sign-board, on which was inscribed, "*Auberge et lauge-ment.*" But lodgment it would not afford to our unfortunate traveller.



Every apartment, every nook and corner, was occupied by an English party, on their way to the Falls.

Politeness is an instinct in French nature, or, if not an instinct, it is so interwoven in the texture of their character, that it remains a fast colour, when all other original distinctions have faded. The Canadian peasant, though he retains nothing of the activity and ingenuity of his forefathers, salutes a stranger with an air of courtesy rarely seen in any other uneducated American. The landlord of the Auberge was an honourable exemplification of this remark. He politely told the stranger that he would conduct him to a farmhouse, where he might obtain a clean room, and a nice bed. The offer was gratefully accepted, and our traveller soon found himself comfortably established in a neat whitewashed cottage, in the midst of a peasant's family, who were engaged in common rural occupations. The wants of his body being thus provided for, he resorted to the usual expedient to enliven the hours that must intervene before bed-time. He inquired of the master of the house how he provided for his family; and, after learning that he lived, as his father and grandfather had before him, by carrying the few products of his farm to Montreal, he turned to the matron, and asked her why her children were not taught English? "Ah!" she replied, "the English have done us too much wrong." She then launched into a relation of her sufferings during the last war. She had, like honest Dogberry, "had her losses," and found the usual consolation in recounting them. The militia officers spoiled her of her flocks and herds, and *des veaux, des moutons, des dindons, et des poulets*, bled afresh in her sad tale. If her children were not taught English, one of them, the mother said, had been sent to a boarding-school at the distance of twenty miles, and she could now read like any priest. Little Marie was summoned, and she read, with tolerable fluency, from her school-book, a collection of extracts from the Fathers, while her simple parents sat bending over her with their mouths wide open, and their eyes sparkling, and occasionally turning on the stranger with an expression of wonder and delight, as if they would have said, "Did you ever see anything equal to that?"

The good-natured stranger listened, and lavished his praises; and then, in the hope of escaping from any further display of the child's erudition, he offered to assist her elder sister, who was winding a skein of yarn. This proved a more amusing resource. The girl was pretty and lively, and showed, by the upward inclination of the corners of her arch mouth, and the flashes of her laughing eye, that she could understand the compliments, and return the raillery of her assistant. The pretty Louise had been living at the Seigniorie with Madame, a rich widow. "*Si riche, si bonne*, she said, but "*trop agée pour Monsieur, parce qu'elle a peut être trente ans; et d'ailleurs, elle n'est pas assez belle pour Monsieur.*" Monsieur was a bachelor of forty years standing, and his vanity was touched by Louise's adroit compliment: the skein slipped off his hands; Louise bent her head to arrange it; her fair round cheek was very near Monsieur's lips, perhaps her mother thought too near, for she called to Louise to lay aside her yarn and prepare the tea; and after tea the pretty girl disappeared. Our traveller yawned for an hour or two over the only book the house afforded, Marie's readings from St. Augustin and

St. Chrysostom, and then begged to be shown to his bed. On entering his room, his attention was attracted to an antique, worm-eaten travelling portfolio. It was made of morocco, bound, and clasped with silver, and, compared with the rude furniture of the humble apartment, it had quite an exotic air. He took it up, and looked at the initials on the clasp. "That is a curious affair," said his landlord, "and older than either you or I."

"Some relic, I suppose," said the stranger, "which you have inherited."

"Something in that way," replied the landlord. "There is a big letter in it, which has been like so much blank paper to us, for we have never had a scholar in the family that could read it. I have thought to take it some day to Père Martigné, at the Cedars; but I shall let it rest till next year, when Marie—bless her! will be able to read writing." The stranger said, that, if his landlord had no objection, he would try to read it. The old man's eyes glistened; he unclasped the portfolio, took out the manuscript, and put it into the stranger's hand. "You are heartily welcome," he said; "it would at best be but an uncouth task for Marie, for, as you see, the leaves are mouldy, and the ink has faded."

The stranger's zeal abated, when he perceived the difficulty of the enterprise. "It is some old family record, I imagine," he said, unfolding it with an air of indifference.

"Heaven knows," replied the landlord; "I only know that it is no record of my family. We have been but simple peasants from the beginning, and not a single line has been written about us, except what is on my grandfather's grave-stone at the Cedars—God bless him! I remember, as well as if it were yesterday, his sitting in that old oaken chair by the casement, and telling us all about his travels to the great western lakes, with one Bonchard, a young Frenchman, who was sent out to our trading establishments. People did not go about the world then, as they do now-a-days, just to look at rapids and waterfalls."

"Then this," said the stranger, in the hope of at last obtaining a clue to the manuscript, "this I presume is some account of the journey?"

"Oh no," replied the old man. "Bonchard found this on the shore of Lake Huron, in a strange wild place. Sit down, and I will tell you all I have heard my grandfather say about it; bless the good old man, he loved to talk of his journey." And so did his grandson, and the stranger listened patiently to the following particulars, which are only varied in language from the landlord's narration.

It appeared that about the year 1700, young Bouchard and his attendants, on their return from Lake Superior, arrived on the shore of Lake Huron, near Saganaw Bay. From an eminence, they descried an Indian village: or, to use their descriptive designation, a "smoke." Bonchard despatched his attendants with Seguin, his Indian guide, to the village, to obtain canoes to transport them over the lake, and, in the meantime, he sought for some place that might afford him shelter and repose. The shore was rocky and precipitous. Practice and experience had rendered Bonchard as agile and courageous as a Swiss mountaineer, and he descended the precipices, leaping



from crag to crag, as unconscious of an emotion of fear as the wild bird that flapped her wings over him, and whose screeches alone broke the stillness of the solitude. Having attained the margin of the lake, he loitered along the water's edge, till, turning an angle of the rock, he came to a spot which seemed to have been contrived by nature for a place of refuge. It was a little interval of ground, in the form of an amphitheatre, nearly infolded by the rocks, which, as they projected boldly into the lake, at the extremity of the semicircle, looked as if their giant forms had been set there to defend this temple of nature. The ground was probably inundated after easterly winds, for it was soft and marshy, and among the rank weeds that covered it there were some aquatic flowers. The lake had once washed the base of the rocks here as elsewhere; they were worn perfectly smooth in some places, and in others broken and shelving. Bonchard was attracted by some gooseberries that had forced themselves through crevices in the rocks, and which seemed to form, with their purple berries and bright green leaves, a garland around the bald brow of the precipice. They are among the few indigenous fruits of the wilderness, and doubtless looked as tempting to Bonchard, as the most delicious fruits of the Hesperides would in his own sunny valley of France. In reconnoitering for the best mode of access to the fruit, he discovered a small cavity in the rock, that so much resembled a birth in a ship, as to appear to have been the joint work of nature and art. It had probably supplied the savage hunter or fisherman with a place of repose, for it was strewn with decayed leaves, so matted together as to form a luxurious couch for one accustomed for many months to sleeping on a blanket, spread on the bare ground. After possessing himself of the berries, Bonchard crept into the recess, and (for there is companionship in water), he forgot for awhile the tangled forests, and the wide unbroken wilderness that interposed between him and his country. He listened to the soft musical sounds of the light waves, as they broke on the shelving rock and reedy bank; and he gazed on the bright element which reflected the blue vault of heaven, and the fleecy summer cloud, till his senses became oblivious of this, their innocent and purest indulgence, and he sunk into a deep sleep, from which he was awakened by the dashing of oars.

Bonchard looked out upon the lake, and saw approaching the shore a canoe, in which were three Indians, a young man, who rowed the canoe, an old man, and a maiden. They landed not far from him, and, without observing him, turned towards the opposite extremity of the semicircle; the old man proceeded with a slow measured step, and, removing a sort of door, formed of flexible brushwood and matting, (which Bonchard had not before noticed), they entered an excavation in the rocks, deposited something which they had brought in their hands, prostrated themselves for a few moments, and then slowly returned to the canoe: and, as long as Bonchard could discern the bark, glancing like a water-fowl over the deep blue waters, he heard the sweet voice of the girl, accompanied at regular intervals by her companions, hymning, as he fancied, some explanation of their mute worship, for their expressive gestures pointed first to the shore, and then the skies.



As soon as the canoe disappeared, Bonchard crept out of his birth and hastened to the cell. It proved to be a natural excavation, was high enough to admit a man of ordinary stature, and extended for several feet, when it contracted to a mere channel in the rocks. On one side, a little rivulet penetrated the arched roof, and fell in large crystal drops into a natural basin which it had worn in the rock. In the centre of the cell there was a pyramidal heap of stones: on the top of the pile lay a breviary and santanne; and on the sides of it were arranged the votive offerings Bonchard had seen deposited there. He was proceeding to examine them, when he heard the shrill signal-whistle of his guide; he sounded his horn in reply, and in a few moments Sequin descended the precipice, and was at his side. Bonchard told him what he had seen, and Sequin, after a moment's reflection, said, "This must be the place of which I have so often heard our ancients speak; a good man died here. He was sent by the Great Spirit to teach our nation good things, and the Hurons yet keep many of his sayings in their hearts. They say he fasted all his life-time, and he should feast now; so they bring him provisions from their festivals. Let us see, what offerings are these?" Sequin first took up a wreath of wild flowers and evergreens interwoven; "This," he said, "was a nuptial offering," and he inferred that the young people were newly married. Next was a calumet; "This," said Sequin, "is an emblem of peace—an old man's gift; and these," he added, unrolling a skin that enveloped some ripe ears of Indian corn, "are the emblems of abundance, and the different occupations of the man and woman. The husband hunts the deer; the wife cultivates the maize; and those," he concluded, pointing to some fresh scalps, and smiling at Bonchard's shuddering, "those are the emblems of victory." Bonchard took up the breviary, and, as he opened it, a manuscript dropped from beneath its leaves; he eagerly seized, and was proceeding to examine it, when his guide pointed to the lengthening shadows on the lakes, and informed him, that the canoes were to be ready at the rising of the full moon. Bonchard was a good Catholic, and, like all good Catholics, a good Christian. He revered all the saints in the calendar, and he loved the memory of a good man, albeit never canonized. He crossed himself, and repeated a paternoster, and then followed his guide to the place of rendezvous. The manuscript he kept as a holy relic; and that which fell into the hands of our traveller, at the cottage of the Canadian peasant, was a copy he had made to transmit to France. The original was written by Père Mésnard (whose blessed memory had consecrated the cell on Lake Huron), and contained the following particulars.

This holy man was educated at the seminary of St. Sulpice.—The difficult and dangerous enterprise of propagating his religion among the savages of the western world appears early to have taken possession of his imagination, and to have inspired him with the ardour of an apostle, and the resolution of a martyr. He came to America, under the auspices of Madame de Bouillon, who had, a few years before, founded the Hotel Dieu, at Montreal. With her sanction and aid, he established himself at a little village of the Utawas, on the borders of Lake St. Louis, at the junction of the Utawa river and the St. Lawrence. His pious efforts won some of the savages to his religion, and to the habits of civilized life; and others he pur-

sueded to bring their children to be trained in a yoke which they could not bear themselves.

On one occasion, a Utawa chief appeared before Père Mésnard, with two girls, whom he had captured from the Iroquois, a fierce and powerful nation, most jealous of the encroachment of the French, and resolute to exclude from their territory the emissaries of the Catholic religion. The Utawa chief presented the children to the father, saying, "they are the daughters of my enemy—of Talasco, the mightiest chief of the Iroquois—the eagle of his tribe—he hates Christians—he calls them dogs—make his children Christians, and I shall be revenged." This was the only revenge at which the good father would have been accessory. He adopted the girls in the name of the church and St. Joseph, to whom he dedicated them, intending that, when they arrived at a suitable age to make voluntary vows, they should enrol themselves with the religieuses of the Hotel Dieu. They were baptized by the Christian names of Rosalie and Françoise. They lived in Père Mésnard's cabin, and were strictly trained to the prayers and penances of the church. Rosalie was a natural devotee---the father has recorded surprising instances of her voluntary mortifications. When only twelve years old, she walked on the ices around an island, three miles in circumference, on her bare feet---she strewed her bed with thorns, and seared her forehead with a red-hot iron, that she might, as she said, bear the mark of the "slave of Jesus." The father magnifies the piety of Rosalie with the exultation of a true son of the church; yet, as a man, he appears to have felt far more tenderness for Françoise, whom he never names without some epithet, expressive of affection or piety. If Rosalie was like the sun-flower, that lives but to pay homage to a single object, Françoise resembled a luxuriant plant, that shoots out its flowers on every side, and imparts the sweetness of its perfumes to all who wander by. Père Mésnard says she could not pray all the time—she loved to rove in the woods—to sit gazing on the rapids, singing the wild native songs for which the Iroquois are so much celebrated—she shunned all intercourse with the Utawas, because they were the enemies of her people. Père Mésnard complains that she often evaded her penances; but, he adds, she never failed in her benevolent duties.

On one occasion, when the father had gone to the Cedars on a religious errand, Françoise entered the cabin hastily—Rosalie was kneeling before a crucifix. She rose at her sister's entrance, and asked her, with an air of rebuke, where she had been sauntering? Françoise said she had been to the sycamores, to get some plants to dye the quills for Julie's wedding moccasins.

"You think quite too much of weddings," replied Rosalie, "for one whose thoughts should be upon a heavenly marriage."

"I am not a nun yet," said Françoise; "but oh! Rosalie, Rosalie, it was not of weddings I was thinking; as I came through the wood, I heard voices whispering—our names were pronounced—not our Christian names, but those they called us by at Onnontagué."

"You surely dared not stop to listen," exclaimed her sister.

"I could not help it, Rosalie—it was our mother's voice."

An approaching footstep at this moment startled both the girls.—They looked out, and beheld their mother, Genanhatenna, close to them. Rosalie sunk down before the crucifix—Françoise sprang to—



wards her mother, in the ecstasy of youthful and natural joy. Genanhatenna, after looking silently at her children for a few moments, spoke to them with all the energy of strong and irrepressible feeling. She entreated, she commanded them to return with her to their own people. Rosalie was cold and silent, but Françoise laid her head on her mother's lap, and wept bitterly. Her resolution was shaken, till Genanhatenna arose to depart, and the moment of decision could not be deferred; she then pressed the cross that hung at her neck to her lips, and said, "Mother, I have made a Christian vow, and must not break it."

"Come with me, then, to the wood," replied her mother; "if we must part, let it be there. Come quickly: the young chief Allewemi awaits me—he has ventured his life to attend me here. If the Utawas see him, their cowardly spirits will exult in a victory over a single man."

"Do not go," whispered Rosalie; "you are not safe beyond the call of our cabins." Françoise's feelings were in too excited a state to regard the caution, and she followed her mother. When they reached the wood, Genanhatenna renewed her passionate entreaties. "Ah! Françoise," she said, "they will shut you within stone walls, where you will never again breathe the fresh air—never hear the songs of birds, nor the dashing of waters. These Christian Utawas have slain your brothers; your father was the stateliest tree in our forests, but his branches are all lopped, or withered, and, if you return not, he perishes without a single scion from his stock. Alas! alas! I have borne sons and daughters, and I must die a childless mother."

Françoise's heart was touched. "I will—I will return with you, mother," she said; "only promise me that my father will suffer me to be a Christian."

"That I cannot, Françoise," replied Genanhatenna; "your father has sworn by the God Areouski,\* that no Christian shall live among the Iroquois."

"Then, mother," said Françoise, summoning all her resolution, "we must part—I am signed with this holy sign (she crossed herself), and the daughter of Talasco should no longer waver."

"Is it so?" cried the mother, and, starting back from Françoise's offered embrace, she clapped her hands, and shrieked in a voice that rung through the wood; the shriek was answered by a wild shout, and in a moment after Talasco and the young Allewemi rushed on them. "You are mine," said Talasco; "in life and in death, you are mine." Resistance would have been vain. Françoise was placed between the two Indians, and hurried forward. As the party issued from the wood, they were met by a company of Frenchmen, armed, and commanded by a young officer, eager for adventure. He perceived at a glance Françoise's European dress—knew she must be a captive, and determined to rescue her. He levelled his musket at Talasco, Françoise sprang before her father, and shielded him with her own person, while she explained in French that he was her father. "Rescue me," she said, "but spare him—do not detain him—the Utawas are his deadly foes—they will torture him to death, and I, his unhappy child, shall be the cause of all his misery."

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\* The God of War of the Iroquois Indians.



Talasco said nothing. He had braced himself to the issue, whatever it might be, with savage fortitude. He disdained to sue for a life which it would have been his pride to resign without shuddering, and when the Frenchmen filed off to the right and left, and permitted him to pass, he moved forward without one look or word that indicated he was receiving a favour at their hands. His wife followed him. "Mother, one parting word," said Françoise, in a voice of tender appeal.

"One word," echoed Genanhatenna, pausing for an instant, "Yes, one word—*vengeance*. The day of your father's vengeance will come—I have heard the promise in the murmuring stream, and in the rushing wind—it will come."

Françoise bowed her head, as if she had been smitten, grasped her rosary, and invoked her patron saint. The young officer, after a moment's respectful silence, asked whither he should conduct her? "To Père Mésnard's," she said. "Père Mésnard's," reiterated the officer. "Père Mésnard is my mother's brother, and I was on my way to him when I was so fortunate as to meet you."

The officer's name was Eugene Brunon. He remained for some days at St. Louis. Rosalie was engrossed in severe religious duties, preparatory to her removal to the convent. She did not see the strangers, and she complained that Françoise no longer participated her devotions. Françoise pleaded that her time was occupied with arranging the hospitalities of their scanty household; but, when she was released from this duty by the departure of Eugene, her spiritual taste did not revive. Eugene returned successful from the expedition, on which he had been sent by the government; then, for the first time, did Père Mésnard perceive some token of danger, that St. Joseph would lose his votary; and when he reminded Françoise that he had dedicated her to a religious life, she frankly confessed that she and Eugene had reciprocally plighted their faith. The good father reproved, and remonstrated, and represented, in the strongest colours, "the sin of taking the heart from the altar, and devoting it to an earthly love;" but Françoise answered, that she could not be bound by vows she had not herself made. "Oh! father," she said, "let Rosalie be a nun and a saint—I can serve God in some other way."

"And you may be called to do so in a way, my child," replied the father, with solemnity, "that you think not of."

"And, if I am," said Françoise, smiling, "I doubt not, good father, that I shall feel the virtue of all your prayers and labours in my behalf." This was the sportive reply of a light, unapprehensive heart, but it sunk deeply into the father's mind, and was indelibly fixed there by subsequent circumstances. A year passed on—Rosalie was numbered with the black nuns of the Hotel Dieu. Eugene paid frequent visits to St. Louis, and Père Mésnard, finding further opposition useless, himself administered the holy sacrament of marriage. Here the father pauses in his narrative, to eulogize the union of pure and loving hearts, and pronounces, that, next to a religious consecration, this is most acceptable to God.

The wearisome winter of Canada was past, summer had come forth in her vigour, and clothed with her fresh green the woods and valleys of St. Louis; the full Utawa had thrown off its icy mantle, and proclaimed its freedom in a voice of gladness. Père Mésnard

had been, according to his daily custom, to visit the huts of his little flock. He stopped before the crucifix which he had caused to be erected in the centre of the village; he looked about upon the fields, prepared for summer crops; upon the fruit-trees, gay with "herald blossoms;" he saw the women and children busily at work in their little garden patches, and he raised his heart in devout thankfulness to God, who had permitted him to be the instrument of redeeming those poor savages from a suffering life. He cast his eye on the holy symbol, before which he knelt, and saw, or fancied he saw, a shadow flit over it. He thought it was a passing cloud, but when he looked upward, he perceived the sky was cloudless, and then he knew full well it was a presage of coming evil. But when he entered his own cabin, the sight of Françoise dispelled his gloomy presentiments. "Her face," he says, "was as bright and clear as the lake, when not a breath of wind was sweeping across it, and the clear sun shone upon it." She had, with her simple skill, been ornamenting a scarf for Eugene. She held it up to Père Mésnard, as he entered. "See father," she said, "I have finished it, and I trust Eugene will never have a wound to soil it. Hark," she added, "he will be here presently; I hear the chorus of his French boatmen swelling on the air." The good father would have said, "you think too much of Eugene, my child," but he could not bear to check the full tide of her youthful happiness, and he only said, with a smile, "when your bridal moon is in the wane, Françoise, I shall expect you to return to penance and prayers." She did not heed him, for, at that instant, she caught a glimpse of her husband, and bounded away, fleet as a startled deer, to meet him. Père Mésnard observed them, as they drew near the cabin. Eugene's brow was contracted, and though it relaxed for a moment, at the childish caresses of Françoise, it was evident, from his hurried step and disturbed mien, that he feared some misfortune. He suffered Françoise to pass in before him, and, unobserved by her, beckoned Père Mésnard. "Father," he said, "there is danger near. An Iroquois captive was brought into Montreal yesterday, who confessed that some of his tribe were out on a secret expedition. I saw strange canoes moored in the cove at Cedar Island—you must instantly return, with Françoise, in my boat, to Montreal."

"What!" exclaimed the father, "think you that I will desert my poor lambs, at the moment the wolves are coming upon them?"

"You cannot protect them, father," replied Eugene.

"Then I will die with them."

"Nay, father," urged Eugene, "be not so rash. Go—if not for your own sake, for my poor Françoise—what will become of her if we are slain? The Iroquois have sworn vengeance on her, and they are fierce and relentless as tigers. Go, I beseech you—every moment is winged with death! The boatmen are ordered to await you at Grassy Point. Take your way through the maple wood: I will tell Françoise that Rosalie has sent for her—that I will join her tomorrow—any thing to hasten your departure."

"Oh, my son, I cannot go: the true shepherd will not leave his sheep."

The good father continued inexorable, and the only alternative was to acquaint Françoise, and persuade her to depart alone. She positively refused to go without her husband. Eugene represented to her,



that he should be for ever disgraced, if he deserted a settlement under the protection of his government at the moment of peril. "My life, Françoise," he said, "I would lay down for you—but my honour is a trust for you—for my country—I must not part with it." He changed his entreaties into commands.

"Oh, do not be angry with me," said Françoise; "I will go, but I do not fear to die here with you." She had scarcely uttered these words, when awful sounds broke on the air. "It is my father's war-whoop!" she cried; "St. Joseph aid us!—we are lost!"

"Fly! fly! Françoise," exclaimed Eugene, "to the maple wood, before you are seen."

Poor Françoise threw her arms around her husband, clung to him in one long, heart-breaking embrace, and then ran towards the wood. The terrible war-cry followed, and there mingled with it, as if shrilly whispered in her ear, "vengeance—the day of your father's vengeance will come." She attained the wood, and mounted a sheltered eminence, from which she could look back upon the green valley. She stopped for an instant. The Iroquois canoes had shot out of the island cove, and were darting towards St. Louis, like vultures, eager for their prey. The Utawas rushed from their huts, some armed with muskets, others simply with bows and arrows. Père Mésnard walked with a slow but assured step, towards the crucifix, and having reached it, he knelt, seemingly insensible to the gathering storm, and as calm as at his usual vesper prayer. "Oh," thought Françoise, "the first arrow will drink his life-blood." Eugene was everywhere at the same instant, urging some forward, and repressing others; and, in a few moments, all were marshalled in battle array around the crucifix.

The Iroquois had landed. Françoise forgot now her promise to her husband, forgot every thing in her intense interest in the issue of the contest. She saw Père Mésnard advance in front of his little host, and make a signal to Talasco. "Ah, holy father!" she exclaimed, "thou knowest not the eagle of his tribe—thou speakest words of peace to the whirlwind." Talasco drew his bow. Françoise sunk on her knees. "God of mercy, shield him," she cried. Père Mésnard fell, pierced by the arrow. The Utawas were panic struck. In vain Eugene urged them forward—in vain he commanded them to discharge their muskets. All, with the exception of five men, turned and fled. Eugene seemed determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. The savages rushed on him and his brave companions with their knives and tomahawks. "He must die," exclaimed Françoise; and, instinctively, she rushed from her concealment. A yell of triumph apprised her that her father's band descried her—she faltered not—she saw her husband pressed on every side. "Oh spare him—spare him!" she screamed—"he is not your enemy." Her father darted a look at her—"a Frenchman!—a Christian!" he exclaimed, "and not my enemy," and turned again to his work of death. Françoise rushed into the thickest of the fray—Eugene uttered a faint scream at the sight of her. He had fought like a bloodhound, while he believed he was redeeming moments for her flight; but when the hope of saving her forsook him, his arms dropped nerveless, and he fell to the ground. Françoise sunk down beside him—she locked her arms around him, and laid her cheek to his. For one



moment her savage foes fell back, and gazed on her in silence—there was a chord in their natures that vibrated to a devotedness which triumphed over the fears of death; but their fierce passions were suspended only for a moment. Talasco raised his tomahawk—"Do not strike, father," said Françoise, in a faint calm voice, "he is dead." "Then let him bear the death-scar," replied the unrelenting savage, and with one stroke he clove her husband's head asunder. One long loud shriek pealed on the air, and Françoise sunk into an utter unconsciousness as the mangled form she clasped. The work of destruction went on—the huts of the Utawas were burned, and women and children perished in one indiscriminate slaughter.

The father relates that he was passed, wounded and disregarded, in the fury of the assault—that he remained in a state of insensibility till midnight, when he found himself laying by the crucifix, with a cup of water, and an Indian cake beside him. He seems at a loss whether to impute this succour to his saint, or to some compassionate Iroquois. He languished for a long time in a state of extreme debility, and when he recovered, finding every trace of cultivation obliterated from St. Louis, and the Utawas disposed to impute their defeat to the enervating effect of his peaceful doctrines, he determined to penetrate further into the wilderness, faithfully to sow the good seed, and to leave the harvest to the Lord of the field. In his pilgrimage, he met with an Utawas girl, who had been taken from St. Louis with Françoise, and who related to him all that had happened to his beloved disciple, after her departure, till she arrived at Onnontagué, the chief village of the Iroquois.

For some days she remained in a state of torpor, and was borne on the shoulders of the Indians. Her father never spoke to her—never approached her; but he permitted Allewemi to render her every kindness. It was manifest, that he intended to give his daughter to this young chieftain. When they arrived at Onnontagué, the tribe came out to meet them, apparelled in their garments of victory, consisting of beautiful skins and mantles of feathers, of the most brilliant colours. They all saluted Françoise, but she was as one deaf, and dumb, and blind. They sung their songs of greeting and of triumph, and the deep voice of the old chief, Talasco, swelled the chorus. Françoise's step did not falter, nor her cheek blanch; her eyes were cast down, and her features had the fixedness of death.—Once, indeed, when she passed her mother's hut, some tender recollection of her childhood seemed to move her spirit, for tears were seen to steal from beneath her eyelids. The wild procession moved on to the green, a place appropriated in every Indian village to councils and sports. The Indians formed a circle around an oak-tree—the ancients were seated—the young men stood respectfully without the circle. Talasco arose, and, drawing from his bosom a roll, he cut a cord that bound it, and threw it on the ground. "Brothers and sons," he said, "behold the scalps of the Christian Utawas!—their bodies are mouldering on the sands of St. Louis—thus perish all the enemies of the Iroquois. Brothers, behold my child, the last of the house of Talasco. I have uprooted her from the strange soil where our enemies had planted her: she shall be reset in the warmest valley of the Iroquois, if she marries the young chief, Allewemi, and abjures that sign," and he touched with the point of his knife the crucifix that

hung at Françoise's neck. He paused for a moment, Françoise did not raise her eyes, and he added, in a voice of thunder, "Hear me, child: if thou dost not again link thyself in the chain of thy people—if thou dost not abjure that badge of thy slavery to the Christian dogs, I will sacrifice thee, as I swore before. I went forth to battle; I will sacrifice thee to the god Areouski. Life and death are before thee—speak."

Françoise calmly arose, and, sinking on her knees, she raised her eyes to heaven, pressed the crucifix to her lips, and made the sign of the cross on her forehead. Talasco's giant frame shook like a trembling child, while he looked at her—for one brief moment the flood of natural affection rolled over his fierce passions, and he uttered a piercing cry, as if a life-cord were severed; but after one moment of agony, the sight of which made the old men's heads to shake, and the young eyes to overflow with tears, he brandished his knife, and commanded the youths to prepare the funeral pile. A murmur arose among the old men.

"Nay, Talasco," said one of them, "the tender sapling should not be so hastily condemned to the fire. Wait till the morning's sun—suffer thy child to be conveyed to Genanhatenna's hut—the call of the mother bird may bring the wanderer back to the nest."

Françoise turned impetuously towards her father, and clasping her hands, she exclaimed, "Oh do not—do not send me to my mother—this only mercy I ask of you—I can bear any other torture. Pierce me with those knives, on which the blood of my husband is scarcely dry—consume me with your fires—I will not shrink from any torment—a Christian martyr can endure as firmly as the proudest captive of your tribe."

"Ha!" exclaimed the old man, exultingly, "the pure blood of the Iroquois runs in her veins—prepare the pile—the shadows of this night shall cover her ashes."

While the young men were obeying the command, Françoise beckoned to Allewemi. "You are a chieftain," she said, "and have power: release that poor Utawa's child from her captivity—send her to my sister, Rosalie, and let her say to her, that if an earthly love once came between me and Heaven, the sin is expiated: I have suffered more in a few hours—in a few moments, than all her sisterhood can suffer by long lives of penance. Let her say, that in my extremity I denied not the cross, but died courageously." Allewemi promised all she asked, and faithfully performed his promise.

A child of faith—a martyr, does not perish without the ministry of celestial spirits. The expression of despair vanished from Françoise's face. A supernatural joy beamed from her eyes, which were cast upwards—her spirit seemed eager to spring from its prison-house—she mounted the pile most cheerfully, and, standing erect and undaunted, "Happy am I," she exclaimed, "thus permitted to die in my own country, and by the hand of my kindred, after the example of my Saviour, who was nailed to the cross by his own people." She then pressed the crucifix to her lips, and signed to her executioners, to put fire to the pile. They stood motionless with the firebrands in their hands. Françoise appeared to be a voluntary sacrifice, not a victim.

Her father was maddened by her victorious constancy. He leaped



upon the pile, and, tearing the crucifix from her hands, he drew his knife from his girdle, and made an incision on her breast in the form of a cross. "Behold!" he said, the sign thou lovest—the sign of thy league with thy father's enemies—the sign that made thee deaf to the voice of thy kindred!"

"Thank thee, my father!" replied Françoise, with a triumphant smile; "I might have lost the cross thou hast taken from me, but this which thou hast given me, I shall bear even after death."

The pile was fired—the flames curled upwards—and the IROQUOISE MARTYR perished.

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#### THE CATHOLIC QUESTION AS IT NOW STANDS.

AFTER years of suffering—of effort to make that suffering less—and of disappointment which has been the result of those efforts—it would be an affectation unworthy of themselves, and of their cause, if the Catholics should, from a mistaken feeling of delicacy, let any inducement prevent them from urging their claims whenever an opportunity of doing so presents itself. It is because such an opportunity now occurs, that these observations are offered. Whenever the British nation is menaced with, not to say involved in, a war, the situation of Ireland becomes no less critical than interesting.

The alarum of war is now sounding, and the Catholics will be called to bear their part in a conflict, the object of which is, to insure the tranquillity of Europe; the establishment of universal freedom; the equal diffusion of the privileges of society; and the destruction of that mischievous principle, which seeks to interfere with the liberty of thought and opinion. They will cheerfully obey that call, because these are things, the value of which they know and appreciate, not the less because they are precluded from enjoying them:—but is not this the moment which, of all others, should be most auspicious for appealing to the honour and the justice of England in their behalf?

That part of the population of Great Britain which forms a distinguished feature,—and it may justly be said not less distinguished than important,—in her military establishment, is entitled, at all times, to consideration and regard. In peace, they ought to enjoy, as they do, the respect to which their past services entitle them: in war, their exertions for the present defence of interests which are equally dear to all the nation, ought to procure for them the sympathy and the affection of all men. As far as kindly feeling, in all the social intercourses of life, extends, no one can deny that the Catholics, whether of Ireland or England, do enjoy the benefit of these feelings. There is no society in which their general and individual merits are not readily acknowledged, because, in society, the distinctions of religion are neither felt nor understood. That refined spirit of good breeding, which is nothing more than a familiar display of good sense and Christian feeling, knows no difference as to the sects or classes into which the religious world may be divided:—it precludes the possibility of Roman Catholics perceiving that any prejudice exists against them; and, but for the prominent political view into which the question of their claims is too often brought, the great majority of the better orders of the



people of England would neither know nor inquire whether their friends and their guests are of the same opinion in matters of faith as themselves. The existence of this spirit of cordiality is one of the most forcible reasons why there should be extended to the Catholics all that justice, and they, demand; and a practical proof, satisfactory beyond all cavil, that such an extension would be as safe as it is just; because, if there were danger, either intended or resulting necessarily, from the admission of Catholics into the privileges (since by so odious a name they must be called) of the community, they would have been long ago felt, and a remedy would have been applied by a sort of general consent; and, as all men are interested in the preservation of their domestic tranquillity, and have the means within their own power of effecting it, an exclusion like that which is politically exercised against Catholics would have been set up in all the occasions of ordinary life. The only conclusion to which an honest mind, then, can come is, that the Catholics, having deserved, and actually enjoying without abuse on their part, and without suspicion on the part of others, the same rights and privileges as the rest of the community, in matters which are the most dear and important to all men, are also entitled to, and would exercise as wisely, and temperately, and honestly, any other trust or power which should be put into their hands.

But the opponents of the Catholics, who, few as they are, make up in malignity what they want in force, and who, having had the cunning to enlist on their side all the worst feelings, the blindest prejudices, and the most degrading suspicions, of the unthinking and uninformed—fit weapons for such hands as theirs—set up a distinction between the social and political privileges of society, and admitting, as they are forced to do, the right of Catholics to the former, deny, that, for the same reasons or for any other, they have equal claim to the latter. With a casuistry which is well enough fitted to support a bad cause, but which the advocates of a good one would disdain, they set up a principle of distinction, involving a point from which they know that conscientious Catholics cannot swerve; and being convinced, that for no good, however desirable—to accomplish no object, however dear and valuable it may seem—will Catholics be induced to abandon a fundamental principle of their religion, they say, with an inhuman coolness, which should characterize demons rather than men, “do this, which honesty and virtue forbid you to do—pay us this price, which shall beggar you in your own estimation, and in that of all the world—degrade yourselves down to the point at which our malice would be delighted to see you, and we will give you that boon which you have craved so earnestly, and so long.” The indignant refusal of the Catholics to accept, upon such terms, that which they claim, and will receive as a right, or not at all, is known to the admiring and sympathizing world.

But let us see a little further, what is the nature of the condition which these Christian men propose, before they will do an act of simple justice. They do not venture to put it on the score of religion. In this nineteenth century it would be somewhat too late—too rash, even for their daring, to make religious opinion the ground for excluding the Catholics. They say, that it is inconsistent with the spirit of the British constitution—that it would impair its integrity, and destroy that nice and accurate balance by which it is upheld, to admit

to a participation in its advantages men, who, if they do not deny the authority of the king, profess only a divided or imperfect allegiance to him, because the perfect allegiance is one of the main props and principles of the British constitution. Good, pious, charitable people, as they are, they say it grieves them to the heart, to find that there is this insuperable obstacle to the admission of Catholics—they would, it were otherwise; but, parodying the bold reply of the patriotic barons of England—the *Catholic* barons of England, to their tyrant king, they say, *they must not change the laws of the realm*—a most hypocritical pretext, and as false as the hearts by which it is dictated.—What is there, let us ask, in the allegiance which is professed by the subjects of England to their monarch, that makes it different from that of every other people? A monarchy cannot exist without an allegiance of the people to the head; a commonwealth would be destroyed unless an allegiance similar in spirit and effect should be observed to the laws and the authorities constituted by them. Allegiance, then, is rather an incident to every description of constitution, than a peculiar characteristic of that of England. The ease with which that allegiance which consists only in oaths is put off, whenever civil commotions arise in a state, is notorious; the little disgrace which follows the infraction of those pledges, when rebellion becomes successful, and is called revolution, proves the sense entertained by the world in general of them. But, if allegiance means the faithful, firm, and fervent attachment of a people to the laws and liberties of their country—a feeling so deeply rooted in their hearts, that neither vicissitudes, nor oppression, nor degradation can change it—the Roman Catholics of Ireland, who decline to pledge their allegiance in the terms dictated to them by their enemies, will point to the proofs they have given of their loyalty, and show that they have maintained, steadily, their allegiance by the sacrifice of their blood—by deeds of patient heroism and valour; and that they have resisted all the temptations and inducements which a sense of unmerited wrongs, daily recurring and increasing, have held out to them. This is an allegiance which no one can misunderstand, and which is worth all the mouth-honour and protestations which ever were, or can be devised, by human ingenuity, to bind the consciences of men.

And it is in the face of these proofs that the enemies of the Catholics set up their opposition to claims so just as those which are preferred. They say that, as the Catholics hold the pope to be the supreme authority in all matters spiritual, it would be improper to admit persons who profess a doctrine so fraught with mischief to the English constitution, to share its advantages. Do they forget that the Catholics of the United States of America, of Prussia, and other states, are as good subjects as the Protestants, and that the Protestants in a Catholic country are known and acknowledged to be as peaceable as all the other members of the community. In what part of the globe is there, at this moment, or for the last century has there been, any attempt to increase the power of the pope? How can such a question be asked, or answered, gravely? And why is not the grand Lama of Thibet as formidable, for all political purposes, as the sovereign pontiff of the Vatican? But, absurd as the objection is, the persons by whom it is invented know it is one which can never be overcome by Catholics. They know that such is the power of religious opinions



over the human mind, that, when they are once conscientiously taken up, no power of persuasion, no human force, can weaken or remove them. Are not all the histories of all the persecutions for conscience sake, which have disgraced the world from its beginning to the present time, so many irrefragable proofs of this fact? And is not the opinion of the Catholics on this point purely a principle of conscientious belief—notwithstanding the insidious attempts of their enemies to make the opposition seem less odious, by calling it only political? Is not the answer which has been given, over and over again, by Catholics, as well of the clergy as of the laity—and never more distinctly nor emphatically than in the late examination before the Committee of the House of Lords—sufficient? Do not the witnesses disclaim, in terms too clear to admit of doubt, too honest and explicit to cover any evasion, that, in all matters that involve the duty of the people of England to their monarch, the power of the pope is inferior to his? But their enemies repeat then the falsehood, often contradicted, and often disproved, that such sayings are not held binding by Catholics; and the accused point to their fetters, and ask why they are not broken, since a breath will break them—but that such breath must be fashioned into a lie, which their hearts disown.

Why should more time be consumed in stating the existing position of the question?—but that the utmost publicity ought to be given to the reasons which are alleged in support of the opposition made by the anti-Catholic party—that the truth should be exhibited as openly as possible—that men of candid minds may judge for themselves—and that misrepresentations shall not go forth unaccompanied by their refutation. If it were not for these considerations, and that further one, that no man who feels on the subject should be backward in expressing his conviction, the present labour might seem to be thrown away. The day, however, must come when the unholy bonds shall be broken; and the belief that such a day is at hand prompts the present appeal. The question is not whether this or that dogma is inculcated by priests—but whether any dogma shall have the force to exclude a large and meritorious portion of the inhabitants of Great Britain from participating in the blessings of the constitution which they help to support.

Can, then, any time be more fitting than the present for the performance of a duty which humanity and justice, not less than sound policy, dictate. Menaces are out of the question, for when the weaker party threaten the stronger, the chances of their never agreeing become greater, and the precise object in dispute is sure to seem more important than before. It is not, then, from any danger that may happen from the defection of the Catholics of Ireland in the event of a war—although that defection must be an evil seriously felt in England—that their emancipation is to be urged; but it is because the eyes of all the world are upon England—because she enters upon a war for the support of principles of general freedom—for the maintenance of old promises—and to put down the tyranny and despotism of an odious and enslaving government—that this becomes, of all others, the most fit time for her to do justice to Ireland. In what way can she more satisfactorily prove that she is earnest in her love of freedom, than by taking the unjust fetters from so large a portion of her people as the Catholics form? How can she show her honesty



and earnestness in redeeming an ancient pledge, better than by performing tardily, but opportunely, the promise, solemnly made and repeated, of giving freedom and happiness to Catholic Ireland?—How can she evince her real hatred of the government of Spain, more strongly than by renouncing the system of persecution, for the sake of opinion, which she has so long kept up towards the whole of the Catholic population. The hour has arrived for doing a great act of mercy and justice, and which can now be done with no less credit to England than with advantage to Ireland—when there exists no other necessity for it than the necessity which always exists—that right should be done; and when an applauding world will do homage to the glorious spectacle of the voluntary sacrifice of prejudice on the altar of freedom.

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## ROADSIDE SKETCHES, BY A WALKING GENTLEMAN.—NO. I.

*The Freeholders.—A Tale of Yesterday.*

“ Good heavens! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,  
That call'd them from their native walks away;  
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  
Hung round their homes, and fondly look'd their last;  
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain,  
For seats like these beyond the western main.” GOLDSMITH.

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YOUR travellers, ancient and modern, are sad fellows. They drive along in a chaise from one city to another; talk to the coachman, while passing through the country; and converse with the waiter, while stopping at the hotels; and, having made the circuit of a certain province, return home to describe the manners and the people they have not seen. Yet the world has been apparently satisfied with this information; the inquirer, with his feet on a spungy rug, his body indolently reclining on a stuffed arm-chair, a cheerful fire before him, and sparkling champagne at his elbow, peruses the lucubrations of loco-motive machines called travellers, and, poor creature! fancies he is studying man; imagines, foolishly indeed, that he is acquiring a knowledge of foreign parts—a knowledge of his own country; and concludes, that it is quite unnecessary for him to employ his own senses, to judge for himself, or question the veracity of his informants. Perhaps, it is cruel to disturb the self-satisfaction of the world on this point, to say anything that can place it on the rack of doubt, or schismatically undermine the orthodox belief of those who are firmly persuaded that women go naked in Connaught; that Scotchmen are comfortable in their own country; that the English peasantry are the happiest and most enlightened in the world; that Frenchmen devour nothing but frogs; that the Italians are all fiddlers; that cannibalism is frequent where Europeans have never been; in one word, that there is no people in the world so good, so kind, so enlightened, so pious, and so liberal as ourselves.

“ Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.”

But still, for the soul of me, I must speak as I think; I must tell your parlour inquirers that they know nothing about the world they

live in; that the romance of real life, and its miseries too, exist in their own as well as in other countries; and that, if they wish to be disabused of their ignorance, they will consult the sketch-book of one who, like me, has been a walking gentleman for the last eighteen years, six months, and sixteen days. During that period I have been constantly on foot; I have explored all the by-ways, the hidden recesses of man throughout Europe; I have studiously avoided cities (everybody knows what they are), and confined my observations and researches to the country. I have travelled without a compass, almost without a motive; in the words of the old song, "Where fancy led me, I did go;" at cross-roads I never deliberated, but always took that one which looked most inviting, which had the largest share of trees, or opened on the most picturesque objects; I was certain it led to human habitations, and that was enough; whether they were kind, or disobliging, or hospitable, or unfriendly, it mattered not. I wanted to see the lights and shades of rural life, and I have seen them. Attend to my road-side sketches.

My pedestrian tour commenced in the "loveliest isle of the Ocean," and, in a few days after quitting the town of ———, I found myself walking along a by-way in the most secluded part of a southern county. It was the feast of St. John, which usually takes place about Midsummer. Every thing seemed blessing and blessed: there was no hum of industry; the very kine seemed to refrain from lowing, and the lambs desisted from their bleatings. The sun, glorious in his meridian splendour, seemed poised in self-satisfaction, benignantly, in all the expression of solemn silence, signifying approval of that animated world to which he had given life and loveliness. The plants, and shrubs, and flowers, sent forth in one volume of incense their ten thousand odours, and I did feel happy, proud, grateful, in being permitted to enjoy, to look upon, such a day, such a scene. The smoke, blue and curling, shot up in perpendicular columns, amid the stillness of the atmosphere, from the chimneys of the comfortably thatched farm-houses around; while the habitations of the poorer peasantry sent forth a less bulky indication of the culinary process which was going on within. These tokens of human wants and human comforts bespoke a considerable population, but no human being could I see. Now and then I encountered a spavined horse, a sleek pig, or a fettered goat, who, satiated with an abundance of food, seemed moralizing beneath the shade, and a graver animal than a cart-horse on a holyday I never looked upon. It was impossible to pass by such a philosopher without reverentially stopping to question his thoughts; but, cynic like, dreading or hating obtrusion upon his meditations, he generally averted his head, and gave other indications of displeasure. Yet, thought I, he cannot be a misanthrope; nothing that lives or moves could be unhappy on such a day as this.

In obtaining a small elevation, a retired village became visible; and, seeing a slated building in the form of a T, I rightly concluded that I was not far from a house of prayer. Reminded thus that I, too, had need of communing with the great Father of all, I hurried on; but the forms, now visible, of girls and women—rustic cooks—perched on walls and ditches, with eyes directed towards the village, gave assurance that the hour had arrived when it was usual for mass



to be concluded; or, rather, that it was time for the people to have acquired their appetites. There was cause of self-reproach in all this, and I involuntarily hastened my steps; but, by the time I reached the entrance-gate, the people were rushing out of the chapel, some in such haste, that the act of blessing commenced inside was concluded in the yard. Still there was no apparent cause for this, beyond the pressure of the crowd; and many of those who were forced out, eagerly returned to receive some of that holy water which some pious person showered in handfuls from the urn, like the dews of heaven, indiscriminately on all.

In a few minutes, the chapel was emptied into the grass-covered yard before the door; but there was an appearance of seriousness on the countenances of all present, at variance with the usual cheerfulness of a country congregation: there was no hearty recognition; no vacant laugh; they addressed each other, as they stood in groups, with an earnestness that bespoke an important business in which all were concerned; it spoke of calamity—of suffering; and I could see, by the glared eye, red with recent weeping, the hands involuntarily uplifted and spasmodically closed, the woe-begone aspect, and the twitching of the nerves of the countenance, that, though all felt, some felt—had cause to feel, more acutely than others. About these the remainder were collected, apparently offering consolation or services, but with only partial effect; for, in a short time, a burst of inconsolable grief, astounding and fearful, rent the air. The women shrieked dreadfully, while the clapping of the hands gave their anguish a heart-rending effect. It awakened all my sympathy, all my sorrow; perhaps, the more intensely, as it assailed me so suddenly and so unexpectedly. It was in a hallowed place, and after an act of religious resignation; and it was in a part, the only part of Ireland, where it was supposed the people were peculiarly and happily relieved from those oppressions which ground down their countrymen. I saw very plainly, notwithstanding their grief, that I was an object of some curiosity, but there was nothing suspicious or obtrusive in it; and, as I derived a certain kind of pleasure from the curiosity which the scene and the people excited within me—as it was a kind of mystery, I did not seek to unravel it immediately, by making inquiries, or soliciting explanation. I looked on in pity; I knew I could afford no consolation.

The cries of the women were continued uninterruptedly until the priest, mounted on a good horse, made his appearance through a back gate. He was a reverend-looking gentleman, somewhat above forty, tall, and well-looking, his countenance like that of most of his holy profession in Ireland, indicating a subdued but cheerful spirit, while it bespoke a large benevolence, in which the miserable might take refuge, and encounter no disappointment. He looked as if he participated in the feelings of his flock; and such was the effect of his consoling presence, that the clamours of the poor people subsided on his approach, and all followed him down the road, as I supposed had been previously arranged. I could not resist joining the mournful train; I pursued their footsteps with a curiosity highly excited.

The minute subdivision of the land on each side of the road bespoke a somewhat dense population, while the appearance of the little



fields bore evidence to the care with which they were cultivated. Their habitations were homely-looking, but, like the dress of the people, they were of home manufacture, unostentatiously warm and comfortable. There was certainly but little appearance of wealth, according to an Englishman's acceptance of the term, but then there was no indication whatever of squalid poverty, and its concomitants, sickly countenances and ragged clothes.

An hour's walk brought us to an extensive plain, bounded on one side by a large sheet of water, neither lake nor river, but partaking largely of both, and on the other by an arm of the ocean; to the right appeared a large tract of land, in a state of complete nudity. The harvest had been prematurely cut and carried off; there were no cattle grazing on the fields; and even the numerous white-washed cottages with which it was studded sent forth no cheerful smoke; they looked deserted. The land itself seemed to have been some of the very worst; and, judging from the stubble, the scanty crop owed all its value to the hand of the cultivator. Still there was something agreeable in the scene, barren as it now looked. The neat habitations, the rising trees about them, and the little *bosheens*, shaded with furze, that led up to them, were so many pictures of rustic plenty, which the eye loved to look upon; and "a walking gentleman," less fanciful than I was, could not fail to connect these objects with a thousand delightful associations. Unsophisticated love, the joys of happy wedded life, the pure serenity of domestic blessedness, must have found here a home; and what hand would be daring—atrocious enough, to dislodge such a mass of human happiness, to eject the deserving inmates from this comparative Eden? The thought hardly obtruded itself, the thing seemed too improbable to be dwelt upon; yet, what occasioned the novel movement of the people? Why was the harvest prematurely cut down? Why was the cheerful fire quenched on the happy hearth?

Before I could answer these queries, or make any inquiries respecting them, the crowd came to a full stop: a person was seen running in breathless haste towards them, and, when within hearing, he exclaimed, "They're comin'!" "Who?" "The yeomen, an' Sir Lucius 'imself, an' a hundred bum-bailies!" This news was electrical: the women clapped their hands, and screamed violently; many old men looked resignedly, and many a young one cast his eyes, unconscious of the pearly tears that stood tremulously in them, wishfully on the home of his childhood. "My good people," said the venerable clergyman, riding into the midst of them, "remember the words I spoke to you from the altar, and behave like obedient Christians under all your trials; offer no resistance, let the law take its course, and commit yourselves to the care of Heaven." It was pious counsel, and was instantly acquiesced in; though I could not help thinking, that many an honest heart there would rather have listened to a less friendly advice. Revenge, for an instant, seemed to hover over the curled lip; but the words and presence of the good pastor effectually prevented it from entering into the bosoms of the people.

Immediately, columns of dust in the horizon gave notice of the approach of a considerable cavalcade, and presently, an armed party, horse and foot, of some hundreds, made its appearance. The

moment they came within view, an instantaneous movement of the people took place: they dispersed in all directions towards the different houses, which they hastily entered, and as hastily left, bearing in their hands some article of furniture, generally a bed, in all likelihood the last article that could be removed, in consequence of the unwillingness of the people to sleep out of their own houses while they were yet standing. The confusion which all this occasioned seemed either to have been misinterpreted by the sub-sheriff and his party, or they wished to aggravate the misfortune of those they came to eject; for, on perceiving the movement of the people, they quickened their pace, and instantly surrounded a little cottage, evidently the most lonely and less comfortable in the neighbourhood. The peasantry, busy about their own immediate concerns, took no notice until startled by a red blaze, that now glared in the face of the mid-day sun. The effect was simultaneous on the whole populace, scattered as they were over a considerable district: they stood for a moment, as if petrified and inactive from astonishment; and then, at once, sent forth a thrilling cry of inexpressible horror. "Murder! Murder!" uttered with maniac force, in all the seeming impossibility of mortal strength, filled the air; while every one, as if moved by a similar impulse, rushed towards the wretched cabin, from whose sooty roof the flames now rose higher and higher.

I found myself, I know not how or wherefore, in the midst of the rushing crowd, though, at the instant, I anticipated nothing less than bloodshed. Sir Lucius and his party were of my mind; for they immediately confronted us in hostile array: the words, "Ready!" "Present!" were delivered, and the guns were levelled, when the desire of personal security, operating upon all alike, suddenly checked our progress. Still, the cry of "Murder!" continued: all pointed to the burning cottage, and all spoke at once—a perfect Babel of incoherency. I anxiously sought to make out the meaning of their frenzy; and at length thought I had discovered that some helpless object lay within the cabin, now enveloped in flames. The idea was terrible—the instinctive feelings of humanity were awakened within me; but, before I could act myself, or call upon others to act with me, a young peasant, with the swiftness of an eagle, flew past me. The cry of reproach was converted into a cheer, long and loud: the yeomanry stood astounded; and, ere they could grapple the intruder, he passed through an opening in their ranks, and in an instant had penetrated the dense column of flame and smoke, which the cabin-door, like a furnace-chimney, incessantly vomited forth.

The moment he became invisible, a prayer—needful and becoming—was on the lips of all; but the moment he again became visible, and his absence was too short to be computed, the air was literally rent with the cries of gladness. Ignorant as I was with the merits of the case, it thrilled delightfully through my frame. The adventurous youth bore a large bundle, apparently of bed clothes, in his arms, which he carefully deposited on the ground, and then hastily began to unfold them. "She's safe, thank God!" piously exclaimed an old man next me. "Who?" I inquired. "His mother—Ned Kelly's mother—the poor bed-ridden crethur;" and the emaciated figure of the mother, whom Ned had piously rescued from the flames, became now visible to all. The young man, having freed her from all incumbrances,



raised her once more in his arms, and carried her towards his friends, who now rushed to meet him; the yeomen and officers, somewhat alarmed at their own temerity, no longer opposing their bayonets. The females took the dying creature under their protection; while Ned, as if unconscious of the worth of his achievement, stood, wondering at the blessings and laudations which were profusely and deservedly heaped upon his head.

Amidst these gratulations, however, there were curses, not loud, but deep, poured upon the authors of the conflagration, who were viewed by the peasantry with looks that indicated any thing but friendly sentiments. The fire that burned within them, needed but a slight effort to be aroused into a flame, were it not for the damping presence of the priest, who sat on his horse composedly listening to a young man who was giving an account of the recent event. I listened attentively; and soon learnt that the poor woman who was so timely rescued from the flames, was the widow of a man recently dead; that her son had gone that morning to town, for medicines, and had providentially returned in time to save the life of his only surviving parent. The speaker gave it as his opinion, that the yeomanry had come to consume all the cabins in the three town-lands, and that they had commenced with widow Kelly's, unconscious of any one being within.

I should have heard more particulars, now peculiarly interesting to me, from an inquisitive curiosity for which I was ever remarkable, were it not for a loud voice speaking behind me. I suddenly turned round, and beheld the comely figure of a rather well-looking gentleman, on horseback. He held a small pamphlet in his hand, out of which he was reading; and I had not long lent an attentive ear before I was apprized that it was the Riot Act! The priest appears to have been aware of this fact about the same time; for, interrupting the magistrate with a good-humoured, but expressive smile, he said, "Sir Lucius Smallcock, you'll excuse me, but you are taking unnecessary trouble; I am here to insure a peaceable conduct amongst my flock."

"And I," retorted Sir Lucius, sneeringly, "am here to compel it."

The priest made a low bow, chucked the reins of the bridle, and his horse, obedient to a well-known indication, moved on. The people followed him, but I remained contemplating the burning cottage; its frail roof did not long resist the devouring element, but, ere it fell, the fire had communicated to an ancient thorn-tree—the only sylvan object near the house. The green leaves, however, successfully resisted the flames; the branches were blackened—disfigured, but they were not burnt; and it gave me no small satisfaction to see the gothic fury defeated even in one instance. Next to human beings, I love trees best; I cannot exactly account for this partiality, but it was owing to it that I continued looking at this solitary, ill-used thorn, while Sir Lucius and his satellites were thrusting the barbarous brand into the combustible roofs of the neighbouring cottages. The business of destruction went rapidly on, and in less than fifteen minutes the whole neighbourhood presented the revolting picture of a country apparently just entered by a revengeful and hostile army. The cries of the women and children were the most piteous I had ever heard—they fell upon the ear like the last accents of despair;



and he would have been more than man not to sympathise in the misery of these poor peasants, and shed a tear at their fate.

The work of destruction was soon accomplished; the towering flame died away into a thick column of smoke; and the sooty particles settled into an opaque canopy above the scene, impregnating the very air with a distaste which all around seemed to feel. Their duty performed, the sub-sheriff and Sir Lucius, with their myrmidons, departed, casting, as they passed, a look of triumph on those they had left houseless. The poor people, subdued in spirit, and hopeless of redress, dried up their tears, collected the remnants of their little furniture, and slowly quitted the frightful scene, casting many a "longing look behind." I was soon left alone on the field of desolation, the solitary spectator of this truly "deserted village."

It was impossible to quit the neighbourhood without making some inquiries respecting the cruel transaction I had witnessed, and it was not long before I had my curiosity satisfied. Only twelve months before, and the county of ——— did not contain more happy or contented inhabitants than the honest simple peasantry of Ballyhearty, Mooretown, and Killscorn. The ground, to be sure, was none of the best; the rent was high, and the taxes severe; but the people were frugal and industrious, and, by application and good management, overcame not only the sterility of the soil, but the more difficult matter—a high rent. Originally, the land was a mere common, a patch here and there cultivated, but still apparently without a proprietor. Sir Lucius Smallcock, however, had no sooner obtained possession of his estate, than he laid claim to this neglected district, and undertook to make forty-shilling freeholders of all who would undertake to pay him 30s. an acre for small portions of the ground. Enormous as this rent was, he found tenants; the career of Buonaparte had given a new impulse to agriculture; and, as high prices and small farms are composed of repelling qualities, the poor *cottiers* were every where rapidly being disinherited. The "honour" of being privileged to vote for a member to serve in Parliament had but little attraction for men who wanted land, not representatives. Sir Lucius, however, wanted freeholders, and, though he got about three times the value of his wretched ground, he affected all the assurance of a patron, and pretended to have conferred lasting obligations on his Ballyhearty tenantry. The poor people, though slow to discover the beneficence of Sir Lucius, were nevertheless perfectly obedient to his wishes. They voted at each successive election just as he prescribed, and never dreamt that they were offending against good morals or their country, by so doing, until the St. John's eve previous to that on which they found themselves on the point of being disinherited.

On that evening, previous to lighting the bonfire, as Billy Kelly was sitting beneath the venerable thorn which grew opposite his door, he observed a man on horseback moving down the little bosheen. Billy stood up—for the occurrence was rather unusual—and, after spying rather curiously through an opening in the bushes, he became convinced that he was about to be honoured with a visit from Master Gorman, of Grange-Gorman. This young gentleman, for he had only just returned from the lay-college, at Carlow, was heir to a long pedigree, several Irish MSS. relating to the forfeited estates of his an-

cestors, and a very tolerable quantity of family pride. His rent-roll had been sadly defaced, and even, if report spoke true, Grange-Gorman lay under the incumbrance of several lengthy parchments, fairly engrossed, signed, sealed, and delivered, in the form of mortgages. Still Master Gorman held his head as high as the best of them, and there was not a youth in the whole county, "gentle or simple," who had more of the fervent good wishes of the people. He was a fine figure of a man, full of courage, spoke the people fair; and, to complete the attributes of a popular favourite, he was one of the "old stock,"—one of the "right sort,"—he was a Catholic.

Master Edward Gorman was a great admirer—who is not?—of Ireland, and had read her annals carefully. Keating he could almost repeat verbatim; but the historian who pleased him best was that prince of national writers, the Rev. Mr. Taaffe. From his recondite, and sometimes curiously amusing pages, he imbibed additional draughts of patriotism, without at all diminishing his hatred of his country's oppressors.

This morning he had been perusing one of his favourite volumes, when the servant boy returned from town, bringing with him the *County Herald*. The leading article dwelt on local politics, and referred to its advertising columns in proof of the near approach of a general election. Casting his eye over the motley page, as directed, Gorman discovered that the county of —— was to be contested. Sir Lucius Smallcock led the van, hoped the county would not be disturbed, and, after modestly dwelling on his own merits, assured noblemen, gentlemen, clergy, and freeholders, that he was an unflinching champion of "church and state, as by law established." Following him, a Mr. Cockle appealed to the independent portion of the freeholders; called upon them to prevent their "fine county" from being degraded into a "Grampound;" and concluded by declaring himself the champion of "civil and religious liberty."

Gorman had no difficulty in deciding which candidate was entitled to his interest. Their talents were pretty much on a par—both perfectly valueless; but, then, they announced themselves advocates of very opposite measures, and belonged to families which invariably pursued very different courses. Mr. Cockle was—and deservedly too—Gorman's favourite; and, considering his influence in that part of the country, he was a partisan by no means to be despised. So thought Mr. Farrell, Mr. Cockle's agent; for Edward had time to peruse both addresses only half-a-dozen times each, when that gentleman was announced. He was all bustle, evidently moving in a new character—a new element; but still his confident assurance supplied the want of professional tact. Fluent, like most Irish agents, and by no means deficient in "blarney," he soon settled his business with the youthful proprietor of Grange-Gorman. What passed—O'Farrell spoke so much, and so rapidly—Edward could never distinctly recollect; but, from that moment, he understood himself to be one of Mr. Cockle's committee-men, voluntary agent, and particular friend. All expenses were to be reimbursed; and, further, he understood himself as authorized to dispense some trifling innocent bribes amongst the "independent" forty-shilling freeholders.

Mr. Gorman spent the greater part of the day in devising plans for forwarding the interest of his favourite candidate; and, as his



sanguine mind anticipated nothing less than complete success, he felt himself so full of animal spirits and political satisfaction, that he wished to let his happiness overflow upon others. In a moment his horse was saddled, mounted, and turned towards Newbawn, the residence of Matthew Stafford, a wealthy farmer—a kind of half Sir, as the peasantry designated him—who had a little money, some influence, and a lovely daughter.

Martha Stafford had been known to Mr. Gorman from childhood. The claims of a relationship not very clearly made out, brought their parents frequently into contact; for, though the farmer had not quite as much gentle blood in his veins as that which circulated through the descendants of the Gormans, still, as he was, in point of wealth and intelligence, the least exceptionable acquaintance in the neighbourhood of Grange-Gorman, its late proprietor condescended, occasionally, to take Matthew by the hand, taste his whiskey-punch, dine on his ham and chickens, and chuck Stafford's chubby children under the chin—a familiarity by no means valueless. During these visits—paid at intervals sufficiently distant to uphold dignity—Edward generally accompanied his father, and, being a year or two older than Martha, a kind of juvenile gallantry prompted him to perform numerous little acts of kindness, which begot a childish attachment between the youthful playmates. The farmer's wife had a very proper opinion of her husband: next to Mr. Gorman, he was decidedly the *first* Catholic in the place; and, consequently, it was fitting that her children should hold their heads proportionably high. Matthew, good easy soul, left these things to the wisdom of his spouse; until familiarity begot in him an unavowed satisfaction at seeing his little ones dressed in clothes of a superior texture and fashion. Martha, as the eldest, was of course the first object of maternal care; and some people—inquisitive people—more than hinted that Mrs. Stafford was studiously laying a trap for the promising heir of Grange-Gorman. Be that as it may, at sixteen Martha was decidedly the most charming girl in the country: she knew it, and Edward unreluctantly came to the same conclusion; but, in the innocence of their hearts, they felt nothing of an incipient passion—nothing but what a lovely and lively brother and sister ought to have felt. Contrasted with the daughters of the neighbouring farmers, Miss Stafford appeared to considerable advantage; and Edward enjoyed no small satisfaction to find that the eyes of all fell—apparently well pleased—upon himself and Martha, when, on a Sunday, they walked, arm in arm, through the chapel yard.

This feeling, no doubt, would have ripened into something more intense and delightful, had the youthful pair continued much longer to enjoy each other's society; but, as the time had come for Edward to remove to a public seminary, and for Martha to spend—for she was, in the estimation of her mother, still young enough\*—a quarter or two at Mrs. Stone's boarding-school, they were abruptly separated, without any distress or regret on either side, with the exception of

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\* Within the last twenty years it has become very common for the daughters of Irish farmers to be sent to a town school for a quarter or two, by way of finishing their education. This, however, seldom takes place until they are about sixteen or seventeen years of age.

that which naturally arose at the moment, and which had nothing of sentiment in it. For years they neither saw or heard of each other, and during this time Edward had lost his only surviving parent—a melancholy event, which prematurely plunged him into the cares of the world. These were so engrossing, or he had become so indifferent, that he was three months domiciled at Grange-Gorman, without having once paid a visit to Newbawn; and perhaps he had been longer forgetful of early associations, were it not for the visit of Mr. Cockle's agent. Compelled to cast his eyes about him, to number his positive and probable friends, he immediately recollected old Matthew Stafford; and, thus reminded of the happy inmates of Newbawn, a blush of tacit reproach suffused his cheek. He sought no apologies for his conduct, but became at once a penitent—determined to make atonement, swallowed the remnant of the cooling punch which remained in the tumbler, called for his horse, and in an instant was on the road of reform, as has been already stated:—but I choose to be tedious rather than obscure.

To the right of Edward's road lay the district of Ballyhearty, studded with the habitations of forty-shilling freeholders. These men, like certain fallows, are valuable only once in seven years; and the moment had now arrived when they were to be in request. Gorman thought it right to call upon them thus early, though he had some compunctious visitings at encroaching on private property, as the forty-shilling freeholders had been too long considered. The danger, however, had charms in it; and Edward loved to provoke the anger of the partisans of the illiberal candidate. Accordingly, he turned down Mr. Kelly's *bogharean*, and found the patriarch of Ballyhearty sitting, not under his own fig-tree, but under a very umbragious thorn, which myriads of sparrows had long converted into a loquacious, or, if you like, a chattering bush.

Throwing his leg carelessly over the pummel, and sitting lady-like on the saddle, Edward entered into familiar conversation with Kelly. "And so," said he, "I see the boys have collected materials for a bonfire this evening."

"Och, musha! to be sure, sir," replied Kelly; "ould customs ought to be kept up, though, troth, myself can see no great use in 'em."

"They were once useful."

"Faith, an' may be so; for you know best, seein' you've the larnin, God bless you."

"Do you know the origin of bonfires, Billy?"

"No, in troth, sir; how could I? ony my father, an' his father's father, used to have one on this evenin' time out o' mind."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. When the Danes, like the Orangemen now, overran the land, and oppressed the people, it was agreed to light fires throughout the whole country, on this evening; and when the Danes ran to see what they were, the Irish fell upon and killed them every man."\*

"God bless their hand for that same," ejaculated Kelly, "an' I wish we could sarve the Orangemen in the same way."

"No, no, not exactly in the same way," said Edward; "we

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\* This is traditional; perhaps Mr. Gorman made the statement only rhetorically, not historically.



wouldn't kill them, but we'd pluck their poisoned fangs; we'd render them innocuous—that is, harmless."

"Och! no; nor the devil a one ov 'em you'll ever render harmless, beggin' your pardon; they're too wicket for that."

"By no means, Billy; your own dog there could not injure the pig, if his teeth were drawn, though he might snarl and bite."

"Very true, sir,"

"Now, Billy, 'tis bad laws give power to the Orangemen to injure us."

"Be gad you've hit the right nail on the head, sir; you're a wiser man, God bless you, boy, nor ever your father was; but how are we to have good laws?"

"By you, Billy, and every man like you, doing your duty."

Billy stared, an explanation followed, and the patriarch of Ballyhearty learnt, for the first time, that it was in the power of the Irish forty-shilling freeholders to infuse new health—a kind of life-blood—into the sickly and corrupt constitution of the imperial Parliament. The poor man became ennobled in his own estimation; rejoiced, as the "Saints" would say, inwardly, that it was in his humble power to be of service to his religion and country; and, with that political and honest independence which, comparatively, poor men only act upon,\* he had no sooner ascertained his duty than he resolved to perform it.

When Mr. Gorman had taken his departure, Billy repaired to the bonfire, opened his budget of news, and told how Sir Lucius, their landlord, was to be opposed by Mr. Cockle, whom it was the intention of the Catholics to return. All heard this with satisfaction; Sir Lucius was, as he deserved to be, extremely unpopular: but, when Kelly related all he had heard from Mr. Gorman, a considerable diversity of opinion prevailed. Respecting the justice of voting against Sir Lucius, there could be no doubt; but, then, was it prudent?—Could not Sir Lucius punish them for daring to act independently—for making use of the privilege which the constitution bestowed upon them in the presumption that it would not be abused? The discussion was long and animated. Some maintained that they were all independent of Sir Lucius; that they paid their rent, and could not be disinherited while Billy Kelly—whose life was the term of their leases—lived. In many, habits of subserviency had deadened the intellect to reason and independence, and the apprehension of future evil predominated over the obligations of immediate duty.

While the peasantry of Ballyhearty, for the first time, were debating on a political question in which their own interests were concerned, Edward Gorman was proceeding leisurely to Newbawn. The blaze of bonfires arose cheerfully amidst the imperfect darkness of evening, on each side. Every thing looked happy, "smiling alike, the viewer and the view;" and in this mood of mind he arrived at the mansion of Matthew Stafford. It was an ancient building moderned. The fashionable part of the house, namely, the parlour

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\* The former subserviency of the Irish forty-shilling freeholders has been dwelt upon as a proof that poor men could not be independent; but where have wealthy electors exercised their franchise independently? The truth is, corruption is inseparable from a system which opposes the private interest of individuals to their public duty; and there has been quite as much subserviency maintained in England as Ireland.

end, was slated, and elevated four feet, at least, above the less aspiring roof of thatch which warmly covered the culinary department of "the big house in the trees," as certain itinerant mendicants, well known in Ireland, called the abode of Farmer Stafford.

Edward was received with the utmost kindness—kindness he had justice to think undeserved on his part; but the good people of Newbawn felt themselves honoured, and therefore appeared not to have been chagrined at his long absence. One of the little Staffords took care of his whip, another carried his hat into the parlour, with as much caution as if it had been filled with water which he dreaded to spill, and the worthy housewife herself, in matronly dignity, strutted before him into her best apartment. Here he found Martha, dressed not, like modern town belles, in "one poor robe, through fifty fashions sent," but in modest and becoming garments, put on with taste, and exhibiting a form of the most perfect symmetry, too delicate and too perfect ever to be "submitted to the rude embrace of some indecent clown." Edward was delighted to find, that his early playmate had started up into all the loveliness of incipient womanhood; blushing in ripened beauty, and glowing in charming innocence. There was nothing of country awkwardness about her. Mrs. Stone had seemingly imparted not only a polish to her person, but likewise to her mind; for she received Edward's compliments without embarrassment, and maintained the subsequent conversation with confident diffidence; by which I mean to express liveliness devoid of coquetry, and information without any little female arrogance, an arbitrary display of power, in which some young ladies of my acquaintance are, or rather were—for I am growing old, in the habit of indulging.

Were I, some twenty years ago, in Edward's situation—I should infallibly have fallen in love at first sight; and I am not sure that this was not really the case in the present instance: at all events, the disease had made considerable progress in half an hour; and, by the time he and Martha had danced together at the bonfire, to gratify the assembled peasantry, he was incurably in love. This was not to be wondered at. Edward had seen or known little of female society; for, being a Catholic, he did not mix with the Protestant gentry in the country. Therefore, it was quite natural, on seeing one he loved in childhood, beautiful as woman could be, superior to all he had been accustomed to look upon, that he should surrender his heart. I shall say nothing about that of the young lady; for, under the tuition of a mother, that is seldom resistless when the beau is at once a "pretty man," and a "good match."

Night wore away, and politics were forgotten; but, next morning, Edward recollected his duty as an elector and agent, and once more turned his horse's head towards Newbawn. Matthew was a long time before he could comprehend how his single vote could be of consequence; but Mrs. Stafford was more apt,—she knew what would please her young visitor; and therefore promised for her husband, who knew nothing about state affairs, that he should vote for Mr. Cockle, whatever Square Radford, their landlord, might think, or say, or do, when Mr. Gorman wished it. Martha, I am assured, seconded her mother's rhetoric, and poor Matthew readily yielded to their suggestions. Whether there was any billing or cooing this morning, I know not; but love and politics badly associate together.



Edward was equally as successful with other freeholders ; and, as the flame had now spread through the whole county, the Catholic clergy enforced the necessity of each freeholder voting according to the dictates of his conscience, having first explained the nature of the obligation which their privileges imposed upon them. They did no more ; had they done less, they would have been guilty of a breach of Christian duty.

At length "the great, the important day" arrived, big with the fate of Smallcock and Cockle. All available vehicles were put into requisition ; the doors of public-houses flew open at the touch of a freeholder, and, for the first time, during seven long years, the poor dined at the expense of the wealthy. Edward, all enthusiasm, exerted every nerve in the independent cause, and was chiefly instrumental in placing the popular candidate, on the third day, at the head of the poll. For this Mr. Cockle expressed his gratitude, and, in the honest feeling of the moment, vowed a lasting friendship, begged of him to persevere in the great cause, and to spare no legal expense in securing votes.

The Orange candidate was soon left in a considerable minority ; but, to-morrow, he was to bring up the Ballyhearty boys, and then—but then was he sure they would support him ?—He had no doubt on the subject ; they were never known to fail him at a crisis. He was, however, mistaken ; for when the "Ballyhearty boys" entered the booth, Sir Lucius thought he observed a lurking treason about the eyes of Billy Kelly, which greatly alarmed him. Assuming, as all candidates know how to do, an air of confidence, he leaned over the assessor, extended his hand familiarly, saying, "Thank you, Billy, thank you." "For what, your honour?" asked Billy, rather coldly. "For your vote, to be sure, Billy," replied Sir Lucius, kindly. "Why I'ven't given it yet, your honour," said Billy. "Aye, but, my honest fellow, I have no doubt, nor ever *had*, but that you'd give it to your landlord." "Why, very true, your honour, Sir Lucius," said Billy, very deliberately, "there isn't a man in the wide world I'd sooner vote for nor your honour ; but these people, and myself, wants just to ax your honour a question." "Certainly," replied Sir Lucius, affecting a smile, while all around were breathless with expectation ; Billy hesitated a moment, and Sir Lucius asked, "What is't, my honest fellow?" "Och, not much, ony just to ax your honour, if we send you to parliament, will you vote for us ; that is, for 'man-cipation, as they call it?" 'Twas first a twitter, then a loud laugh, then a cheer. "Cockle for ever!" and "Well done, Ballyhearty boys!" And the "Ballyhearty boys" did their duty—voted for the liberal candidate.

In half an hour afterwards, the little town of ——— was emptied into the northern road ; there was crushing, and kicking, and running, and trampling ; equestrians and pedestrians mingled in dangerous confusion ; all was bustle and anxiety ; people talked in whispers, and every man seemed to apprehend some sudden calamity. About three miles from town, the mob of persons turned into a large meadow, where Sir Lucius Smallcock and Mr. Cockle were standing, dressed in black, twelve paces from each other. A gentleman, at a distance, let fall a white pocket handkerchief, two shots were fired, and the multitude gave a groan of horrible surprise ! the popular candidate

was no more, and the unpopular one sought safety in flight. The "Ballyhearty boys" occasioned the quarrel; Sir Lucius reproached Mr. Cockle with seducing *his* freeholders; the other made a similar charge; an angry discussion ensued, and the fatal duel followed.

The whole county was in mourning, inconsolable with grief, and none suffered more from sincere sorrow than Edward Gorman. After the funeral, he called upon Farrell, the late Mr. Cockle's agent, but was received with a repulsive coldness. Untutored in the ways of men, Edward attributed his conduct to his anguish for his late employer, and returned home somewhat mortified, but unapprehensive of personal risk. He had advanced all, and more than he was worth, on account of the late candidate, and had given his note to some of the publicans, as a security for opening their houses to "Cockle's friends," but he had no doubt these demands would be forthwith honourably discharged. Disgusted, however, with the world, as he saw it during the late contest, he resolved to avoid the storms of political life, and seek domestic happiness in the recesses of Grange-Gorman. There was one dear object wanted—some one "to keep the keys," and need I add, that he offered to repose that trust in Martha; like mother Eve, "nothing loth," she accepted his proposal, and the nuptial day was named. Time "limped tediously," but the long-wished for day at length arrived, and Edward was proceeding to Newbawn, in company with the Catholic priest, when their progress was interrupted by the approach of several head of cattle, followed by a dozen strangers, and all the "Ballyhearty boys," men, women, and children. The clamour was great, but the cause was easily learnt. Sir Lucius had shown his disapproval of their late conduct, by "driving" for the dormant gale of rent, and promised to be equally as punctual in demanding the ensuing gale, due in a short time. The poor people solicited the forbearance of a few days; this was refused; and their cattle—for, alas! there was then no Catholic Association—must have gone to the "pound," had not Edward borrowed the amount due, from his intended father-in-law. This act of humanity, and the blessings which followed it, would lead us to hope that his wedding-day would be a happy one; but, alas! his misfortunes were only beginning. Just as the ceremony was about to commence, he was called out of the parlour; an ill-looking personage laid his hand on his shoulder, and significantly pointed at a long strip of paper, half printed, half written on. Two hundred pounds was demanded. What was to be done? Mrs. Stafford came to his aid; advanced the money, Edward explaining that Mr. Farrell would repay the same the ensuing day. He was mistaken; the next day brought a similar demand. Mr. Farrell was not at Cockle Abbey, and, once more, he had to draw upon his father-in-law. These circumstances embittered the first days of the honey-moon, and at length, apprehensive of other demands, he paid a visit to Cockle Abbey, where Mr. Farrel had entrenched himself, since the death of his patron. He

" Was a sordid soul,  
Such as does murder for a meed ;  
Who, but for fear, knows no control,  
Because his conscience, sear'd and foul,  
Feels not the import of the deed."



Edward was received with formal politeness; and his astonishment was extreme, when asked if he had any business with Mr. Farrell. "I believe!" he replied, "you know the import of my visit." The agent expressed his ignorance; and Edward, to improve his memory, exhibited the writs under which he had been several times arrested. Farrell merely glanced at them, and then coldly asked, "What have I to do with these?" "Indemnify me, of course," replied Edward; "there are other engagements of a like nature for which I am personally responsible, and which I beg may be immediately discharged."

"Really, Mr. Gorman, you appear to have acted under a serious mistake. It is very possible you may have done much for the interest of the late Mr. Cockle; but, I fear, it is not legally in my power to afford you any recompense."

"Recompense! I want no recompense; but I expect that the debts contracted by me, on Mr. Cockle's account, may be discharged."

"Had you any authority to contract these debts, Mr. Gorman?"

"Authority! Do you mean to deny that I had?"

"I deny nothing that can be proved;" and then added, "from me, at least, you never had any such authority." Filled with rage, vexation, and almost with despair, Edward replied by a potent monosyllable, and the application of his whip to Farrell's shoulders. Next day, instead of seeking legal advice, he proceeded to settle the question in an Irish way, with pistols—and he fell!

The shocking news reached Newbawn just as the landlord had applied for "rent and arrears of rent." Stafford, for once, was unable to meet the demand; his stock was seized on, sold by auction, and, in six months after, the same process was attempted to be repeated. Grange Gorman had previously been disposed of, to meet the demands of rapacious creditors; and, as the money lent by Stafford to Edward was irretrievably lost, his only chance of escaping from beggary was that of carrying off surreptitiously the remnant of his stock now in the keeping of the bailiffs. The "Ballyhearty boys" lent a hand on the occasion; and, amongst the rest, Billy Kelly. He was recognised, apprehended, ordered to be transported, and died before the sentence could be carried into execution.

The death of Kelly enabled Sir Lucius to take premature vengeance on his tenantry. They were all ejected; and, as mercy was out of the question, they anticipated the worst consequence, by removing all their available stock previous to the day legally fixed for surrendering possession. I was accidentally a witness of the manner in which Sir Lucius and his own corps of yeomanry carried the law into practice; and, if ever I felt indignant at tyranny, it was then.

In three years after, I passed through this part of the country, and found Ballyhearty an uninhabited plain: no vestige of the once happy cottages remained; weeds grew on the poor man's hearth; and the fields, which so recently yielded support for upwards of one hundred and fifty peasants, now grow hardly enough of grass to feed a gaunt flock of sheep, and a few straggling heifers.

The disinherited peasantry followed the steps of the adventurous and the miserable: they quitted their native country, and removed to Canada. Among them was Matthew Stafford, his wife, and sons;

his once lovely daughter had, six months previously, been laid alongside of her unfortunate husband.

Reader, this is no fiction; the events recorded here are well known.

#### LETTER FROM M. DUPIN, ON THE NAPOLEON CODE.

THE following letter from M. Dupin to Mr. Sampson\* is an answer to one addressed to him by Mr. Sampson, an eminent American lawyer, requesting to be informed whether, as was sometimes asserted, the French codes were already nearly overwhelmed, and would soon be lost sight of, in the multitude of decisions to which they gave rise, as Mr. Sampson had an earnest desire to be set right, if he had been misled in forming a contrary opinion; or whether he was warranted in believing that the five codes of France, and particularly the civil code, were not found, upon full experience, advantageous to the nation, and generally approved by the profession and the public. Such was the substance of Mr. Sampson's letter; and we feel great pleasure in giving publicity to the free and candid reply of so enlightened and distinguished a character as M. Dupin. His letter is a brief and impartial review of that code of laws which will hand down the name of Napoleon, with those of Solon and Lycurgus, to the latest posterity.

"Paris, June 26, 1826.

"Sir,—Your letter of the 20th of April did not come to hand till the 19th of the present month, and I take advantage of a leisure moment to answer it.

"Your name, sir, had no need of any special recommendation to me. The elevated object of your letter, and the article accompanying it, are sufficient evidence of your character, patriotism, and talents.

"I shall answer, without hesitation, your questions relative to the French legislation, as I can do that from my acquaintance with the subject (*connaissance de cause*); I must be more reserved upon the question as it respects America, for the like reason.

"The promulgation of the five Codes of France has been productive of immense advantage. It has cleared up, simplified, and determined principles hitherto scattered, controverted, and contradictorily applied by the different tribunals.

"There were formerly with us more than two hundred written customs, feudal, barbarous, and defective.

"A jurisprudence varying with times, persons, jurisdictions, and territories, served to fill up the chasms, by furnishing, upon some points, precedents (*des exemples*), which every pleader laid hold of to turn to his own advantage.

"The Roman law intervened, not as law, but as written reason; *non ratione imperii, sed rationis imperio*. It was to us a body of doctrine, not of law.

"During the last century, many general ordinances had been passed, regulating certain branches of legislation; such as donations, testaments, substitutions, waters, and forests, &c.; but jurisprudence in itself was still a confused science, difficult and entangled; and law-suits were numerous, interminable, and expensive.

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\* Mr. Sampson is the celebrated American lawyer, who, with the Emmets, M'Mevins, and O'Connors, found a refuge in the new world, when driven from the old, by that heartless system which so long prevailed in Ireland. "Every where successful, but at home," would be an appropriate motto for Irishmen: they formerly filled the armies of Europe, reflecting the highest honour on the land of their birth; and they now crowd the intellectual professions in America. It is pleasing, however, to think, that in the midst of their good fortune, they still remember the green fields of their youth, the home of their early friendships. Mr. Sampson is foremost amongst those who take an interest in the state of Ireland.



"The Revolution cleared the ground as to many of these matters ; and, but for it, in my opinion, Solon and Lycurgus, if placed upon the throne of France, would have failed in every project of reformation. They never would have had the power to silence the opposition raised by local and particular interests.

"Napoleon was endowed with a resolute mind, and was moreover placed in a favourable position ; he was not called upon to demolish, but to disencumber the law. He caused the five Codes to be drawn up, decreed, and promulgated.

"The first, and best of them all, is the Civil Code. Clear and methodical, neither too much, nor too little. The language of the legislator is noble and pure ; the rules well defined, and, with the exception of the difficult subject of *hypothecations*, it has been universally approved ; and more now than ever, especially since the immoral law of divorce is retrenched.

"The Code of Practice (*procédure*) has simplified the forms, and diminished the costs. That part only is censured which concerns the form of *alienation*,—the unhappy companion of the law concerning *hypothecations*.

"The Commercial Code, which in great measure revived the Marine Ordinance of 1681, and the Commercial Ordinance of 1673, is also generally esteemed, with the exception of the insolvent laws (*le titre des faillites*), of which the insolvents and the creditors both complain.

"The Code of Criminal Proceeding (*d'instruction criminelle*), and the Penal Code, are the latest, and those against which the greatest discontent has been manifested. They were dictated by despotism. They have sometimes been used for political purposes, and liberty has often suffered ; and their revision has been called for in the very bosom of the Court of Paris.

"But, on the whole, these codes, such as they are, have produced much good ; their enactment has delivered us from a chaos of antiquated law ; we are no longer tormented by varying customs, nor from diversities in jurisprudence, since the institution of the regulating and superintending Court of Cassation, to which, as to a common centre, are directed all the objections to judgments, or to jurisdictions.

"It is not true, sir, that the authority of precedent has at all prevailed against the texts of our codes, nor that we are threatened, in the most distant manner, with the disappearance of the letter of the law, under the heap of interpretations. In every discussion, the text of the law is first resorted to, and if the law speaks, then *non exemplis sed legibus judicandum est*. If the law has not clearly decided on the particular case under discussion, doubtless, it being silent or deficient, the defect is supplied by the judges ; but where is the system in which the judgments have not necessarily furnished the complement of legislation. But as I have treated fully on this subject in a little volume, entitled, *De la Jurisprudence des Arrêts*, which resembles your common law, it is possible that something worthy the attention of your jurists might be found in it, if made known through a translation from your hand, and I send you a copy, which I have taken from my own library.

"How far would a textual code of national law benefit your country ? My opinion, generally, is, that every country would be the better for laws suited to itself, and that a single codes of laws is, for many reasons, preferable to the confusion of a multiplicity or plurality of particular laws ; but upon the precise point, whether your country may be ripe for such an enterprise, I cannot pretend to speak.

"I admit, that, if our codes had been drawn up in the fifteenth or even in the sixteenth century, they would have possessed in a very much inferior degree the qualities which now recommend them. It required the labours of jurisconsults, the decisions of judges, and general experience, to bring the science to something fixed and palpable. But you must be a much better judge of all this than we are.

"I am much impressed by the reasons of your adversaries, as you state them ; that an ill-conceived law would tie the hands of the judges, and prevent their melioration little by little of the system ; but, on the other hand, this melioration which they suppose to result from '*the liberality and wisdom of the judges*,' what is it but the exercise of arbitrary power, and is not this a serious evil ? Bacon has wisely said, *Optima lex est, quæ minimum relinquit arbitrio judicis ; optimus judex, qui minimum sibi*. And this principle would, in effect, make of your judges, legislators !

"And can your nation, so enlightened upon questions of policy and govern-

ment, be so far behind in civil jurisprudence and proceedings, in commercial and criminal legislation?

"Have you not the jury in all its freedom, and, in many states of the union, that admirable law which abolishes the punishment of death, yet contrives, by other punishments, to repress the greatest crimes?"

"From your indications, from your improved institutions of government, from the writings of your *publicists*, I am much deceived if the United States of America are not already at that point, that they can produce codes of laws not unworthy of the opinion which Europe has conceived of that generous nation.

"Such, sir, is the answer which I owed you. I shall have it transcribed by another hand, to save you the trouble of deciphering my bad writing.

"I have the honour to be, with high consideration,

"Sir, your obedient servant,

"DUPIN."

#### RORY O'ROURKE, ESQ. IN THE WORKHOUSE.

BE not alarmed, friendly reader; there is nothing the matter with my worldly affairs. My Connaught tenantry still pay their rents, and my labours in the *London and Dublin* enable me to resume the family coach, which, like sundry bank-notes, fell into disuse after the late panic. Every thing relative to pecuniary affairs goes on swimmingly; but still I have paid a visit to the poorhouse, not for the purpose of picking oakum, or unravelling the tarred layers of old cordage, but merely to see and converse with the victims of misfortune, the children of misery. There has always been an inconvenient superabundance of the milk of human kindness within this breast of mine; it overflows spontaneously at the sight of a pitiable object, blessing and fructifying, like the waters of the Nile, all that comes within the range of its wide-spreading influence. The sight of struggling poverty awakens within me an indescribable desire, not only to remove the appearance of want, but to ascertain the cause and consequence of haggard or pallid looks, tattered or thin garments, shoeless feet, or the uncovered head. I have frequently—say not unmanly, insinuated myself into an alley, merely to listen, unperceived, to the heartrending dialogue of a family of match-sellers. The speaking silence of the father, the solicitude of the shivering mother, and the lisping prattle of the little ones—doleful or cheerful as they had been successful or otherwise, in disposing of their bits of wood tipped with sulphur. To hear them express their little anxieties, feelingly speak to each other of their wants, and breathe to Heaven a petition for relief, was a painful luxury—when followed by a donation, that left wisdom behind it, when suddenly emerging into the busy street, crowded with the vehicles of commerce and wealth.

At other times I have walked, on a Saturday night, through half a dozen streets, within hearing of an "unwashed artificer," and his consumptive-looking companion, when on their way to the market. It is more than instructive, to see the poor wife leaning on the left arm of her lord, while he carries the little basket—the depository for the weekly provender, in his right hand. Her affectionate closeness to his side, her asking eye cast lovingly upon his indifferent-looking face, not from principle, but habit, and her efforts to be cheerful, are so many chapters in the volume of human life, which all should attentively peruse. If you draw a little closer, you will hear him, if he be kind, detailing the little history of his workshop, commenting on the hardheartedness of the employer, for having made certain deduc-



tions, and cheering the sinking spirits of his partner, by anticipating more wages on the ensuing Saturday. Or, if the husband be a gruff bear of a fellow, as it too often happens, you will hear the miserable wife, with studied solicitude, insinuate her interrogatories in a tone of inquisitive apprehension; coming again and again to the charge, relative to the sum total of the capital in his pocket. This is a pair which sickens the heart; they ought to be loving and happy. The world is cruel enough to require being mitigated by affection, and the children of poverty stand most in need of some kind balm, to heal the wounds which the rough ways of life never fail to inflict.

But this does not deter me from persevering; I keep still in their footsteps. They stop before entering the market, reckon their money, deduct for the rent, and then consult about the Sunday's dinner. Every thing good is too dear. They resolve and re-resolve, and, at length, determine to put up, once more, with liver and bacon. But, see that tall shadow of a man, leaning on the ordnance-looking post beyond the bustle: he wears the garments of an operator; but, is he in employment? Alas! no; the thinly covered-helpmate, who now approaches him, audibly declares the contrary. She looks silently into his face, opens the rush basket—looks into it; he follows her example. There is some tainted flesh there. They speak not, but walk faintly away; I must follow and relieve them.

When I turn from the contemplation of the crowd, from the vociferous cries of the butchers, and walk down a dark street, I am sure to overtake some poor woman, with a little girl by the hand. The child talks feelingly, while trudging through the mud, and it is about the price of bread, and potatoes, and cabbages; she dreams not of toys or dolls; she has grown beyond the attractions of playthings; poverty, and associations of poverty, have made her, prematurely, a woman. Life's cup comes unblessed to her lips. If she lives to a "green old age," she looks back upon the world, unable to recall one day free from heart-corroding care. Once more I find my fingers playing with the loose silver in my breeches pocket. The recollection of Mrs. O'Rourke's affectionate admonitions rush upon me, and detain my hand. I weigh well all her arguments, touching my improvidence and want of prudence, let fall the silver—it gingles; the little girl turns about,—her innocent looks of soberness, and melancholy tone of her pale countenance, assail my heart. I think of the little O'Rourkes—reflect that there are no fears of their being ever like this little one, and then——; but I shall not say the amount, it would look like ostentation,—it would serve no purpose; for few, very few, would follow my instructive example.

The great Lexicographer was wrong when he said, that there was no entertainment in the anecdotes of poverty: human nature is amusing and instructive under every form; and, perhaps, the two extremes, penury and unwieldy wealth, furnish matter best calculated to awaken surprise or pity. I prefer the former. The world of fashion is a world of monotony; it is a dead sameness; for all is disguise,—nothing is real,—nothing is natural. Poverty, on the contrary, is explicit,—is open; man is there not always virtuous, but seldom in a mask. I dislike to see him wretched, and that is precisely the reason why I so often come in contact with him. Let no one suppose that arises exactly from a fellow feeling,—from an hereditary propensity.

Unlike some of the old legitimates, I believe that we are all the children of Adam ; but still I am bound to say, that the aristocrat flood in my veins is without a single admixture of plebeian blood, since my ever-honoured ancestor won the favours of Queen Elizabeth, and lost his head for not knowing how to keep a lady's secret from herself. By the by, he was not an O'Rourke, if her majesty died, as her historians say, a *virgin* queen.

On Tuesday morning last, beside a pile of toast, a dozen hot rolls, half a score of eggs, Devonshire cream, Carlow butter, and tea and coffee, there lay on the breakfast table the "*Morning Chronicle*;" the editor, as usual, was philosophizing through three pages of a leading article, and, among other things, touched on Ireland and the poor-laws,—both standard dishes with Mr. Black. Now, strange to say, I had never been inside the walls of a parish workhouse in my life; they ever frowned upon me in gloomy horror as I passed, and Crabbe's catalogue of objections always recurred to me as I approached them:—

" Your plan I love not;—with a number you  
Have plac'd your poor, your pitiable few,  
There, in one house, throughout their lives to be,  
The pauper palace which they hate to see:  
That giant-building,—that high-bounding wall,—  
Those bare-worn walks,—that lofty thund'ring hall!  
That large loud clock, which tolls each dreaded hour;  
Those gates and locks, and all those signs of power:  
It is a prison, with a milder name,  
Which few inhabit, without dread or shame!"

THE BOROUGH.

I had hardly got mentally through this, when a friend entered, helped me to devour the toast and one-half of the eggs; after which, he took my arm, led me over London Bridge, down Tooley Street, and into Parish Street, where stands, in venerable lowliness, the workhouse of St. Olave's. The iron bars which guard the windows, the grated whispering-hole in the door, gave "signs of power," and the constant ingress and egress of a pauper population, through the principal entrance, apprized us of the uses to which King John's cavalry stables (for such is the poor-house), have been converted. The genius of the place responded to our knock by undoing the bolts and bars, and stood before us in the form of a weather-beaten tar, whose face had been blanched with the suns of twenty climates. At first, I thought this Argus had but one eye; but, on closer inspection, it turned out that he actually had two, with this difference, that the *left* was not a *right* one. Notwithstanding his obliquity of vision, and that his whole cast of countenance was the very antithesis of humour, he occasionally made efforts at a display of wit, while we remained waiting for the master. He asked a poor old man, with one leg literally in the grave, and whose body promised soon to follow it, "whether he had gotten the gout in his timber toe?" and inquired of a wretched female, stooped with age, "why she came *double* to-day?" How use doth breed a habit in a man, even in a pauper, to jest with misfortune in the strong hold,—the living abode of misery!

Notwithstanding an unpromising outside, the interior of St. Olave's workhouse is an extremely cheerful-looking place. The garden and



workshops occupy a considerable extent; a row of trees peeps over the wall to the east, and, above this, the very oddly built spire of St. John's Church. To the right is a flower-garden, not for paupers, but for the master's use; and to the left, is the master's parlour and the officers' committee room. But who have we here?—The cheerful matron,—the good-humoured Mrs. Hawkins, smiling on all, and imparting a tone of happiness to every thing, and every one around her,—the very opposite of the usual air of a workhouse,—the very paupers must lose half their regrets in her presence. I never saw the good lady before, perhaps may never see her again; but I am no judge of female physiognomy, if there be the least acerbity in her breast,—if she be not the very perfection of a good manager,—the very child of regulated humanity. Be not jealous, Mr. Hawkins: I am only in love with the look—the manner of your lady; her snow-white cap, her matronly dress, and her —; but, see! she waits not for my compliments: after a very properly regulated courtesy, her pattens go pat, pat, pat! though the yard is as dry and as clean as the chalked floor at Almack's. There was no want of politeness in this movement; she only made way for her husband, the official "master" of the place, who approached us wrapped up in a plaid morning gown, tabinet pantaloons, and blood-red slippers. Like the ancients, at least like their statues, he held a scroll—account-book if you like, in one hand, and a pen in the other; but no sooner heard the name of "Mr. O'Rourke," than he shifted both into one hand, and applied the other to his hat, saying, "Mr. O'Rourke is not unknown to me; I'm a regular subscriber to the '*Dublin and London*;' it occasionally contains some exquisite *poetry*." More was needless; in this sentence he spoke volumes, and he seemed to have felt as much; for, without further ceremony, he proceeded to guide me through the pauper labyrinths, his observations, as he went along, forming a capital comment on the policy of the poor laws.

"Here," said Mr. Hawkins, "is Billy Halley's harem." I popped my head into a long narrow apartment, in which some thirty women and girls appeared particularly busy picking oakum. At one end sat Billy Halley, a little withered old man, despoiled, by some freak of Madam Nature's, of his fair proportion. He was in the dress of a cook, tidy and clean; for even the English pauper entertains proper notions of cleanliness. He sat demurely enough in our presence, but, no doubt, in our absence, compelled a proper respect to be paid to his authority.\* On the opposite side of the way, another apartment was filled promiscuously with men and women, girls and boys, all busy unravelling old ropes; and on the same range, a carpenter's and a cobbler's shop, in which certain ancient "operatives" were employed at their respective callings. In one room we found a good-natured looking simpleton, who is perpetually laughing. "I have no money; can't pay, can't pay," said he. "There are too many like you," replied Mr. Hawkins; and the

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\* Since writing the above, I have learnt some curious particulars of Bill Halley's life, which will form one of a series of "Workhouse Biographies," which I intend laying before my readers.

poor fellow laughed again. He was the happiest man I had seen in the place. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

In the passage which led to the school-room, several miserable objects were congregated, waiting their turn of admission to the "great man," the relieving warden. Some appeared absorbed in their own sad and bitter reflections; some looked sorrowfully at us, and then at their naked children; and some talked loud and angrily. They spoke of suffering—of hunger, in a tone not far removed from desperation; and the accent of my native land was easily distinguished among the din of words. The voice came from one whose face I thought I had seen before; but it was only that national cast of countenance which strikes us in a foreign land as familiar. The speaker was a young woman, hardly two-and-twenty. On her sat loosely the remnant of a black bonnet, sadly disfigured by compression; her gown hung *slomenkally* about her, her tail was draggled, and her feet might better have been bare, than burdened with the skeleton shoes that partially covered them. Through all its disguise of dirt and straggling locks, her face struck me as intelligent and positively handsome: but she seemed no longer conscious of female charms: to them she owed her misfortunes: and, as if in revenge for the gifts of nature, which led to her ruin, her conduct indicated very forcibly how much she despised what had once secured her many a vulgar compliment. Her eyes,—large black ones,—no longer shrunk from the obtrusive gaze; and that bosom, where Cupids once revelled unseen, in native modesty, was now but imperfectly covered with the shreds of a cotton handkerchief, through the apertures of which was plainly visible a breast not yet shrivelled, and the plump visage of a little illegitimate. "*Labhrann tugaidhilig?*" I inquired, and the sound of her native language appeared to have awakened her to a sense of her country's modesty; for she lowered her eyes, that so recently flashed in anger, hastily adjusted her dress, and blushed, perhaps, for the first time during the last six months. She made no reply; the poor exiles do not like to speak Irish before strangers; it excites only ridicule! but, though she continued silent, what passed within her was clearly indicated by the tear in her eye, and the eagerness with which she endeavoured to conceal from a countryman the cause of her misery—the object of reproach. A few kind words elicited her history; it was short, but common and instructive. In her father's land, she had been innocent, and happy; and might have continued there, blessing and blessed, were it not for a play-mate who emigrated to London, and who, with that reprehensible vanity so natural to the Irish mind, represented, in her letters, an exaggerated picture, not only of England, but of her own good fortune. Perhaps, the writer never dreamt that her idle words would have influenced Peggy Nowlan to quit her happy home; but Peggy, all confidence in her own fortitude and purity of mind, and wishing to better her condition, took leave of her weeping, aged, parents, and came to the metropolis. The fairy visions which her heated fancy had conjured up, were far from being realized. She found those who had once been her father's religious, moral, neighbours, grown brutal and disgusting; their language all slang; and their sense of right and wrong sadly confounded. Her first impulse was to return home; but then the shame! she would wait a little longer. Time was too successful in



rendering her familiar with her new mode of life; she ceased to be disgusted; and eventually procured a situation in the house of some half-starved tradesman in the Borough; where the daily attacks on her modesty soon laid that guardian of virtue asleep; she became *eniente*. The officers soon discovered the father of her child; the seducer paid the usual sum, and poor Peggy became dependent on the parish. After her confinement in the workhouse, she was turned out to shift for herself, on the miserable pittance of what she called "a little two-and-sixpence a week!" That she has not become a street-walker, is a proof that her early sense of virtue is not yet entirely eradicated. "Short and simple are the annals of the poor;" and Peggy Nowlan's fate has been that of a thousand others of her countrywomen.

Those profound philosophers of Scotland, and their countryman, John Black, of the *Chronicle*, who have monopolized all wisdom, have been, during the last six months, sounding the tocsin of alarm. England, forsooth, and the land o' cakes, have been overrun with Irish labourers! The emigration of paddies has been the cause of the depression of the English and Scottish poor! Now, though a decided friend to free trade in every thing, I would wish, with all my heart, that the exportation of *live* stock from Ireland was prohibited. But I cannot suppress my contempt, on hearing Sawny, *alias* Lord Hamilton, talk about the filthy habits of the Irish, and the former comfortable condition of the Scottish poor! Comfortable condition! Pray when was that the case? Filthy Irish! Bah! that is the pot, indeed, reproaching the kettle with its blackness. Can you wash the Ethiopian white? Why then you may have a chance of introducing comfortable domestic habits into Scotland. In the first volume of this work, will be found an accurate picture of "comforts" in the Highlands; and when Lord Hamilton and John Black produce their proofs of the "former comfortable condition of the Scottish peasantry," I beg they may not overlook Mrs. Hamilton's "Cottage of Glenbernie." But I—for I have been a traveller—have been "far noorth," have been an eye-witness of Scottish comforts; and must say, a more filthy beast than Sawny I never saw, in his native sty. Look at the man, and say, on your conscience, did he ever get a belly full? Paddy, indeed, must be badly off at home, when he emigrates to Scotland: but the truth is, there are at least five times as many Scotchmen in Ulster, as there are Irishmen in Scotland: and, strange as it may appear, Irish emigration is solely owing to the comparatively favourable condition of the Irish labourers, when compared with that of the labourers of these countries! This may appear a startling assertion; but it is nevertheless strictly true. From the debased condition of the lower classes in England and Scotland, and the sad and debilitating effects of premature labour, the working people are, most commonly, inadequate to employments where great activity and bodily strength are required: accordingly, we invariably find them yielding precedence in towns and cities, and even during the hurry of harvest, to their more athletic neighbours, whose firm tread, upright forms, cheerful countenances, and full flow of animal spirits, belie all that has been said respecting their condition in their native country. Go into the manufactory of an engineer—inquire of London builders—and you will soon find why Irish labourers are

employed in preference to English labourers. It is not because they work cheaper, but because they only are adequate to the work. In such employments, and scarcely in any other, are they to be found; and this fact proves, that their numbers in England, and their effects on the condition of English labourers, have been greatly exaggerated. They are not found in the rural districts, except during a few weeks of harvest-time; and even then, only in some parts of the country. I wish my countrymen, who cheer the yelping of the Scotsmen, would take counsel of those who know both countries, before they declaim about reducing England to their own condition. The poor of England cannot possibly be lower than they are, in the scale of comfort and moral being.

For my part, I never see a "Grecian," as a recently arrived Irishman is called, without the heart-ache. I see in him, as it were, an immortal soul lost—a moral man sacrificed at the shrine of vice—of iniquity. He must be peculiarly fortunate, if his fate does not resemble that of others—if he does not become a disgrace to the human species. There are, undoubtedly, many Irish labourers in London of unimpeachable conduct; but the vast majority of them are far different. How can it be otherwise? They exchange, at once, the habits of a simple country life, for those of the town; and, as they are unfortunately a marked race, they are compelled to herd together in the filthiest purlieus of the city, amidst noxiousness and thieves. A Rev. friend assures me, that, in the *back slums* of St. Giles's, he has frequently found eighteen or twenty beds spread on the floor, close beside each other, in an ordinary-sized room. It would be strange indeed, if, under such circumstances, they continued good and moral.

Degraded, sometimes unjustly, in the estimation of the public, and of the better ordered of their countrymen, it necessarily follows, that the poorer Irish give no small annoyance to parish officers. A gentleman, some time a churchwarden in a poor parish where paddies "do congregate," told me some anecdotes quite characteristic of their shrewdness and ingenuity. One fellow had given them infinite trouble for better than a twelvemonth: he was never, according to his own account, in employment; and always exhibited his three children in a most miserable plight. Tired, at length, in teasing the parish for one who had no legal claim on their charity, he refused all further relief. But Pat was not to be disposed of in that way: he came one morning, and deposited his children in the churchwarden's hall, saying, "If you do not relieve me, you must keep my young ones," and ran off. He was, however, overtaken, and, having committed an act of vagrancy by so doing, was sent to Brixton treadmill for a month. On his releasement he became quite a reformed character, betook himself to industry, and is now one of the most comfortable labourers in the parish.\*

In the school-room, we found half-a-dozen children, whose education was superintended by a "learned" pauper. Two little girls, sisters, struck me as having something in their looks unusual for workhouse advocates. Their little faces, beautiful ones, sparkled with animation and intelligence; and their air and manner accorded

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\* This is only one anecdote out of a hundred; but I shall reserve the remainder for my "Workhouse Biographies."



well with habits acquired elsewhere. "They are the daughters of a lieutenant," said our guide: The daughters of a lieutenant! and the sentimental nerves vibrated within me. I was about to moralize on the accidents of flood and field, when assured that the lieutenant himself was then a pauper in the house: only a visitor, however; for he had just arrived, a vagrant, from Colchester, and was about to be passed to some other part of the kingdom, in search of "a settlement." The lieutenant had been disgraced by a naval tribunal, and now found his once brilliant prospects confined to the cold cheerless walls of a parish workhouse. He may have deserved his fate; but the poor children——

In the committee-room—two churchwardens present—our eyes were dazzled with an appearance very unlike the blakeness we had hitherto looked upon. The apartment is fitted up with great taste, and seems well calculated for facilitating the business of the parish. The windows open upon the flower-garden; but it being now winter, a cheerful fire sparkled in a polished stove. Here they devour paupers on the principle according to which the child, in Peter Pindar, was eaten.—But the *secrets* learnt here must be reserved for a future occasion.

It would be very odd indeed, if the classic regions of St. Olave's did not furnish a poet—and it would be still more extraordinary if that poet was not an inmate of the workhouse. This is really the case. Gentle reader, allow me to introduce to you, Mr. Hawkins! The master of St. Olave's poor-house is really and *bona-fide* a poet, and if you doubt my judgment, send to Longman and Co. for a proof, in the form of a very pretty volume, price six shillings, published in 1820, entitled, "Poetical Hours." Take the "Rival Bards," as a sample of Mr. Hawkins's delicate muse:—

"The one tremendous strikes the lyre,  
All wild his eye with rapture's fire—  
'Tis mighty Byron,—yes,—'tis he—  
The soul of thund'ring minstrelsy.  
In lofty Harold's deathless lines  
What thought! what strength! what genius shine!

\* \* \* \* \*

Next comes the bard who sweetly strings  
His vina, and rich music sings!  
It is, it is ANACREON Moore,—  
With him I could for ever soar!  
He leads us in a fairy flight  
Through such sweet groves! such isles of light!  
Or where the silv'ry moonbeam falls  
In starry lake, or porphyry halls,  
And spreads beneath his almond bowers  
To Moslem maids the feasts of flowers!  
Of these immortal sons of song,  
Say, which can breathe his notes along  
To claim the brightest praise?  
Hark! Justice with her balance cries,  
O let the bards divide the prize,  
For both deserve the bays!

Mr. Hawkins, although, as he says himself, his labours recently have been more parochial than poetical, has given an occasional hour to song, having now several *invaluable* MSS. by him. I state the fact for the interest of those epicure publishers, who are in the habit of supping upon the brains of authors.

Your poet is always a man of fine feeling—of humanity; and, in addition to the classic air which Mr. Hawkins's muse breathes around St. Olave's workhouse, there is an appearance of contentment, and a reality of comfort, not found in similar receptacles of the miserable. Were all "Masters" like our poet, there could be no possible objections to a workhouse. But let me not deprive Mrs. Hawkins of her due; for doubtless the poor of St. Olave's owe much to her management and kindness.

R. O'R.

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TO SPAIN.

BY R. BRENNAN.

FERDINAND sits on the throne;  
His creatures around him stand,  
With a bondsman's heart, and a fawning tone,  
To obey their king's command;  
Is this whom ye call your king?  
Make answer, ye men of Spain,  
Say—is it meet that so worthless a thing,  
O'er a nation so brave, should reign?

A bigot, with hand imbrued,  
And heart confirmed in crime;  
A vampire that wallows in noble blood,  
As the sea-dog in ocean's slime;  
A coward, who hates brave men,  
For the despot league, a tool;  
Who placed him to rule o'er your country again,  
To play th' assassin and fool.

A tiger-cat in his lair  
Is more merciful than he;  
For the tyrant smiles, when he lays the snare,  
To entrap and crush the free.  
Is this whom ye call your king?  
Oh, shame on ye, men of Spain!  
Arise, and hurl down the cold-blooded thing,  
From the throne he holds in vain.  
He's a curse to the country that gave him birth,  
And a by-word for crime to the nations of earth.

A false traitor to his word,  
A bully, where he can brave;  
A drivelling dotard at council board,  
To God, a hypocrite slave.  
The idiot thinks he can bribe  
The love of offended Heaven,  
Because he's girt round by a knavish tribe,  
Who declare his crimes forgiv'n.



Then, arise—ye men of Spain,  
 Throw off the bondsmen's yoke;  
 Arise ye, and spurn the shameful chain,  
 And slavery's reign is broke.  
 Will he bend the free-born knee  
 To that weak perfidious one?  
 Aye, do it, in bitter mockery  
 Of the pride you trample on.

Let fickle France take heed,  
 Ere she meddles again with thee;  
 For rebellion, once more, may be her meed,  
 For daring to curb the free.  
 There are kindred bosoms there,  
 That with thine throb in unison;  
 And a people so proud, and clime so fair,  
 Is not for the tame Bourbon;  
 For a recreant king, or a cowardly knave,  
 Is unfit to hold sway o'er the land of the brave.

*Currick-on-Suiz.*

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AMERICAN CITIES.

ALAS!—We have no London in America! No parks, squares, nor palaces—no Kensington Gardens—no Tower—no Westminster Abbey. No—yes, we have sundry shot-factories, “pointing at the skies.” There are covered bridges over the Schuylkill, to be sure—but what are they to those of Waterloo and Westminster! And then there is the Thames—“Father Thames,” as Gray very piously calls the old river, with its coal boats—its pleasure boats—its Lord Mayor's barge—its magnificent Greenwich Hospital—Richmond Hill, and Hampton Court! Sad to think! the Republican rivers of North America are content with the trees that grow upon their banks, and the birds that make music on their waters. The Schuylkill, to be sure, can boast of Pratt's Gardens, and those of old Bartrum, the traveller, together with the far-famed water-works—but this is all; and even this is deprived of those magical associations that throw an indescribable charm around the humblest object that meets the eye, in wandering over the face of nature—in traversing the cities—and gliding upon the waters of “old Europe's lettered climes.” I really do believe, Mr. Editor, that I shall become in the end a convert to Mr. Alison's Theory of Association, and conclude, with that ingenious and eloquent writer, that there is no beauty in objects independent of the mind's action upon them. Yet, let me do justice to nature, and particularly to nature as displayed in the wilds of the New World. She seems to have taken refuge from the encroachments of civilization in the east, to repose her mighty limbs upon the dizzy steep of the tumbling cataract, or the measureless summits of the Cordilleras in the west. You behold her there in all her moods and forms—from the blessed sunshine sleeping in her valleys, to the loud tempest flashing upon her cliffs—where he will furl his dreadful banners, and then walk muttering, like an angry giant, over the summits of the far hills.

The influence of this nature is seen and felt even in the most crowded cities of the north. There is an air that comes breathing upon you in the busiest marts, whispering to you in the midst of the human hum—the densest haunts of men—that nature is still around you. Her rocks—her caves—her valleys, and her wildernesses, that ever and anon re-echo back the din and tumult of the city.

In New York, for instance, who is ever unconscious of being overlooked by the mighty Highlands, whose awful brows appear to frown upon you from afar! In Boston there is a perpetual bloom and fragrance hovering around the brilliant skirts of the city. Ascend to the top of the state house, on the hill near the Mall, and what a prospect opens around you! It has been pronounced by travellers one of the finest in the world; and I have sat for hours contemplating from that height a scene which, unlike those of art, never ceases to instil into the mind the spirit of its own hues—the *feeling* that lives and breathes in nature. From that elevation the eye discovers the cloudy summit of the Blue Hill (a distant chain of the great Alleghany), stretching far into the west—whence, I have been told, one of the naval engagements of the war of 1812 was witnessed by a number of persons, who saw the flashing, and heard the thunder of the cannon. In Philadelphia, you have the solitude of woods on every hand. You see them rising like a natural barrier—behind, and stretching along the romantic banks of the Schuylkill—not twenty yards from which is the elevated level of the water-works—whence you look back, and down upon the city, with its steps of pure white stone, its airy and elegant streets, laid out in regular squares (not such squares as you have in London), lying like a beautiful gem in the lap of nature. The approach to Baltimore is peculiarly and strikingly picturesque. There is nothing like it in this, and I doubt whether it has a parallel in any other country. The city is suddenly disclosed to the traveller, when he gets within about five miles of it, by the recession on either hand of the thickly embowered woods that rise in one uninterrupted cluster in front of it, as if for the purpose of surprising the stranger, by abruptly and unexpectedly opening, and revealing to him the city, sleeping upon the gentle verge of its beautiful bay. Richmond, in Virginia, commands, from its elevated site, a prospect of a somewhat different kind, but not less captivating. In approaching the city, the first object that strikes the traveller is its majestic Capitol, towering in the distance. You ascend the summit of this building, and the eye at once rests upon a few extended ranges of rich plantations, exhibiting their cultured fields of rice, the vetch, and the oat, in all the bloom of the abounding harvest. You then go to Petersburg, a few miles to the south, and they take you immediately to see the rock, from the basin of which the beautiful Pocahontas was wont to quench her thirst; and around which are still existing various Indian remains, that impart a wild attraction to the spot. Such is nature. Now let us turn to art. Here she shrinks in the comparison! How little, how mean, how worthless, when exhibited in the presence of that great and glorious original, upon which she is continually labouring to improve, only to evince her own insignificance. But, truly, Mr. Editor, I forgot that I am in London, where such antiquated notions are not very current. I shall proceed, therefore, to speak of art, and artificial life.



Imagine me, then, imaginative reader, an inveterate Cockney, or some gentleman tradesman, (am I right?) or any other wiseacre, from Cheapside, or the Strand, just landed on the battery of New York. I have renounced my shop, or, at all events, the manners of the shop, as far as in me lies—I put on my best clothes, (my London Sunday suit), and my very best airs and graces—assume an important look—perhaps I am booted and spurred, and, considering that I was never in such a predicament before, move with very tolerable grace of carriage—only suppose me thus equipped and *deported*, and you can't imagine the impression I make upon my first arrival! Aye, and what is more, I succeed in keeping up this impression, provided I don't turn either a swindler or a German baron, or some other arch impostor—or don't betray myself in an equally awkward way, such as commenting upon the high duties of the custom-house—or, in a luckless moment of abstraction, asking the price of Havannah cigars. This would most effectually mar my prospects—would be the very death of my hopes. No, I turn up my nose in affected scorn at the bare mention of a shop—and, perhaps, I keep the expressive feature in that retorted position to the last; thereby convincing the simple New Yorkers that I am no ordinary person. I repair immediately to the city hotel—could not think of going any where else—announce myself to Mr. Jennings, (in a tone sufficiently loud to attract the attention of the gentlemen I find stationed near the fireside), as Mr. Somebody, from London—desire that a suitable apartment may be prepared—give orders for a warm bath—drink two bottles of wine at dinner—and either sport my tilbury (not cabriolet), or give it to be understood that there is a lady under my protection. Once do this, Mr. Editor, only taking care to say nothing about the shops and if I fail to initiate myself into good company, better than I ever mixed in before, I will consent to forfeit my head. This, reader, is a fact—a melancholy fact, which I feel myself bound, in impartial justice, to record of my worthy countrymen. They are, I am sorry to say, more easily gulled by foreigners than any other set of people in the world.

Here, gentlemen, who, though well born and bred, neither drive their cabriolets, nor keep their boxes at the Opera, find themselves lost, utterly annihilated in the immense world around them—unless, indeed, they can recount “Narratives of a Captivity among the North American Indians,”—or project steam guns to kill ten or twenty men instead of one, in lieu of the common musket—or steam boats to go without wheels—or ascend in a balloon from Dover cliffs—or take wings at Vauxhall—or, peradventure, proceed to favour the world with a history, “a whole history” of their lives, “and brains that labour big with verse or prose,” in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine—or become in some other equally detestable way “lions” of the capital! Whereas, a man-milliner, from Cheapside, steps on board a merchant vessel—arrives at New York—and, instead of being lost in the world there, becomes all the world himself. The fact is, Mr. Editor, that in the American cities all the better sort of people, who are not either surgeons or doctors, are utterly and hopelessly *idle*; lounging languidly from morning to night, from one end of Broadway to the other, in New York; Cornhill, in Boston; Chesnut Street, in Philadelphia; Baltimore Street, in the city of that

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name; and King Street, in Charleston. It is, indeed, truly melancholy to see the greater part of them, who, having nothing else to do, stick themselves at the corners of the streets, discussing the affairs of the nation, and, but too frequently, the affairs of their neighbours—or lolling on the benches of a mineral shop, not always to patronize the accommodating dispenser of soda; yet, occasionally condescending, with an air of the most exquisite *ennui*, to call for a glass—employed, for the most part, in criticising the dress of the ladies who happen to pass—the last *sea-fight*, or, peradventure, Mr. Cooper's last novel. Thus, when a stranger arrives among them, (provided he wear but a decent exterior), they seem to regard the *event* as a benign dispensation of Providence; he is at once surrounded—excrutiated by the most overwhelming civilities—and ultimately exalted into a sphere for which he never was intended—and from which, if he happen not to have the prudence and sagacity of the mock Duke in the play, “who, like a well-bred dog, walks down stairs, when he sees preparations making for kicking him down,” he is sure, in the end, in nine cases out of ten, to be dismissed with no very particular marks of favour.

Social intercourse in the higher circles in Charleston is constrained for the most part; the very natural consequence of living secluded lives the greater part of the year, resembling the English in this respect more than any other people in America. I do not mean to say, from my personal observation, that society in London is formal; for I have had no intercourse with it whatever, nor am likely to have. But this, Mr. Editor, is the reputation they enjoy amongst foreigners. If I am wrong, I shall probably be set right. In the northern cities of America, you are presented with a very different state of things. There the people mix a great deal more; even in Philadelphia, where they are less gay and volatile than their neighbours of Baltimore, New York, and Boston. It has been said, that society in these cities is not so elegant and refined as it is at the south. Generally speaking, perhaps, it is not; and yet, what do we mean when we talk of society in general? The upper classes at the north are quite as polished as those of any other part of the world. The fact is, the extreme *reserve* of the south is contrasted, generally, with the more frank and easy manners of the north; and the result of the contrast has been supposed to be in favour of the south. Thoroughbred Carolina ladies or gentlemen are, undoubtedly, very elegant and fascinating people; and the secret charm of their manners consists in its mildness and delicacy, those softer shades, which nothing but the most exquisite polish can impart. But does it follow from this, that elegance of manners is incompatible with a certain degree of easy frankness? I should think not. Southern gentlemen are considered at the north *perfect* gentlemen; while those of the north are more professedly and devotedly ladies' men; and, as if by way of reciprocating the compliment, are considered at the south as enjoying precisely the advantages which southern gentlemen at the north are supposed to possess. But it is not for me to settle these important differences. I have been living in the woods one half my life; and, perhaps, when I talk of frankness of manners, I am unconsciously influenced by my Indian associations—my recollections of the dear delectable little squaws of the Mississippi, who are



the most free and easy people in the world. In the north, young ladies "come out" at a much later period than they do in the south, where they not unfrequently marry at fifteen, sometimes earlier; becoming old women at thirty. In the south, families intermarry, a circumstance which, more than any other, according to late zoologists, accounts for the remarkable uniformity of the race of people south of the Patomac. I recollect a charming black-eyed creature, who, more than nature herself, contributed to inspire me with the romance which even now (when at six-and-twenty my head has grown gray) occasionally "sends me off upon a tangent," as Burns was wont to say, being compelled—yes, fair readers, absolutely compelled, by an inveterate mamma, to marry a man who had no one pretension to the hand of such a being, beyond the circumstance (which was all conclusive to the mother) of his being a cousin and a namesake. How often, "when boyish blood was mantling fast," have I sate delighted by her; my existence, my very soul, concentrated within her eyes, whose lustre, "dark with excessive bright," appeared to reflect back the wandering image upon myself! Beautiful creature! should those eyes ever trace this poor sad record of the feelings they once inspired, breathe a sigh, a single sigh, to the memory of those hours when thou wert all that wit, and youth, and loveliness could make thee; and I was what—I can never be again. Sad thought! To know that we must grow old, and to feel that we are no longer young. The morning of life melts from our existence even as the remorseless sun gathers the dew from the leaf, consigning it to the shade, where it withers a cold and gayless flower!

The northern ladies are great walkers, which accounts, I suppose, for their having much larger feet than the ladies in the south, who rarely condescend to what they seem to consider as nothing less than a plebeian habit. There are some blue stockings among them, as I suppose there are every where else; while they are indiscriminately addicted to novel-reading, and are, or affect to be, great lovers of poetry. When Lord Byron's poems first began to appear, I was a boy at school; but I perfectly remember the impression they made in America. They created "a great sensation" among the young ladies, whom I verily thought would have taken leave of their senses. The "*Giaour*" was read with avidity; the "*Corsair*" was immediately dramatized; "*Child Harolde*," however, proved rather "a repulsive personage" there, as elsewhere; while, alas! "*Don Juan*" broke the spell.

The old ladies are inveterate politicians; and I shall never forget, Mr. Editor, the rapture with which, in 1819, a good old aunt of mine came thundering at the door, with the intelligence that Napoleon Bonaparte was again upon the throne of France. Not an event occurs in Europe, or in England, however unimportant in itself, which is not immediately known in America, affording, perhaps, a topic for the ensuing ten days; while, how many persons are there in England, or upon the Continent, who never think of America, or care about any thing that may transpire in that country? There are not a few people in this island, nay, in this city, who are absolutely uncertain as to what language it is that is spoken in that "*New Atlantic*." May we not hope that the day is approaching, when the two countries shall become better acquainted with each other;—when

the Americans shall cease to value every thing English, because it is English; and the English to despise every thing American, because it is *not* English. For my own part, I am free to record my conviction, that it is with feelings of pride and satisfaction that the more liberal and enlightened portion of the British people view the advances that are now making in that country towards the consolidation of a national character, that seems to afford a pledge for the ultimate security and prosperity of the human race. S.

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EVENINGS AT FLANAGAN'S.

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"Hated by fools, and fools to hate,—  
Be this my motto—and my fate."

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*Present*, SHEEHAN OF THE MAIL, H. B. CODEY, COUNT DRYSKULL, BURKE, BETHEL, and DAVID M'CLEARY.

*Sheehan*. Well, Codey, don't you think I'm going on famously with the conversion stories.

*Codey*. Wonderfully well, indeed; 130 at Cavan; 100 at Askeaton; and 50, or more, at Adare, or the Lord knows where—but, my dear Sheehan, are you prepared for the consequences of a flat contradiction.

*Sheehan*. What care I for a contradiction; I, and my good patrons of Kildare Street, know well what we are about; we wish to produce a *temporary sensation*, before the "grant" comes to be canvassed, through the Courier, and others copying our paragraphs; we will lead numbers of Englishmen to think that the Bible is playing the devil among the Papists; thousands will read our daring lie, and but few will see the contradiction, if it comes at all. Kildare Street must have £20,000, by hook or crook, this session.

*M'Cleary*. Success to the good cause;—we Protestants "occupy an elevation," as Carleton, the cobbler of Castle Street, says.

*Bethel*. A shoemaker, Davy, not a cobbler.

*M'Cleary*. Keep your toe in your pump.

*Codey*. What did Carleton mean by saying, he now occupied an elevation.

*M'Cleary*. Why, he meant, I suppose, to point out Castle Street as high ground, when compared with the little stall, or bulk, that he once had in Queen Street—it is an elevation, to be sure.

*Codey*. They say he wants to colonize Castle Street with Protestants, in order to overawe our viceroys; he would have every thing Protestant; he talks of a Protestant king, a Protestant constitution—aye, and of a Protestant bank. Now, I've heard, somewhere, of the speech of a club, and the address of a corporation, but I never heard, until he spoke, of the religion of a bank—ready money ought to be the only religion there.

*Sheehan*. So I think—but, good Lord, how galling it must be to the rich Papists, to be kept from the management of their own property;—the O'Briens, and Mahons, and others, with their one and two hundred thousand pounds, to be obliged to listen calmly to the taunts of this "bould shoemaker,"—it's a high treat.

*Dryskull*. It is a high treat, indeed; but these fellows require some



humiliation; they are abominably saucy and seditious. I said so at the Merchant's Hall.

*Codey.* Oh! yes, we all remember your speech there—a silly thing, to be sure, but well timed; it brought you your appointment of £1,200 a year—nothing still like sticking to the old true blue system.—Ascendancy for ever!

*Sheehan.* The Ascendancy folk have the ascendancy in the government of Ireland, after all—Plunkett and the marquis may talk, but the old Orange party can act.

*M'Cleary.* Glory to them!—success to the good cause!—hurra!—as Cicero says, “may Protestantism live for ever!”

*Bethel.* By the by, Davy, the Protestants ought to carry a high head; their souls must be of a very peculiar value; it costs so much to keep them in order, and to save them.

*M'Cleary.* They are of value, to be sure.

*Bethel.* If the country is not dear to them, they, at least, are dear to the country. Joe Hume will prove, that not a Church of England-man dies in Ireland, but stands the Irish people in £800 for his spiritual comforts. Here is the calculation—half a million of Protestants cost the nation, between tithes and church lands, about eight millions a year; £16 for each person—they live well and live long, say, 50 years may be an average—16 times 50 is 800—so stands the account.

*Dryskull.* Well, we shall soon have more Protestants.

*Bethel.* Not at all; the Papists are multiplying like rabbits; between love, poverty, and the potatoes, the millions are still growing; but, faith, I heard a song; indeed it is my own, in praise of the potatoe; it goes in this way—

*Omnes.* Counsellor Bethel's song—order!

*Bethel.* I can't sing, but here goes; I call it the

“PRAISE OF THE POTATOE.”

They may sing, “I've been roaming,” but I'll never roam;  
They may bore us each night with their homely “Sweet Home;”  
“Cherry Ripe,” with the cherries of last year may lie;  
And “Blue Bonnets,” for me, to blue blazes may fly.

Derry down, down.

The “Horn of Chase” can still twang through our ears;  
In the “Lover's Mistake,” something apeish appears;  
“Buy a Broom” will be bleated till quite worn down  
To a stump, such as scavengers shoulder through town.

Derry down, down.

But I've pitch'd on a theme,—aye,—and that in a minute;  
A theme—that some weight and some substance has in it:  
Arrah, boys,—here it is,—faith, I have it at hand,—  
'Tis the thumping potatoe, the pride of our land!

Derry down, down.

[*Taking a big potatoe out of his pocket.*]

*Omnes.* Bravo! bravo! bravissimo!

*Sings*—Oh! bless the potatoe, and bless it again,  
'Tis the mother and nurse of “six millions of men;”  
'Tis the source of the spunk that our heroes have shown;  
'Tis the root that has strengthened the king on his throne.

Derry down, down.

Let your lovers of "Harmony" swagger and swell,  
 Where potatoes are wanted can harmony dwell?  
 Though the bridegroom and bride in young beauty may glow,  
 Faith! "Beauty won't keep the pot boiling," we know.

Derry down, down.

Oh! where want pines in silence, or grief sheds the tear,  
 May our hearts all as soft as potatoes appear;  
 Then "more power" to the root, 'tis the root of our joys,  
 And, hurra, for the land of the murphies, my boys.

Derry down, down.

*Codey.* Very well, counsellor; very well, upon my word; the song and the singing are creditable to you; but as you speak of Cherry Ripe, and all that, tell me, have you been lately at the theatre?

*Bethel.* I had put on *my* best—no, *Davy's* best pair of pantaloons, last night, to go, and found that "Buy a Broom" was the leading temptation, and at once all ideas of a theatrical cast were swept clean away from my mind. I remained "at home," and, I fancy, I had no great loss; tho', damn it, I like a good song; there's Brough, and M'Keon, and Phillips, some of them could please you, in a reasonable way, with a song, where "sound and sense" go together; but to sit listening to a poor female, squeaking nonsense, it is, it is, "by all the gods," most intolerable.

*Codey.* You are quite right, Bethel; the trash they are now singing at *all* the theatres, is a disgrace to the taste of the age. Who the devil wrote "Buy a Broom?" Who wrote the "Lover's Mistake?" Why, really, it is provoking! A fellow who cannot write ten lines of ordinary poetry will attempt, aye, and do wonders with a song; the most difficult thing a poet can attempt. Tom Moore ought to feel ashamed, when he finds, as his rivals for lyric celebrity, Messrs. Noodle, Doodle and Co. Guitars and serenades, and the Lord knows what, are surfeiting the town. Love songs, too, are in great demand; I had £50 for this scrap.

"TURN! TURN TO ME."

"Turn! turn to me, my only love,  
 Oh! turn those eyes upon me;—  
 Those eyes, more bright than the stars above,  
 Let them look as when first they won me.  
 I mark'd not then, what their hue might be,  
 As I saw them vividly glancing,—  
 Black, brown, or blue, were the same to me,—  
 But I felt that their light was entrancing.  
 I mark'd thy step,—it was buoyant and gay;  
 Thy shape,—it was light and slender;  
 Thy voice had a spell to win sorrow away;  
 And thy locks shone in glossy splendour.  
 I saw thee thus formed, the soul to enthrall;  
 No being of the earth above thee,—  
 Young blooming, beauteous, and perfect—all;  
 And, dearest, how could I but love thee!"

*Enter* TIGHE GREGORY, WM. STEPHENS, MAJOR SIRR,  
 SIR H. LEES, GEO. KELLY, and MR. O'FLANAGAN.

*M'Cleary.* Gentlemen, you are all welcome.

*Gregory.* Many thanks for your condescension, Mister M'Cleary. I should presume, indeed, that we are welcome, without waiting for your information.



*M'Cleary.* What, doctor, d'ye grumble? Don't you know I've your measure.

*Sirr.* Yes, M'Cleary, and you know I have your measure. Don't you remember F. W. Conway's hints about ninety-eight?

*M'Cleary.* Well, well, there's no harm done; but, my dear major, didn't you hear of that impudent forgery that appeared in the *Free-man's Journal*? the scoundrels wanted to bring our guild into disgrace.

*Stephens.* How into disgrace? Is it by calling you "men and Christians?"

*M'Cleary.* Ah! my poor Billy! will you never get your brains taken out and well washed; the mud is thick on them. Why, you poor oaf, don't you see that all that was in the way of sneer? The rascal who wrote it, knew, in his soul, that we tailors weren't "men;" and as to our being "Christians," what did he know of that? It was a gross libel. "Men and Christians," what right has any scribbler to call nicknames?

*Stephens.* Davy, don't be angry! on the word of a sinner, I didn't write it.

*M'Cleary.* You write it! Who says you could? but we have taken measures to detect the libeller; I know the cut of his cloth, and I'll punish him.

*Bethel.* Choak him with a goose.

*Codey.* Give him a surfeit of cabbage.

*Lees.* No, no, prick him to death with needles.

*M'Cleary.* Gentlemen, be aisy! I have *your* measure, and *your* measure, and may be yours too; here's yours, Mr. Warder Codey, (*pulls out a book*); here's a sketch of you, my lad; this is a little affair written by a friend of mine, "The Plagues of Ireland."

*Omnes.* The plagues! oh, Lord! oh, Lord!

*M'Cleary.* Codey is spoken of in the notes (*reads*)—"Mr. C—enjoys a doubtful sort of distinction, as half dust and half scribbler; half poet and half playwright; half partisan, half politician, half Papist, and half Protestant."

*Codey.* No, wholly Protestant; every inch a Protestant.

*M'Cleary.* Be quiet—"he has figured as a political hack; as a worker of namby-pamby rhymes; as a framer of *flaming* melodramas; and an inditer of a multitude of tuned, untuned, and untunable songs"—from such songs may Heaven deliver us!

"I'd sooner be a kitten, and cry, mew,  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."

*Lees.* Davy, Davy, I must call you to order; this is grossly personal.

*M'Cleary.* When I'm out of order, correct me; but, my dear Sir Harcourt, there's a hit at you, in the same book; here it is. (*reads*)—

"See Lees well paid,—ask what return he yields?  
He thins your game, and scours along your fields;  
He damns your priests and prelates, great and small;  
Attempts to write,—but prints and murders all;  
Takes tithes and dues,—and shows you as he takes,  
How smooth a parson even a maniac makes."

*Lees.* Who is this scoundrel? Does the unbelieving rascal dare to speak of the Lord's anointed in this way? As Hangman General,

I mark him down for the rope; give me that book (*snatches the book, and throws it in the fire*); as a libel, let it be consumed.

*Bethel.* As a libel it has been condemned, aye, and executed too; "burned by the common hangman."

*Lees.* No, sir, "Hangman General," and that by the special appointment of the liberator, Dan O'Connell.

*Codey.* But, Sir Harcourt, what think you of O'Connell now?

*Lees.* Why, that he's worse than ever; there is something seditious in that popish air of Kerry; I thought he might have cooled, during the long vacation, but he has actually returned to us with a bran new stock of treason; and that little devil, Shiel, is still more bitter—actually a walking duodecimo of disloyal abominations.

*M'Cleary.* But it was a good joke, to bring in their French duke to frighten us, and to talk about his father, the giniral; why, if it goes to that,—I mean, if it comes to Handygrips, we have ginirals of our own in the corporation.

*Bethel.* Oh! yes; you have General Gormandizing.

*Codey.* And General Dullness.

*M'Cleary.* Be quiet; we have, I say, experienced commanders; there is Justice Coombe Drury——

*Stephens.* And the veteran Major Sirr (*the Major bows*).

*Gregory.* And that great captain, Sir William Stamer.

*M'Cleary.* And Captain Bell, of the mounted peleece.

*Kelly.* And, "See the conquering hero comes," Colonel Blacker.

*Enter COLONEL BLACKER, A. B. KING, and his man STOKER.*

*Lees.* Welcome, friends, welcome; worthy colonel, prince of foolscaps, pride of the tailors, jointly and severally, I bid you welcome (*they sit*).

*M'Cleary.* But, as we were saying, Sir Harcourt, if all goes to all, we can meet the traitors. We have the Orange peleece, and the loyal watchmen; and these, led on by the heroes we have named, would soon drive six millions of Papists to hell or to Connaught. Colonel Potheen, your health (*drinks*).

*Blacker.* Aye, Colonel Potteen, and I glory in the name! I paid £100 for a keg of it; but what care I for that? What care I for Sneyd's 1811, or Kingston's pet vintage? Oh, whiskey, you're the darling; or, as old Carolan sings:

"Oh, whiskey is the nostrum that can cure every ill,  
'Tis the charm that will work beyond the doctor's skill.

If sad, or sick, or sore,  
Take a bumper brimming o'er,  
And sprightliness and jollity shall bless thee still:

Still seducing;  
Glee producing;  
Love inspiring;  
Valour firing:

'Tis the nectar of the gods;—it is the drink divine:  
Let no travell'd dunce again  
Praise the wines of France and Spain:  
What is Claret or Champagne?  
Be the whiskey mine!"

*Codey.* Very well, colonel; but where did you get that scrap? I am aware that the *real receipt* of Carolan is not much known, though the air is amazingly popular. Where did you get it?



**Blacker.** I got a peep at Hardiman's MSS. The "Minstrelsy of Ireland" will soon appear; and, when it does appear, you will see some curious things in it.

**Sirr.** Refrain from such songs while I am here; they are very unbecoming; they do not suit "serious people."

**Bethel.** Arrah! major, jewel, how long are you in that way? Who the devil that saw you in 98, could think of you ever being a saint?

**Sirr.** I have been a vile sinner.

**M'Cleary.** Blast the doubt of it; but what brings you here?

**Sirr.** I came to solicit subscriptions for the "Tract Society." The "Harvest is ripe; the fields are white for the sickle; the land is an howling wilderness."

**Bethel.** Fudge! and you're a Bible distributor too? Were your old friend, Jemmy O'Brien, alive, he could assist you—he, you know, was a proficient in Bible work—he was *most intimately acquainted* with the New Testament; but he work'd to destroy the body; you're working for the soul.

**Sirr.** Verily I am.

**Bethel.** Why, then, verily you've no chance here; not even Jemmy's dagger could force a rap from me—I'm a true Protestant—I haven't a cross about me.

**Sirr.** Brother! brother! I weep for thee in the spirit.

**Bethel.** And I'll laugh at thee, over the spirits, when you go out.

[Exit Major.]

**Lees.** (*Dreaming.*) Two hundred and eleven thousand Orangemen, all ready—I draw my sword—chapels are burning—priests are hanging—demagogues beheaded:—blood! blood! ha, ha.

**Dryskull.** Oh Lord! Sir Harcourt, you frighten'd me, (*starts up*).

**M'Cleary.** He hasn't frighten'd me. "*Vide et crede*," as my own Cicero says.

**Bethel.** Devil of a bit of Cicero says that—at least I don't now recollect the expression.

**M'Cleary.** It's likely you don't! I fancy you are just as deep in latin, as in law—but I am obliged to study the ancients, and I'll tell you why! My mistress is always harping at me about my politics—when we talk English, she's too many for me, but when I squirt out a scrap from the old classic fellows, faith, it bothers her entirely.

—What ails you, Sir Harcourt?

**Lees.** Nothing! I am about getting a bit of supper! Doctor Gregory, will you join me?

**Gregory.** With pleasure Sir Harcourt.

**Lees.** But curse it, Doctor, what ails you? You look both cold and hungry!

**M'Cleary.** He always looks so.

**Gregory.** Why, you know, we clergymen are obliged sometimes for to fast and to pray.—I've been practising self-denial and mortification latterly.

**Lees.** So have I too—instead of three bottles of Sneyd's 1811, I have for the last week taken but two of an 'evening, but here's the supper. (*A waiter enters with supper—the reverend gentlemen begin.*)

**O'Flanagan.** (*Winking at Kelly.*)

"Now's the time, and now's the hour,  
While the kidneys they devour."

**Kelly.** (*Aside.*) Aye! be at them at once.

**M'Cleary.** Cicero says—but oh! what's that?

(*A voice near the supper table.*)

"Hear, ye gormandizers, hear,  
Poor \* \* \* \* \* 's ghost is near."

**Lees.** (*Starting up.*) Spirit of Nimrod! what's all this?

*The Voice.*

"I've turned from my path, in the midnight air,  
On the pinions of speed I came,  
And while my woes and my wrongs I declare,  
Let the guilty quake at my name.  
I have ventured for once, the worst to brave,  
No deeper pang can I fear:  
Ye ravenous pair,  
Leave the kidneys there:  
While the worm is feasting away in my grave,  
Must you think of feasting here?  
Oh! think of the suppers poor \* \* \* gave;  
Oh! think of the times gone by:  
How each and all slunk slyly away,  
When my rent was claimed, and my bills to pay.  
How those that had rioted at my cost,  
When they saw that all chance of suppers was lost,  
Turned off—and left me to die."

**Lees.** Oh dear! oh dear! I'm fainting—but, Doctor, how can you eat?—why you've devoured all the kidneys.

**Gregory.** Peace! Perturbed, spirit be still.

*The Voice.*

"Hear, ye gormandizers, hear,  
\* \* \* \* \* 's poor starved ghost is near."

**Lees.** Oh dear! I'll faint.

**Kelly.** Poor spirit! Shall I question it?

**Omnes.** Oh, do! do! Mr. Kelly.

**Kelly.** Ghost! speak, and say, why art thou not at rest? why art thou wandering?

*The Voice.*

"Not bad enough for unending woe;  
Not good enough for heaven;  
Into limbo I might not go,—  
For I never had grace  
To believe in the place,  
And away from the gate I was driven.  
Let me my dreary doom declare,—  
I wander far through the clouded air;  
Two ghosts behind,  
On the wings of wind,  
My terrible track pursue,  
Two burning, blazing pokers they bear;—  
You knew them well—when on earth they were,  
Deep, double-dyed, true blue.  
Oh, hear it, Gregory!—hear it, Lees!—  
And, hear it, Davy M'Cleary!  
The horrible spirits that haunt me thus,  
Tainting with brimstone the passing breeze,—  
Amongst you once made a hell of a fuss,  
And rail'd at papists till all wax'd weary:—



The one was Jack Gifford, our boast of old ;  
The other, the captain, renowned and bold,  
Fitzsimons, surnamed Tipperary.

Oh ! think of their fate,  
Ere it comes too late,  
Lay your protestant pride  
And your nonsense aside ;  
Become liberators,  
And plain fish-eaters.

Oh ! listen for once to the voice of him,  
Who prized you all so highly,—  
To the spirit, all gloomy, and ghastly, and grim,  
Of the murdered, martyred, \* \* \* \* \*

*M'Cleary.* Oh dear ! oh dear ! I'm expiring.—Cabbage and cutting and clipping, and all—all are in judgment against me—I'm lost, the room is full of brimstone. (*Faints.*) *Kelly and O'Flanagan retire laughing.*

*Codey.* This is singular.

*Bethel.* Mighty odd.

*King.* Very wonderful !

*Stoker.* Not at all, gentlemen : I'll explain it.—But the Doctor is going to faint !

*Gregory.* Oh ! dear, where am I,—was it a dream ?

*Stoker.* Fye, fye, Doctor, cheer up—I'm ashamed of you, and Sir Harcourt : he calls himself protector of the Protestants—a precious protector ! and you are the guide—the pole-ar star of the barbers. Verily, parson Suds, you've shown nopluck.

*Gregory.* What do you mean, Mister Stoker.

*Stoker.* Why, I mean that your friend Mr. Kelly, has been quizzing you, as he has often done before. Do you know his companion ; he that came in and went out with him ?

*Gregory.* He introduced him as Mister O'Flanagan.

*Stoker.* Mister O'Bother ! why, sir, that is Gallaher, the celebrated ventriloquist—a young man by the by, who has evinced very considerable talent in his various exhibitions : he possesses a rich comic vein, and, what is worse, he is a Papist ; think of that ; he came here to take a rise out of you, and Kelly helped him.

*Gregory.* Then it was not Wylie's ghost ?

*Lees.* Fellow ! keep your distance—I know you—what right had you to pull me just now by the nose ?

*Stoker.* To revive you, my dear friend !

*Lees.* Sir ! never again take such a liberty when you approach a dignitary of the church, do it with becoming respect—but I know you are a forward fellow—you are the free tailor that Travers Burke wrote the scrap about—I have it here, and I'm glad of it,—he calls it

### *Billy Stoker.*

(To the tune of Alley Croaker.)

“There was a free-tailor the faction made half-crazy,  
He wielded not his needle, for his fingers were too lazy,  
At Daly's, and at Flanagan's, they thought him a queer joker,  
And christened him, Sir Abeys Slob, the brainless Billy Stoker.

Oh ! poor Stoker ;

Poor mutton-headed Stoker ;

The measureless free-tailor, the brainless Billy Stoker.”

*King.* Why, Billy, when this goes out on you, it will be-devil you—it will make you as ridiculous as Billy Stephens himself.

*Stephens.* Let Billy Stephens alone. If you said as ridiculous as Tighe Gregory, or Timothy Dryskull, or Davy M'Cleary, it might do; but Mister Stephens is proof against all your attacks.

*Codey.* "Cas'd in impenetrable" dullness.

*Stephens.* Yes, Mr. Warder, there I claim kindred with you.

*Blacker.* Gentlemen, drop this cavilling; I've a matter to propose. I want your names as subscribers to the "Watchman."

*Codey.* Aye! aye! a most watchmanly production; quite fit for the Bilkey's guard-room; it smells of the watchhouse!

*Blacker.* It's a Protestant publication, however, Gentlemen, subscribe!

*Bethel.* I'll write puns for it.

*Dryskull.* I'll praise it on circuit.

*King.* I'll give a few quills and some paper!

*Stephens.* I'll furnish articles on Political Economy.

*Blacker.* God forbid: but Sir Harcourt?

*Lees.* I'll do nothing.

*Enter Waiter.*

Gentlemen, Mrs. Flanagan says you must have the room no more, if you don't keep less noise and better hours. (*Exit.*)

*M'Cleary.* Come to the Ormond—come.

*Stoker.* No, we broke glasses and tumblers there; O'Neil will have no more to do with the leaders of the "Benevolent Orange Society."

*M'Cleary.* Come to Daly's then! (*Excunt omnes.*)

#### DR. LINGARD AND THE REVIEWERS.\*

GOD help the poor Catholics! It is not enough that the law lays its oppressive hand upon them;—it is not enough that they are excluded from the privileges of the subject, that they are degraded and insulted as men, but they must have their religion, their only consolation, held up as a thing of reproach, as a belief incompatible with the duties of a freeman, as a vile code of superstition and slavery. As might be expected that portion of the press which follows, rather than leads, public opinion, has its unmeaning, (but effectual for the purposes of bigotry,) fling against Catholics, its sneer against Popery; and perhaps we should not feel surprise at finding those writers who make such specious pretension to political caudour and literary honesty following, the mercenary example of the venal scribes who dael out their daily lies in the public prints. "Those who live to please, must please to live," and it would in this age of trade and commerce, be too much to expect that any publication which depends upon the favour of a faction or party, promulgating any doctrine or truth at variance with the creed of its supporters; still it could hardly be expected that those writers, who have advocated the claims of the Catholics to political equality, would counteract their own apparent

\* A Vindication of Certain Passages in the Fourth and Fifth Volumes of the History of England. By J. Lingard, D. D.



good intentions, by misrepresenting, purposely and designedly, the creed of the people of Ireland—of nine tenths of the Christian world. Such, however, is really the fact: Catholicity has to encounter the rancorous enmity of the English press, from the halfpenny tract to the six-shilling quarterly,—from the gilt and painted duodecimo to the umbrageous quarto. The cry against the religion of Rome is in full chorus,—and is heard alike in the political essay, and the critical dissertation.

Yet, if we admit the truth of Christianity, what is there in Catholicity which merits the constant reproach of Protestant writers? With the bulk of the people habit has rendered a hatred of "Popery," a kind of physical aliment. It is a part of the constitution, if you believe the lawyers—it is a portion—the sweetest perhaps, of John Bull's creed; he was taught it by his nurse; he transmits it to his children; it is therefore no crime of his—he is hardly accountable for it. But the conduct of those who know better will admit of no such apology. Do they believe that Catholicity is opposed to an assertion of popular rights, that it is more favourable than Protestantism to the perpetration of arbitrary power? If they do, they understand but little of the subject—they know nothing of the genius of both religions.

Catholicity, in accordance with the pure doctrine of Christ, proclaims, through all its acts and tenets, the first and most important principle of civil liberty—the equality of mankind! It goes further, and renders unqualified despotism impossible, by refusing to give kings or rulers supremacy in spiritual matters. It can exist, and has existed, in spite of temporal authority; it is the only religion which practically inculcates the necessity of leaving the conscience free—the opinion unfettered, by refusing to surrender this divine right of man, to the dictation of arbitrary power. But it is said, the discipline of the Catholic church tends to beget in its followers, abject notions of submission—feelings favourable to despotism; and this notion has prevailed pretty generally since the Reformation. It is, however, founded on misconception, on an ignorance of that discipline upon which the charge is grounded.

Contrary to the generally received opinion, nothing can be more purely republican than the discipline of the Roman Catholic Church. In every government, in every institution of men, despotism must reside somewhere. There must be an authority to hear and determine final appeals; some one authorized to act for the whole. In circumscribing this authority, or rendering it incapable of abusing its trust, is all that human wisdom, and human means, can accomplish. In England, laws and institutions are multiplied for this purpose; and in states purely democratic, there has been either a president or council to carry the laws into execution. All that could be done, by way of preserving the office from abuse, was, by making the officer elective, the term of authority to extend to a certain period, or to endure for life. Now, how can the discipline of the Catholic church, in a political point of view, inculcate slavish sentiments of abject submission? Is the popedom hereditary? Does his holiness possess despotic power over the church of which he is the head? By no means; he is elected to the chair of Peter, and cannot bequeath it; he cannot promulgate, abrogate, or alter, a single article of

faith; and, in things of great moment, but of less consequence, nothing he does is binding on the Catholic community, unless it has the sanction of the Catholic prelates scattered over the world. These prelates are as independent of his Holiness as they possibly could be, while they perform their duties with fidelity; and this freedom from interference runs through the whole ecclesiastical arrangement of the church. The archbishops are not removeable at the pleasure of the pope, the bishops are not removeable at the pleasure of the archbishops, and the parish priests are not removeable at the pleasure of the bishops. Despotism is removed from all its details; the whim and caprice of those in power is most effectually guarded against, while the unity of faith, and the proper discharge of duties, is provided for in a most admirable manner, by giving to each department of the governing power, that quantum of authority, and no more, which is calculated to secure a proper obedience, devoid of fear or subserviency. With temporal rulers, Catholicity seeks no alliance through principle or necessity; its teachers are best employed when unconnected with governments; and when it becomes the religion of the state, the monarch is excluded from wresting its tenets to the purposes of despotism. Churchmen may become knaves or sycophants, but the Catholic religion soars above their corruption, and asserts its native independence. Can any of these arguments be advanced, with truth, in favour of Protestantism?

But, we may be told that facts contradict our theory. We deny it; Catholicity has ever been, in a temporal point of view, the friend of man. To it we are indebted for civilization, literature, and the science, which teaches the necessity of setting limits to power. This, necessarily, arose in the minds of men from contemplating the order and utility of the government of the church; and, accordingly, we find churchmen, in the early ages, the firm advocates of popular rights; and, subsequently, the only friends of the poor, against the tyranny and exactions of the feudal chiefs, titled robbers, and murderers, who would have perpetuated bad government and barbarism, were it not for the light which the church continued to emit on the visible darkness of Europe. "Ay, but," say our opponents, "look to Spain and Italy,—see the priests and monks there, the firm upholders of despotism." In the first place, we doubt the fact taken here for granted; and, in the second place, we have to observe, that Catholics, whether lay or ecclesiastical, have no exemption from the consequences of ignorance or extreme folly. There can be no doubt that there have been some Catholic ecclesiastics, in every age, who have done no great honour to human nature; but their conduct, so far from being in unison with the spirit of their church, was in despite of the tenets it tacitly teaches. But we should not confine our eye to the spots on the sun, but, regarding its whole effulgence, admit, at once, its virtues and utility. Ecclesiastics are men, and if they do not always rise above the spirit of their age and country, we should recollect that, if Galileo was proscribed, an assembly of Presbyters, in Scotland, at a more enlightened period, prohibited the use of winnowing machines; an artificial wind being, in their opinion, contrary to God's divine word!

Of the spiritual claims of the Catholic Church, we shall say nothing here; but, in this imperfect view of its discipline, enough is



advanced to prove—demonstrate, that Catholics are not necessarily advocates, either of arbitrary power or revolution, for they are charged with both; on the contrary, the more they understand the temporal arrangements of their church, the more they must become in love with a limited monarchy, or a well-planned scheme of republicanism. But, as the most ignorant of them know that religion has nothing to do with politics—that the Pope has no authority to prescribe to them a form of government, perhaps they are influenced solely by those circumstances which act upon the allegiance of their fellow-subjects. It must be obvious, however, that there is nothing in the nature of Catholicity which deserves the reproaches daily cast upon it by the conductors of the English press. It is time, however, that they were taught to be more circumspect—that you shall not offend with impunity.

We have been induced to make these remarks, preparatory to our observations on the pamphlet before us. Dr. Lingard is an English Catholic clergyman, who has written a history, at least, equal to the best works of Robertson, Hume, or Gibbon, as to style, and very superior to them, as far as research and learning were concerned.

“It did not escape me,” says the Doctor, “when I first sate down to write the History of England, that I had imposed on myself a toilsome and invidious task. I foresaw that it would require habits of patient research, and incessant application; that I should frequently be obliged to contradict the statements of favourite writers, occasionally perhaps to offend the political or religious partialities of my readers; and that my pretensions to accuracy would provoke others to seek out and expose those casual errors, which no human vigilance can totally exclude from long and laborious compositions. But the knowledge of these inconveniences did not divert me from my purpose. I have pursued it faithfully and fearlessly through six quarto volumes, and have brought down the history from the first invasion by the Romans to the death of Charles the First.

“As the work issued from the press, it gradually attracted notice. By some writers it was honoured with the meed of their approbation: others selected certain portions for the subject of animadversion. To these I made no reply, intending to reserve myself till the completion of my labours, and then, in a general answer, to admit emendation, where I found myself in error, and to defend my former statements, where I thought them captiously or wantonly assailed.

From this resolution he has receded, in consequence of an article, extended over upwards of sixty pages in the eighty-seventh number of the *Edinburg Review*, the import of which will be collected from the following extract, being the reviewer's third paragraph:—

“Finding that, even in the history of so remote an age (Saxon-Anglo), zeal for his order had made him forgetful of his duty as an historian, we had little doubt, that, if we selected for examination a more trying period, where the credit and interests of his church were more directly concerned, we should see displayed in a stronger light the passions and prejudices of the author: and, adhering to our former rule, of not intermeddling with the disputes between the Roman and the Anglican church, we made choice of his account of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew as the next subject for our critical dissection. If this was an event calculated to excite or embitter his religious animosities, it was for that very reason the business of a cautious historian to be on his guard against them. If it was a transaction, respecting which the English public were comparatively but slightly informed, it became more imperatively his duty, not to take advantage of their ignorance, to mislead and deceive them. We do not deny, that, from the specimen we had already had of Dr. Lingard's talents for ecclesiastical controversy, we were prepared for many errors and misrepresentations in this part of his work. And certainly we have not been mistaken in our anticipations. The harvest has been

infinitely more abundant than we had expected, and our opinion of Dr. Lingard, as an historian, has in the same proportion declined."

The reader might be led to think, from this swelling opening, that something extraordinary was coming—that the reviewer was about to demolish the historian's character by proofs of delinquency; but, it appears, his ire was provoked\* by a short note, on a subject unconnected with English history:—

"In my history of the reign of Elizabeth," says Dr. Lingard, "I was led to notice, at some length, the Parisian massacre in 1572, not so much because it belonged to the subject, as that I might conform to the practice of preceding writers. But at the same time I ventured to depart from the common opinion, that it was the effect of a preconcerted plot, and to consider it as the sudden result of an accidental and unforeseen event. I was, indeed, aware, as old Mathieu had taught me in his narrative of the same transaction, that it is not always prudent to advocate the cause of truth in opposition to accredited error: and I readily foresaw that the statement which I should make, would excite surprise, and provoke contradiction. But the fact appeared to me a proper subject for historical inquiry; and the consideration that two centuries and a half have elapsed since it happened, that time has been allowed for passion to cool, and prejudice to wear away, determined me to commit my opinion fairly and fearlessly to the candour and discernment of my readers."

And for doing this the reviewer charges him with, first, perverting facts to serve the cause of his religion; secondly, with complete ignorance of the authors he ought to have consulted; and, thirdly, with misquoting the authors he did consult.

Now, unfortunately for the reviewer, if Dr. Lingard had been silly enough to think religion served by falsehood, he would have preferred the old version of the story, thereby throwing all the blame of the massacre of St. Bartholomew on the French government; but having discovered the truth, he states it, though it charges much of the blood that was spilt to a spirit of bigotry and revenge in the Catholic populace.

Dr. Lingard has completely turned the tables on the reviewer respecting authorities and quotations; and establishes, beyond the possibility of doubt, the truth of his original statement. After adducing his proofs, he proceeds:—

"It was this which caused me to remark in a note, that the hypothesis of my opponents was 'unsupported by contemporary authority;' an observation which has aroused the astonishment and ire of the reviewer. 'Unsupported by contemporary authority!' he exclaims, 'why: it was maintained by Capilupi at Rome in the month of September, it was believed by the elector of Saxony in October, it was asserted by an orator in the assembly of the huguenots of Dauphiné in December, and it was assumed as true by the ex-jesuit Masson in 1575.' All this I am ready to grant, and even more. But from what source did these persons derive their knowledge? As well might you appeal to the French orators and writers of pamphlets, for contemporary authority to prove that the attempt to destroy the first consul by the explosion of the 'infernal machine,' in the year 1800, originated with Mr. Windham and his colleagues in the British ministry. A broad distinction should be drawn between authority for a public fact, and authority for a secret design. The fact is a matter of notoriety: its truth may be easily ascertained. I would admit even Capilupi and the elector of Saxony as authority for the fact

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\* "The article," says the doctor, in a note in the review, "was provoked by a letter in a newspaper, which was so worded, as to have the appearance of coming from me. I, therefore, take this opportunity of saying, that I was not privy either to the writing or the publication of that letter."



of the massacre. But a design, supposed to have been formed and conducted in privacy and concealment, unless it be necessarily implied in the result, requires very different proof. Its existence can be shewn only by the confession of the parties, or by the testimony of those, who have derived their knowledge from those parties. Such confession or testimony would be authority, and contemporary authority. But does any such exist? Was any such ever known to exist? No: my opponent 'has not the hardihood' to assert it. Where then is his contemporary authority?"

"I added that I had taken a few additional circumstances from the memoirs of Tavannes, who was in the Louvre, and one of the devisers of the massacre. On this the reviewer remarks that, 'if Dr. Lingard had in reality read the book, he must have known that it was composed not by the marshal himself, but by his son John, Viscount de Tavannes.'—That the memoirs were composed by the viscount for the instruction of his family, I know: but I conceive that there is to be found in them that, which may fairly be taken for the testimony of the marshal himself, transmitted to us through his son. When the viscount comes to the summer of 1572, he gives us several papers, certainly written by his father, and details several particulars which he could hardly have derived from any other source. The reviewer, indeed, tells us 'that he was too young to be admitted into the private councils where the massacre was devised,' (which is probably true;) and that 'he had too severe a father to venture on questioning him, or attempting to penetrate into his secrets;' which is very ingeniously put forward, not because it is true, but because it may serve to parry my argument. In defiance, however, of the reviewer, the viscount tells us, that he did procure information from his father. The greater part of the marshal's political life passed before the birth, or during the infancy and boyhood, of the son: but there was one part of the facts which the viscount relates, of which he was the eye witness, and of which he derived the knowledge from his father. 'J'ai vu, j'ai sceu partie des faits de M. de Tavannes, mon pere.' Now it so happens, that this part is that which comprehends the massacre. He was then attending his father at court: he was soliciting from the king an appointment to one of the offices held by the marshal; and he was actually employed in the Louvre on the very night of the massacre. All this I did not think it necessary to explain to my readers, particularly as my limits were so confined: and I have yet to learn, that my silence was any fraud on their credulity. But, adds the reviewer, 'the father survived the massacre only eleven months, and the son, who was only eighteen years of age, passed a great part of the interval in Rochelle, at a distance from him, and did not finish the miscellaneous composition called the *Mémoires de Tavannes*, till fifty years afterwards.' At what period he finished the memoirs, or whether he did not write them long before he made the last corrections, is of little consequence. If the reviewer means to assert that the viscount had few opportunities of consulting his father after the massacre, be it so: I shall not contradict him: but if he intend to insinuate that he had no opportunity during the period of the massacre, I shall answer that such insinuation is opposed by the very declaration of the writer, and by the several passages, in which he details his own proceedings on that night of bloodshed and horror."

What will the admirers of the *Edinburgh Review* say to the following?

"In a short note at the foot of the page, I had briefly mentioned this letter (of Philip of Spain,) in proof of my assertion: and the reviewer snatches the opportunity to charge me with the guilt of suppressing some of these particulars: as if it were the duty of the historian to convert his notes into dissertations, and to fill his pages with every trifling circumstance, which a captious opponent may think favourable to his own hypothesis. Nor is this all. If we may believe him, I have suppressed the important information that 'the historian who procured this correspondence, was inclined to believe that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was concerted at this meeting.' Now I must beg of the reader to notice the very ingenious process by which this imaginary suppression is proved. 'The historian,' says he, 'adds that many have thought the massacre of the heretics at Paris,

executed seven years afterwards, was planned at this interview : *id quod mihi neque abnuere neque affirmare promptum fuerit, potius inclinat animus ut credam.* This, at first view, has a plausible appearance : but a reference to the original will instantly expose the fraud. The words are—*Id, quod mihi neque abnuere neque affirmare promptum fuerit. Potius inclinat animus ut credam, et mutua Gallorum in Belgium, atque hinc in Galliam adversus religionis principumque rebelles auxilia, quæ sæpius dehinc submissa vidimus, et Caroli regis cum Elizabetha Maximiliani imperatoris filia matrimonium, quinto post anno celebratum, ab eo colloquio provenisse.* Now, if this passage be compared with the quotation by the reviewer, it will be found that, to effect his purpose, he has taken the last of the two sentences, and divided it into unequal portions. Of these, the first and shorter he adds to the sentence preceding, as one of its component parts : of the second, which after the division retains no meaning, he does not make mention : he conceals the mutilated remains from the eye of the reader, though he has carefully surveyed them himself, and discovered that they include a hint of mutual assistance. The contrivance is ingenious : Strada is made to say the very reverse of that which he really said : he is made to say that he inclines to adopt the opinion of those who believe that the Parisian massacre was concerted at Bayonne ; whereas, he really says that, instead of adopting that opinion, he is inclined to believe that two other things, viz. the occasional supply of aid from one crown to the other, and the marriage of Charles to the daughter of the emperor, were the real effects of the conference. To characterize this most singular perversion of testimony, I shall not borrow any of those offensive terms which are of such frequent use, in the reviewer's vocabulary. I will not call it carelessness or ignorance, bad faith or misrepresentation, indifference to historical accuracy, or an attempt to deceive the reader. Perhaps it was no more than an oversight, occasioned by precipitancy, by that eagerness for victory, which so often blinds and misleads the judgment. But, be it what it may, the detection will teach him this useful lesson, that it becomes the man, who has to crave forbearance for his own delinquencies, to view with a more indulgent eye the failings, whether they be real or only imaginary, of others."

"The reviewer concludes thus : 'We are tired, and so probably are our readers, with tracing Dr. Lingard through his numerous mistakes and misrepresentations ; and, if the instances of carelessness and bad faith, which we have collected from so small a portion of his book, are insufficient to convince them that truth is neglected in his history, and that prejudice and partiality usurp its place, we despair of producing conviction.' On the arrogant and insulting tone of this paragraph I shall make no comment. The review and the vindication are now before the public ; and the public must judge between us."

One more instance of bad faith in the reviewer, and we have done with the charlatan.

"To prove the existence of a preconcerted plot to get possession of the chiefs of the huguenots, the reviewer appeals to a confidential communication made by Tavannes to the king, in 1571. 'The marshal,' he says, 'there discusses in what manner hostilities are likely to be renewed. He pronounces that the war will recommence by one party attempting to seize on the chief persons of the opposite side, and recommends various precautionary measures to the king and his brothers, to guard them from sudden attack. With respect to the huguenots, he observes, that to surprise the places they possess, to extinguish their religion, or to break their alliances with foreign powers, is impossible, 'Ainsi, il n'y a moyen que de prendre les chefs tout à la fois, pour y mettre un fin.' 'Les choses,' he adds, 'sont en bon train pour venir au dessus des affaires, pourvu que l'on ne se laisse attraper : et leur faut tenir parole, pour ne leur donner occasion de prendre les armes.'

"This passage is a most valuable specimen of the art of the reviewer. By bringing into juxta position passages which lie at a distance from each other, and by converting the premises into the conclusion, and the conclusion into the premises, he has contrived to communicate to the memoir of Travennes a meaning which was never contemplated by that statesman. His object was to warn the king of the danger, and to propose precautions against the possibility of a sur-



prise. In the preface he remarks, that the exhaustion of the two parties will compel them to observe the articles of pacification, though, to judge from experience, there can be little doubt that either of them will seize a favourable opportunity, if any such should offer, of putting an end to the contest at once. Now, nothing can be so likely to effect this, as for one of the parties to make prisoners of the chiefs of the other: for it is as impossible for the huguenots to make themselves masters of the whole kingdom, as for the royalists to surprise the places of the huguenots, reduce their religion, and break their foreign alliances. This, then, the capture of the chiefs of one party by the other, is the only means of putting an end to the contest for ever: now, that the royalists should obtain possession of the huguenot chiefs is out of the question: they are always on their guard. But let not the king deceive himself; it will be easy for the huguenots to obtain possession of the royal family, unless precautions are employed. For there is no place, particularly in the vicinity of Paris, where they cannot collect, within twenty-four hours, seven or eight hundred horsemen, besides their adherents in attendance on the court, or resident in the capital. After this preface, he details his plan for keeping on all occasions so large a force in the neighbourhood of the court, as may render a surprise impracticable; and then concludes by observing, that the king is now in the way of getting over his difficulties, if he does not allow himself to be surprised. He must keep faith with the huguenots, that they may not have a pretext to arm in their own defence, but that he may have time to arm before them: for if he have time, it is certain that they will be continually beaten. The only danger is in a surprise: that would be certain ruin; but against that the plan which he has proposed will prove a safeguard.

"This is the substance of the memoir, and I have given it at some length, that the reader may observe the ingenuity with which the reviewer has misrepresented its meaning, in the passage which I have already quoted from him; and may admire the boldness with which he proceeds to assert, that 'the policy here recommended by Tavannes is precisely that which the court is charged by its enemies with having followed; viz. to quiet the suspicions of the huguenots by a faithful execution of the treaty, and to take advantage of the confidence inspired by that conduct, to bring together and secure their chiefs.' Nothing can be more plain than that Tavannes anticipated no such thing as the possibility of bringing together and securing the chiefs. The advantage which he expected from the faithful execution of the treaty, was the opportunity of being the first in arms, which he was confident would give the victory to the king in every succeeding engagement. 'Car si sa majesté a ce loisir (de lever les armes premièrement), c'est chose seure qu'ils seront toujours battus.'"

Dr. Lingard bestows two concluding chapters on a brace of critics, who have likewise assailed him—Dr. Todd, in defence of the notorious Cranmer—and the *Quarterly Review*, in defence of that piece of prudery, Anne Boleyn. As these are *subjects* which we expect shortly to come before us in a very novel and very conclusive form, we shall reserve all our gallantry and piety for the occasion.

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#### GOSSIPIANA.

We have great pleasure in announcing that Mr. Hardiman, and his able coadjutors, have nearly finished their truly national task of collecting and translating the ancient poetry of their country. The bardic remains of Ireland are extremely rare; they lie scattered through numerous old manuscripts in private and public collections, and many of them are only to be found among the peasantry of the country, who have handed them down orally from father to son, in the same way as nursery rhymes are learnt in our childhood. It required no small degree of talent, and of patient research, to collect materials from such sources; but those who have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Hardiman feel that the task could not have fallen into abler hands. As an antiquarian he ranks deservedly high, and we believe Sir Walter Scott, when in Ireland, complimented him very highly as such. The work, we believe, will be called, "The Minstrel of Ireland," and will

contain about one hundred songs, odes, elegies, &c. some of which are of very early date. About one third of the number are by Carolan, who has hitherto been considered as a musician more than a poet. The English versification of this portion of the work has been wholly undertaken by Mr. Furlong, whose ability for the task, we anticipate, will be universally acknowledged when the volume appears. The remainder of the pieces will be from the pens of Mr. Furlong, Dr. Drummond, author of the "Giant's Causeway" Counsellor D'Alton, and others. Some account of the Bards, and a valuable body of notes, will be appended, from the pen of Mr. Hardiman. Several embellishments will be given, one of which will be a portrait of Carolan, engraved from a picture, the only authentic likeness in existence.

The *White Boy*, which originally appeared in the Dublin and London Magazine, having created a great interest, will shortly be published in a separate volume. The fidelity of its pictures of national character and habits will be greatly heightened by its talented author, who is enlarging and greatly altering it, previous to republication.

*Northern Discoveries*—The Russian American Company are fitting out an expedition to explore the western coasts of North America, towards the Frozen Sea, and to Hudson's Bay; for the purpose of adding to the discoveries which have been made by Captain Parry and Captain Franklin.

We have great pleasure in announcing that *Arlis's Pocket Magazine* has got into new hands, and we feel confident that this once very beautiful little work will soon assume all its former attractions, and become as great a favourite as formerly. Its late proprietor, having from unavoidable circumstances, arising from the pressure of the times, been compelled to omit the engravings, the work in consequence suffered in sale very materially; but we doubt not it will soon revive, as a splendid series of engravings are promised, and much additional talent in the literary department.

The *Annual Peerage of the British Empire*, is nearly ready for publication.

The author of "*Consistency*," "*Perseverance*," &c. has in the press, *The System, a Tale of the West Indies*.

The first part of *Eccentric Tales*, which has been some time announced, will be published early in the year. The first tale is called, *The Troubadour*, and is to be embellished with about five coloured etchings, by George Cruickshank, from sketches, by the author, *Alfred Crowquill, Esq.*

The poet Campbell has been chosen Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, in the place of Mr. Brougham.

Mr. Humphreys, one of the authors of *The Picture of Greece*, died lately near Zante.

Mr. Northcote, the historical painter and royal academician, has in the press a volume of original fables, one hundred in number, and which will be embellished with no fewer than three hundred wood-engravings, executed, large and small, in the first style of the art. The invention of many of the designs is by Mr. Northcote himself; but the whole of the drawings, as well as the invention of the entire series of tail-pieces, &c., is by Mr. Harvey, to whose graver we owe the admirable wood-engraving of *Dentatus*. Fifty-six of the engravings are the work of five or six artists of established reputation; but the whole remainder of the three hundred are by a young artist of the name of Jackson.

*Longevity of Animals*.—A little treatise by Aristotle, on the length of the lives of animals, has recently been republished at Gottingen, with notes by Professor Schultz. These notes contain a summary of all that is known on the subject by the moderns. M. Schultz gives an account of some very curious experiments on cercariae ephemera: and, although, of all vertebral animals, birds are those which have the shortest lives, he brings forward, in opposition to these beings of a few hours, the instance of a paroquet, carried, in 1633, from Italy into France, which was still living in 1743, and which, consequently, was above one hundred and ten years old. He also quotes the no less remarkable fact of a fish, taken at Kayserlautern, in 1497, in a reservoir, where it had been deposited two hundred and sixty-seven years before, as appeared from a ring of copper with which its head was encircled. Whales, which, according to Buffon, live for one thousand years, are not forgotten; but M. Schultz prudently observes, that the celebrated naturalist may, perhaps, have been deceived on that point.



The increasing circulation of the Ladies' Pocket Magazine, which has now finished its third year, has induced its proprietor to greatly improve its contents and embellishments; and on the first of January it appears, with its additional attractions. Nothing but an extensive sale could possibly repay the expenses of producing so cheap a publication. In the present number, for sixpence, we have a very charming engraving on steel, by Mr. H. Meyer, of the Brigand's Bride; a very neat little wood-cut of the Tomb of Abelard and Heloise, in P  re la Chaise; two coloured plates of London Fashions, and some very pretty tales, poetry, &c. by various writers. Another edition is to be published at one shilling, with the addition of coloured plates of Paris Fashions, and proof impressions of the other embellishments. This is the only publication which contains both London and Paris Fashions.

The success of the Ladies' Pocket Magazine has been the means of producing a Gentleman's Pocket Magazine, printed and embellished in a similar style. The first number, for January, is to be embellished with a very exquisite engraving on steel, by Mr. Freeman, of the Dog of the Monastery, from the celebrated and interesting painting of Wafflard; a very humorous and characteristic coloured sketch of the Parish Beadle, designed and etched by the unrivalled George Cruikshank; and a wood-cut, by Mr. White, of the Beadle and Idle Boys, after Hogarth. In the literary department will be found a variety of prose and poetical articles, by various writers. And all this is published at the trifling sum of sixpence. Another edition, at one shilling, will appear, with proof plates and additional embellishments, coloured, of Gentlemen's Parisian Fashions, and a Stanhope Chaise with English Driving Costume. Nothing but an immense sale can repay the expence of getting out so cheap a publication, but an immense sale may fairly be anticipated.

The Edinburgh Review, some time since, reproached the poets of Ireland with laying the scenes of their poems in all countries but their own. If such be the case, it was reserved for Mr. Furlong to tread the unbeaten track, which he has done, by laying the scene of a poem, called *The Doom of Derensie*, in the county of Wexford. This, with *The Misanthrope*, and some other poems, will form a volume, and may be expected to appear in the course of the winter.

The Rev. Mr. Thackray has completed *A History of the Right Hon. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham*; it will form two quarto volumes, and will contain his speeches, a portion of his correspondence, &c.

*Travels in Ancient Babylon, Assyria, Media, and Scythia*, by the Hon. Keppel Craven, are nearly ready for publication.

*Ormography*.—A new art, to which the name of Ormography has been given, has been invented by M. Aiguebelle, of Paris, which is said to afford an extraordinary facility in executing, not only all that has been hitherto done by engraving and lithography, but also the effects of the pencil and stamp, which neither the graver nor the crayon has yet been able to accomplish.

The *Kelso Mail* states, that Mr. Veitch, a constant observer of astronomical appearances, had, on the 3d of December, discovered a new comet betwixt the head and club of Hercules. He says it was visible to the unassisted eye, and had a tail about 5° in length, pointing towards the North Pole.

*Population of Naples*.—By accounts which have been published of the births, marriages, and deaths, that took place in the various provinces of the kingdom of Naples during the years 1822, 1823, and 1824, the following appears to be the general result:—

	Births.	Deaths.	Marriages.
In 1822	218,525	150,134	47,490
— 1823	221,993	185,815	48,432
— 1824	235,010	163,432	42,805

The proportion, therefore, of the births, deaths, and marriages, to the whole population, during the three years already mentioned, seems to be as follows:—

	Births.	Deaths.	Marriages.
In 1822	1 in 24	1 in 35	1 in 111
— 1823	1 — 24	1 — 33	1 — 110
— 1824	1 — 23	1 — 27	1 — 127

The population of the Netherlands appears to be increasing. The following is the state of the population for six consecutive years :—

In 1820	—	5,642,552
— 1821	—	5,692,332
— 1822	—	5,767,038
— 1823	—	5,838,123
— 1824	—	5,913,526
— 1825	—	5,993,666

The proportion of male to female births is much the same as in England. In the Netherlands, it is as 1000 to 950; in England, as 1000 to 947; in France, as 1000 to 937; and in Naples, as 1000 to 955. This agreement, of the cause of which we shall probably always remain ignorant, is as remarkable for its singularity as for its constancy.

The author of the "Odd Volume," has in the press a novel in three volumes, called the "Busy Body;" and has also nearly ready a second "Odd Volume."

The editor of the "Cabinet Lawyer" intends publishing, in monthly parts, an account of public charities, digested from the reports of the commissioners on charitable foundations; with notes and comments.

Mr. Smith, the antiquarian at the British Museum, has nearly ready a life of his late eccentric friend, Mr. Nollekens, the sculptor.

Mr. Hone's Every-Day Book ceases with the old year, but revives with the new one, under the title of Hone's Table-Book.

A little pamphlet of much interest has lately made its appearance at Montreal professing to be the analysis of a conversation between a Canadian and an Englishman, with respect to the preservation of the establishments, laws, usages, &c. of the inhabitants of Lower Canada; and which, the Canadian contends, ought to be held as sacred as their houses and their property.

*New Wheeled Carriage.*—We understand, says the *Dumfries Courier*, that Mr. Law, of Kirkcudbright, the ingenious mechanist of our Dumfries clocks, has contrived a vehicle upon an extraordinary and entirely new principle, and that he made the first trial of it a few days ago, in presence of the magistrates, and a number of the most respectable inhabitants of Kirkcudbright, when it met with the decided and marked approbation of every person present. The body of the carriage was similar to a gig, with a third wheel in front, and, though propelled neither by horses, steam, air, nor water, it went, even in its imperfect and unfinished state, at a rate of upwards of six miles an hour. Mr. Law, having now full confidence in this principle of motion, intends, we understand, to take out a patent, and, in the mean time, has entered a caveat in the proper office against any surreptitious attempts at imitation, until he completes his improvements, and enters his specifications in the office for patents.

*Polish Periodical Literature.*—Since the year 1819, various causes have occasioned the suppression in the single town of Warsaw, of no less than three scientific, two political, two satirical, seven literary, two ladies', one musical, one agricultural, and one Jewish, periodical publications. Those which remain are, the Bulletin of the Laws; the Transactions of the Royal Philomethic Society of Warsaw; Memoirs of Science and the Arts; the Forest Journal; the Warsaw Journal; the Polish Isis; the Children's Magazine; the Polish Miscellany; the Polish Library; the Warsaw Miscellany; the Moravian Journal; Warsaw Evening Paper; Corresponding Gazette; Warsaw Gazette; Warsaw Monitor; Warsaw Polish Courier; Gazette; the Lute; the Ceres, Agricultural Journal.

The traditions of Lancashire are being collected for publication by a gentleman of that county, whose poetical works and tales, &c. have already procured him popularity. The province of witches ought surely to supply some curious legends; and yet we do not remember that this field has been reaped at all by any previous writer.

Mr. Thompson, who has resided eight years at the Cape of Good Hope, is compiling an account of his travels and adventures in Southern Africa.

*Northern Expedition.*—Captain Parry has commissioned the Hecla to be fitted up for his new polar enterprise. Lieutenant Ross is to command one of the sledge-boats, for the dragging of which over the ice, neither deer nor dogs, but Shetland ponies, are to be employed.



*Universal Explanation of the Principles of Nature.*—M. Azais, the author of several philosophical works, has just published, at Paris, two volumes under the above title. The following is a compendium of his system.—The universe is full of beings. These beings incessantly succeed one another, and are received, by the action of a first cause, which is God. This action operates by motion, which forms and decomposes every thing that exists; and motion must therefore be considered as the second universal cause. Every material being has an incessant tendency to develop or dilate itself, which constitutes expansion. But, as in dilating without experiencing any external resistance, every body would soon end in being dissolved and destroyed, there must be, to prevent that effect, a force of compression, which emanates from other bodies, and on the same principle. Thus, that which is expansive or destructive force on the part of one material being, is compressed or conservative force on the part of beings opposed to it; and *vice versa*. All bodies thus act eternally one upon the other, producing the equilibrium worlds, and regulating the minutest details in any of them. According to M. Azais, this expansive and this compressive force are equally operative in morals.

M. Dupin has had a map of France engraved, showing the relative degrees of instruction in each department, and the relative number of crimes committed in each; by which it appears, that in those departments where education is encouraged, and the Lancasterian system introduced, the morality of the lower orders stands higher than in those where ignorance is proverbial.

Major Snodgrass, Military Secretary to Sir Archibald Campbell, and Assistant Political Agent in Ava, has nearly ready, *A Narrative of the Burmese War*, detailing the Operations of the Army, from its Landing at Rangoon, in May, 1824, to the peace of 1826.

The Rev. Mr. Malthus has a new work in hand, entitled, *Definitions in Political Economy*, preceded by an Inquiry into the Rules which ought to guide Political Economists, in the Definition and Application of their Terms.

A Cavalry officer has forthcoming, *A Personal Narrative of Adventures in the Peninsula during the late War*.

A Collection of Stories of Chivalry and Romance, in one volume, are nearly ready for publication.

A Series of Views in the West Indies, engraved from Drawings recently taken in the Islands, with letter-press explanations, will shortly appear, the intention of which is to convey a faithful outline of the existing state of slavery on the plantations in the British Islands, the costume of the negroes, &c.

Mr. Cooper has a new novel in the press, entitled, *The Prairie*.

Dr. Baron's *Life of Dr. Jenner* is nearly ready. As Dr. Baron attended his friend in his last moments, and received all his papers, to assist him in his task, we may expect a very interesting work.

An Indian Romance, by the Viscount Chateaubriand, is printing in French and English; it is entitled, *The Natchez*.

The *Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati*, a Native of Italy, is in the press.

Colonel Hamilton, late Chief Commissioner from England to the Republic of Columbia, is preparing *A Narrative of a Tour through the Interior Provinces of Columbia*.

The literary veteran, Dr. Drake, has a new work in the press, entitled, *Mornings in Spring*.

Mr. Hallam has just completed his *Constitutional History of England to the Death of George the Second*.

A folio volume is printing, containing *The Georgics of Virgil, in Six Languages*, English, Spanish, Italian, German, French, and Modern Greek. The English version is by Mr. Sotheby.

The author of *Pandurang Hari* has a new work in hand, entitled, *The Zenana*.

*German and French Book Trade.*—The Michaelmas book-fair, at Leipsig, this year, has furnished a greater number of books than any preceding one. The sum total of the works that have actually been published by German houses, is 2125; the number of the houses publishing them, 338. In the mass are 222 new editions. There are in the catalogue 239 works in foreign languages, of which 160 are Latin, and 37 Greek; also 156 translations from foreign languages, among which are 54 from the French, and 65 from the English. There are no

fewer than six editions (one in English) of the complete works of Sir Walter Scott. According to the subjects we find, amongst 2125 books, 337 theological; 21 philosophical; 167 historical; 116 political and juristical; 160 pedagogical; 50 grammatical; 208 technical: 88 on natural history and philosophy; 159 medical; 44 geographical; 11 epic; 58 lyric; 38 dramatic; and 27 musical; 186 romances and novels; 87 ancient classics; 69 maps. The remainder are miscellaneous.

The Bibliographie de la France gives a view of the new books published in France, as it appeared to be in the first six months of the years 1814 to 1826; i. e. since the restoration. If we compare these with the number of books announced as completed in the Leipzig Catalogue of the same years, we find the following result:

Year.	France.	Germany. East.	Michaelmas.
1814	979	1490	1039
1815	1712	1777	973
1816	1851	1997	1200
1817	2126	2345	1187
1818	2431	2294	1487
1819	2441	2648	1268
1820	2465	2640	1318
1821	2617	3012	985
1822	3114	2729	1554
1823	2687	2558	1751
1824	3436	2870	1641
1825	3569	3196	1640
1826	4347	2648	2056
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	33,774	32,204	18,099
			<hr/>
			32,204
			<hr/>
			50,303
			<hr/>

Thus, it appears that far more books are published in Germany than in France, especially when we recollect that the books announced as not ready, which, with a few exceptions, have really issued from the press, without being again announced, fill 785 pages in the twenty-six catalogues, for the years under consideration; and we may reckon ten works per page: and that, among the books in foreign modern languages not reckoned here, many are published by German princes. We also see, that the production of books has augmented more rapidly in France than in Germany; the French having increased from 979 to 4,347, and the Germans from 2,529, in 1814, to 4,704, in 1826. The largest number in Germany, for one year, was that of last year, viz., 4,836 works, and the smallest, that of 1814; the largest catalogue, that of Easter, 1825, and the smallest, that of Michaelmas, 1815. If to the 50,303 books announced as ready, we add 7,350 stated to be not ready, and the works in foreign languages, published in Germany, we shall have about 60,000 works printed in Germany since 1814, (inclusive.)

A person reading on an average one work every day (whether of one volume, or, like the most amazingly cheap pocket-editions, of some hundred volumes) would require 170 years to complete the task. The number of writers may be at least half that of the works, i. e. 30,000: as thirteen years are not half a generation (reckoned at thirty years), there must exist at least 40,000 other writers; for, if to thirteen years, we reckon 30,000, we must add 40,000 for the other seventeen years. The present generation has therefore 70,000 authors, who (whether we reckon backwards or forwards), have written, are writing, or will write, in the space of thirty years.

J. A. Shea, Esq., of Cork, a poetical correspondent of *The London and Dublin*, has nearly ready for publication, "Rudakki," an Oriental Tale. We understand that Sir Walter Scott, when in Ireland, expressed a very flattering opinion of this work, and that Mr. Thomas Moore, to whom it is to be dedicated, by permission, holds the poetical talents of the author deservedly high.